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CHICAGO

BEFORE THE FIRE, AFTER THE FIRE, AND TO-DAY

By Melville E. Stone

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ORSON LOWELL

THE history of Chicago is the most romantic and dramatic of modern times. A city that is barely sixty years old stands in importance in the United States to-day as second only to a city that is more than two hundred years old; and, what is most surprising, even to the people who have been familiar with Chicago almost from the beginning, is the way in which its greatest calamity has proved to be its greatest blessing. That a city should be founded within the memory of men now living; that it should grow for nearly forty years rapidly but naturally, until it had achieved a distinct individuality; that it should be swept out of existence in a single night, and then, instead of suffering an irretrievable set-back in its natural growth, should spring up on lines of cosmopolitan largeness entirely impossible to the old Chicago—these are the elements for admiration and wonder. One needs only to look at the striking contrasts presented by the illustrations accompanying this article to see the difference between the new Chicago and the old.

Look at the pictures of the Post-office before the fire and now, or the Chamber of Commerce before and after the fire and to-day, and you have an epitome of the material progress of Chicago in three stage settings. But in a larger way look at the illustrations showing Clark and Washington Streets after the fire and now; or the general view looking south from the Court-house in 1858 and now. The one shows a crude pioneer city with no architectural pretensions worthy the name, and no dominant characteristic except transitory fitness and ugliness. The view of to-day is that of a great metropolis, a wonderful commercial centre, with industries of such huge proportions that they have evolved a new style of architecture and a new mode of construction. Whatever may be thought of the beauty of these buildings there can be but one opinion as to their great commercial utility. If one had judged the future of Chicago by the lessons of history one would have said that a whole generation would have been a short time in which to repair the terrible disaster of 1871, and start Chicago even in the race for supremacy in the West; but the only rule of history that has applied in this case is the rule that no circumstances can bar the progress of indomitable, persistent, and energetic men.

On certain of the maps drawn by the early French explorers, the lower Mississippi River is called the Chekaugou; upon others it is the Ohio River which bears the name. The low land upon which the present metropolis stands was the "Portage de Chicago," because at this point the waters which flowed east through the great lakes to the At-

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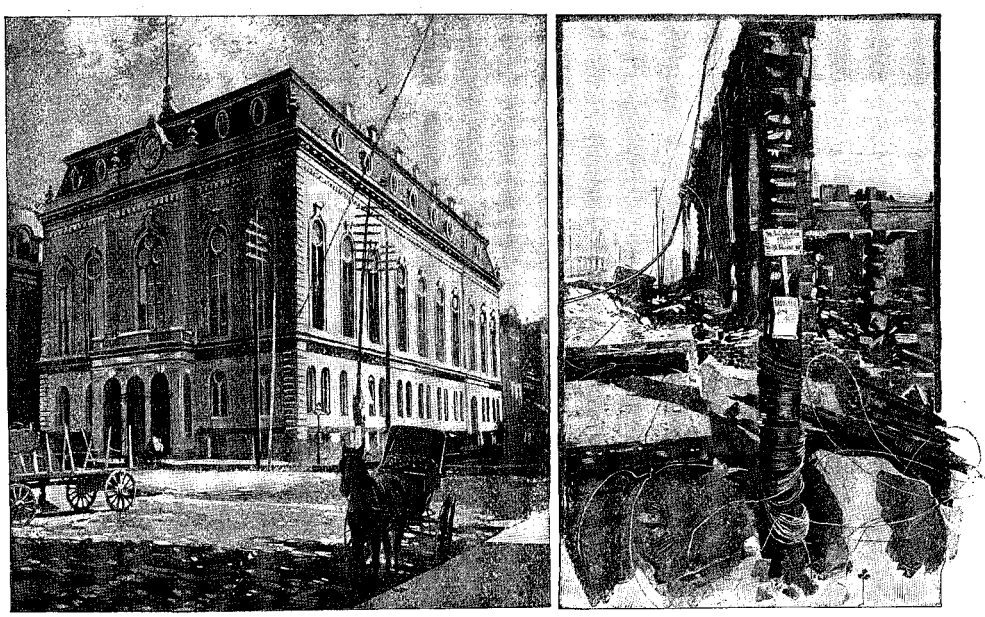
lantic, and those which flowed south through the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers to the Gulf of Mexico were separated by a watershed not more than half a dozen miles in width, and in seasons of freshet they even intermingled. And here the savages and pioneers *en route* from north to south carried their canoes from lake to river, and went their way.

Small wonder, when you look at the conditions, that a great city should have leaped into existence on this spot. The place was pregnant with certainty. There was a vast and fertile continent. Penetrating to its very heart were the great waterways from the east and south, and at the point of juncture was Chicago. Hitherward came people, easily and cheaply carried by boat, and hitherward and henceward came and went their chattels by like conveyance.

At first it was an Indian trading-post, established by a cunning French negro. He thrived, and soon there were four Frenchmen and four trading-stores. Then, in 1804, the Government built a log fort and named it after the incumbent Secretary of War, Henry Dearborn. It was garrisoned by a company under command of Captain John Whistler, progenitor of a distinguished line which includes George Whistler, famous civil engineer in Russia; Mrs. General Sheridan, wife of the hero of the Civil War; and James McNeill Whistler, the artist. During the War of 1812 the post was evacuated, the garrison massacred while on retreat, and the fort and adjacent cabins burned by the Indians. In 1816 a new and stronger fort was built and re-garrisoned. It was not until 1833, however, that the real work of founding a city began. And then it began in earnest.

The Federal Congress made an appropriation for a harbor; a ship canal to connect Chicago with the navigable waters of the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers was projected, and an era of mad speculation set in throughout the whole American nation. There was a rush to Chicago. Its population in 1832 was less than one hundred souls; in 1835 it was 2,000; in 1837 there was a city with a mayor and over four thousand inhabitants. Harriet Martineau visited the place in the summer of 1836, and wrote her impressions. "I never saw a busier place," she says, "than Chicago was at the time of our arrival. The streets were crowded with land speculators, hurrying from one sale to another. A negro, dressed up in scarlet, bearing a



The Chamber of Commerce Before and After the Fire.

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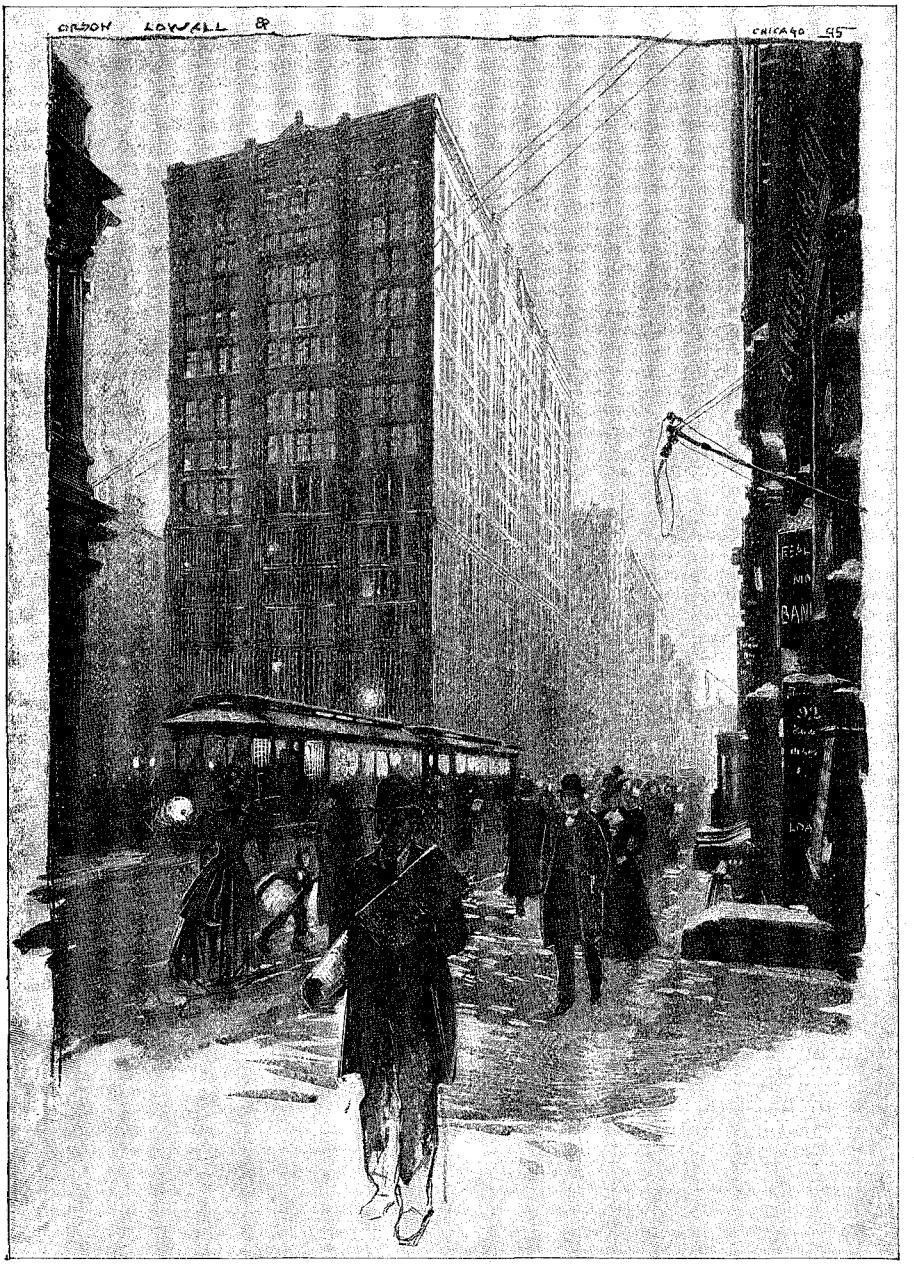

The Chamber of Commerce Building, La Salle and Washington Streets, as it Appears To-day.

scarlet flag, and riding a white horse with housings of scarlet, announced the times of sale. At every street corner where he stopped, the crowd flocked round him, and it seemed as if some prevalent mania infected the whole people. The rage for speculation might be so regarded. As the gentlemen of our party walked the streets, store-keepers hailed them from their doors, with offers of farms, and all manner of land-lots, advising them to speculate before the price of land rose higher. A young lawyer of my ac-

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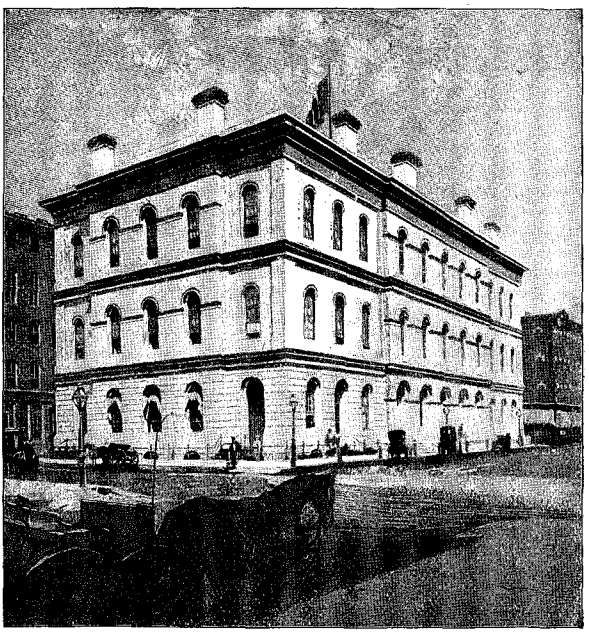
quaintance there had realized five hundred dollars per day the five preceding days by merely making out titles to land."

This young lawyer was Joseph N. Balestier, grandfather of Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, and he, also, has left us a graphic story of Chicago's first "boom" and the inevitable collapse. He says: "The cities of the East were visited with an epidemic madness which found its way into every hamlet in the Atlantic States. It was suddenly discovered that the American people had labored under serious misapprehension with regard to the value of land, especially that which lay in cities and villages. . . . Sagacious men, looking far into the future, now perceived that cities and villages, covering only a few acres of land, were soon to extend over an illimitable domain. . . . Paper cities flourished in a manner unparalleled, and the public mind became utterly diseased. . . . The price of labor was exorbitant; the simplest service was purchased at a dear rate. . . . The year 1837 will ever be remembered as the era of protested notes; it was the harvest to the notary and the lawyer—the year of wrath to the mercantile, producing, and laboring interests."



The Post-office Before the Fire.

In this time of insane speculation, when even Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln "lost their heads," and, as members of the Illinois Legislature, supported measures of the wildest character, a very wise young man arrived in Chicago, and before he had been a resident a full year was elected the city's first mayor. He was only thirty-one years old, and had already won fame as a member of the New York Legislature. He was a giant in stature, an athlete, a shrewd manager, a born leader and ruler of men. Withal he possessed scholarly traits. He was an omnivorous reader, a remarkable conversationalist, an eloquent and convincing orator, and a knowing amateur in art, political economy, and natural history. The child of a family distinguished in the revolutionary annals of the republic, hardened by a boyhood life on the slopes of the Catskill Mountains, schooled in politics by the masters of the famous "Albany Regency," this man, William B. Ogden, brought to Chicago an invaluable personal equipment, and for the succeeding thirty years was the recognized chief of the city. He rescued the canal from failure and saved the State from repudiation; he laid out the streets and projected the parks of the city, established the sewerage system, created the first railway, fostered and endowed hospitals, colleges, and literary and scientific associations, and contributed in an amazing degree to every phase of the progress of the infant metropolis. His faith in the ultimate supremacy of Chicago was boundless. He foresaw the development of the Great West, and shaped all of his innumerable enterprises in consonance with his large conception.

He had early prophesied, in a remarkable speech in the New York General Assembly, a system of railways

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Adams Street, Looking East from Clark Street, and showing the North Entrance of Post-office and the Owings Building, as it Appears Now.

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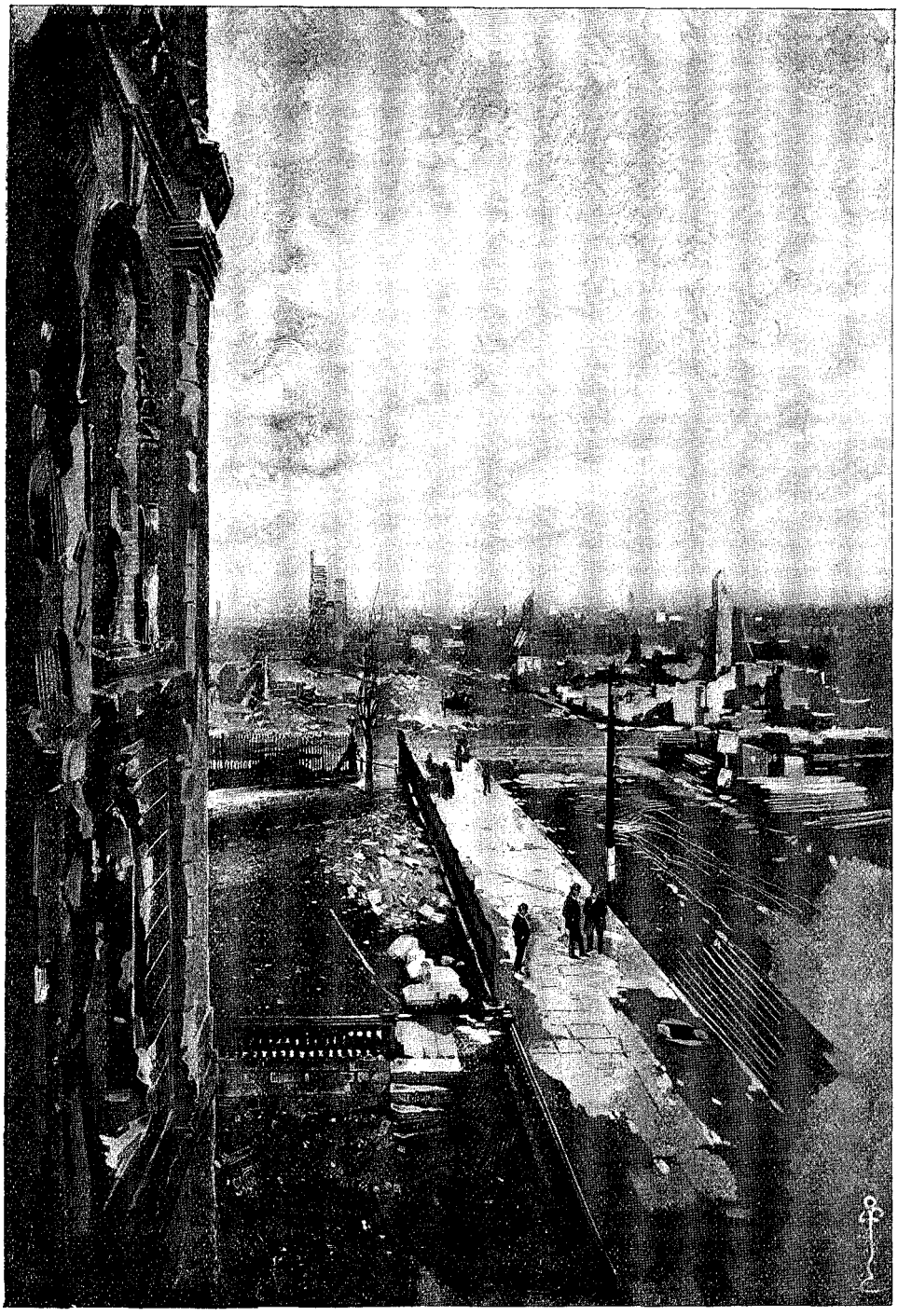

Clark Street, Looking North from the Court-house, After the Fire.

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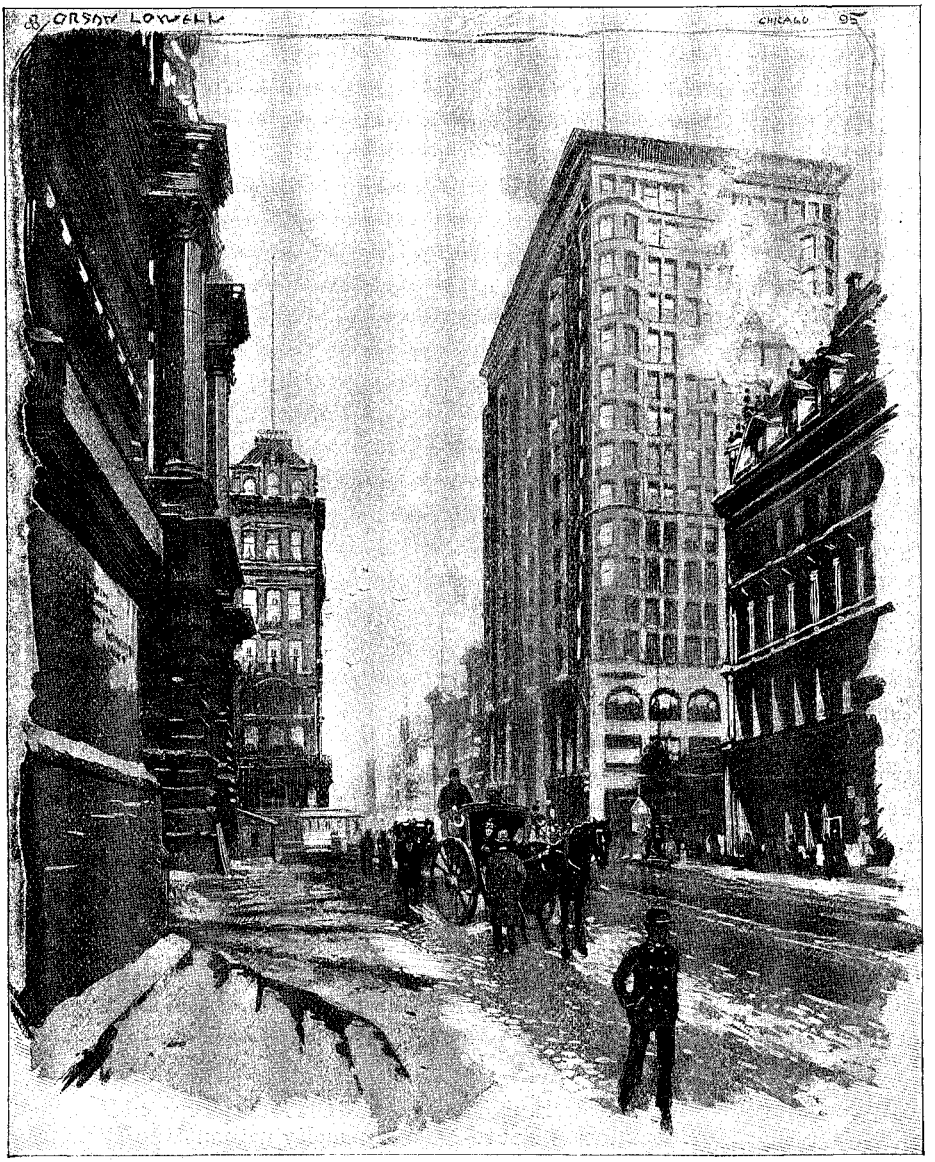

Clark Street, Looking North from the Court-house, 1895.

stretching from New York through the Mississippi Valley, and radiating to the Northwest and the far South. He lived to see his dreams fulfilled, and to his activity and skilful management was this achievement mainly due. Finally, his restless mind took up the scheme for a transcontinental road, and as the first president of the Union Pacific line he set in motion the vast work which has resulted in bringing the extremes of the continent into close relations.

But Ogden, after all, was only first among equals. Cyrus McCormick, the reaper man; George Pullman, the sleeping-car man; Judge Caton, the promoter of telegraphs; Potter Palmer, the merchant prince; "Long John" Wentworth, editor and statesman; J. Young Scammon, financier; Allan Pinkerton, the

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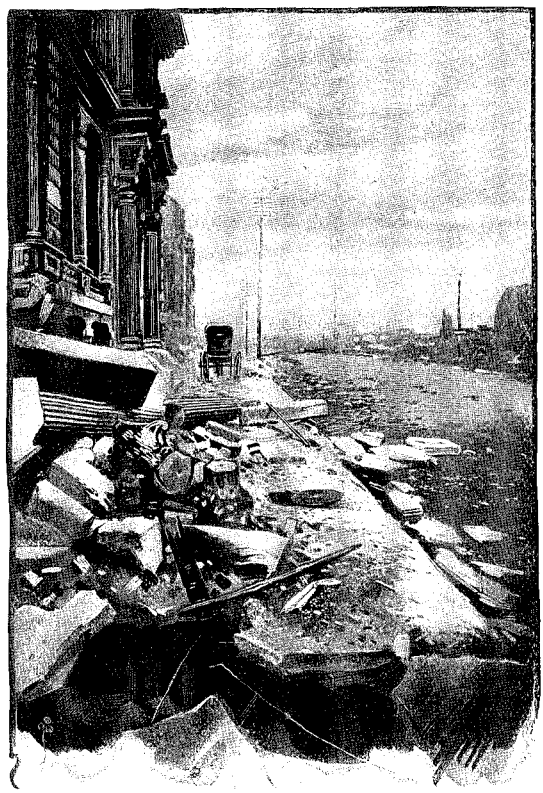
detective—these were some of the men who lent a hand in the building of the earlier Chicago. There came from the Eastern States a hardy company of pioneers, attracted by the budding opportunities of the frontier; a band of sturdy Germans driven from their fatherland by the revolutions of 1848; delegations of enterprising Norwegians, cunning Irishmen, and stolid Slavs and Czechs. It was a veritable Babel.

And how the city grew! Mark the increase in population: 12,000 in 1845; 23,000 in 1849; 59,000 in 1853; 84,000 in 1856; 109,000 in 1860; 200,000 in 1866, and 334,000 in 1871. There were ups and downs, trials and triumphs—flood, cholera, and panic—but all the time a steady advance. "In 1844," said Mr. Ogden, "I purchased for $8,000 property which, eight years thereafter, sold for $3,000,000, and these cases could be extended almost indefinitely." And the "back country" was keeping pace with the city. Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota were forging ahead in an astonishing way. Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Omaha were growing from villages to cities of size and consequence. And all this meant added wealth and population to the metropolis—Chicago.



Washington Street, Looking East from Fifth Avenue, After the Fire.

It was inevitable that these influences should be felt in the moral and social, as well as in the commercial and political phases of life. All eyes were fixed upon the census tables and the balance-sheets. Intense local pride was developed. Men vied with each other in extravagant prophecy respecting the city's future. Amusing enmities were engendered by the boastful claims of rival municipalities. The varied character of the population bred a spirit of tolerance, which frequently reached a dangerous extreme. Little heed was paid to art, to literature, or to music. Corrupt politicians plundered the public funds with impunity. The average citizen was making money and was burdened with the care of his business; he had no time to devote to culture. *Au fond*, he was honest, and now and again he would stop long enough to discover that someone had been stealing, and then the punishment was swift and certain. A dozen murders would go unpunished; then the people being aroused and startled by the prevalence of crime, "hanging time" would come, and the next culprit would suffer the death penalty without the slightest regard to the enormity of his offence.

Speculation in real estate became very hurtful to the physical character of the city. The buildings were hastily and cheaply built, often by swindling contractors. It was quite enough that they looked well and would sell—and almost anything would sell. Building "to sell" became a most lucrative occupation. Building for permanent occupancy was well-nigh unknown.

So the city which went down before the great fire of October 9, 1871, was an ill-contrived thing. There was little

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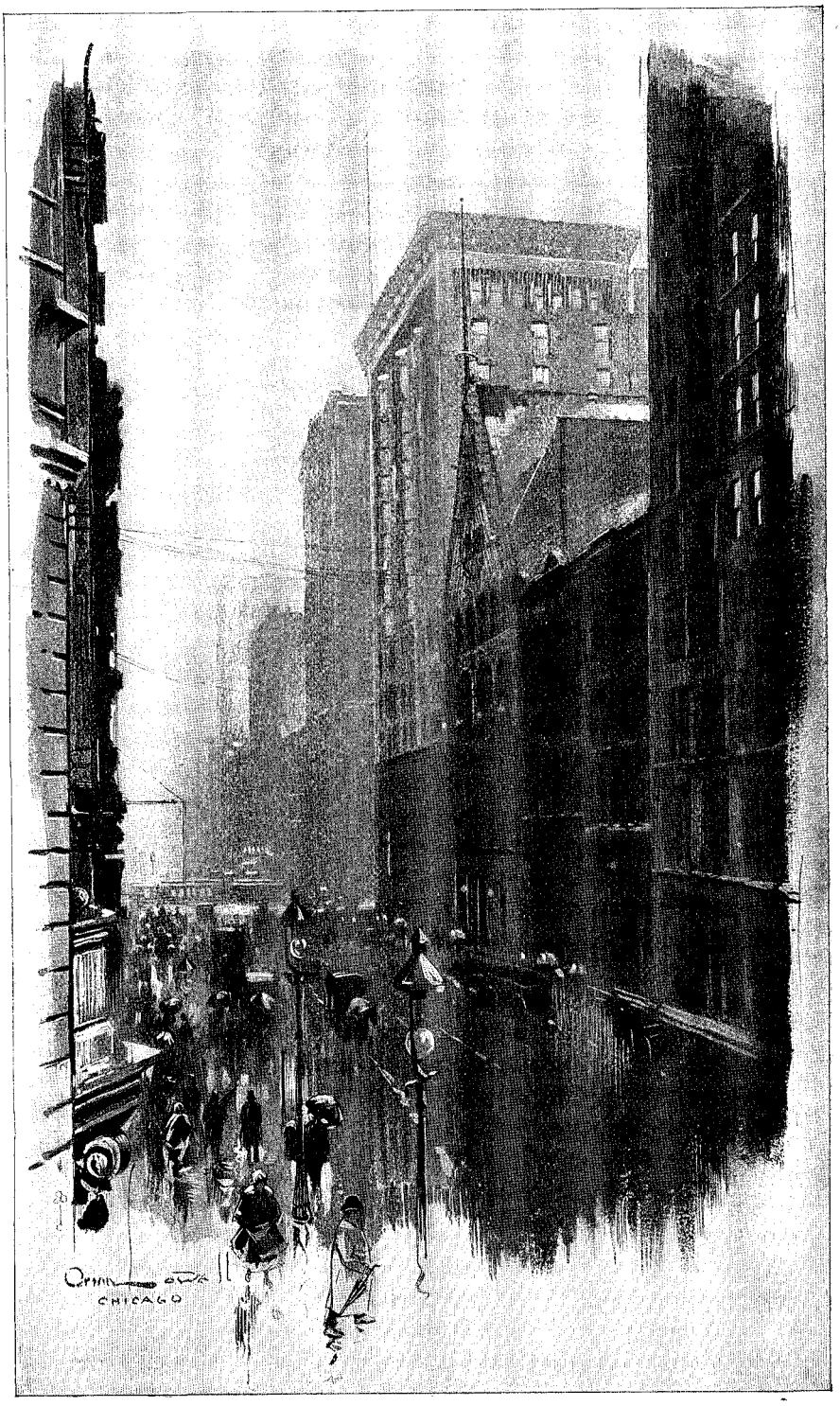

Washington Street, Looking East from the Times Building, Corner of Fifth Avenue, 1895.

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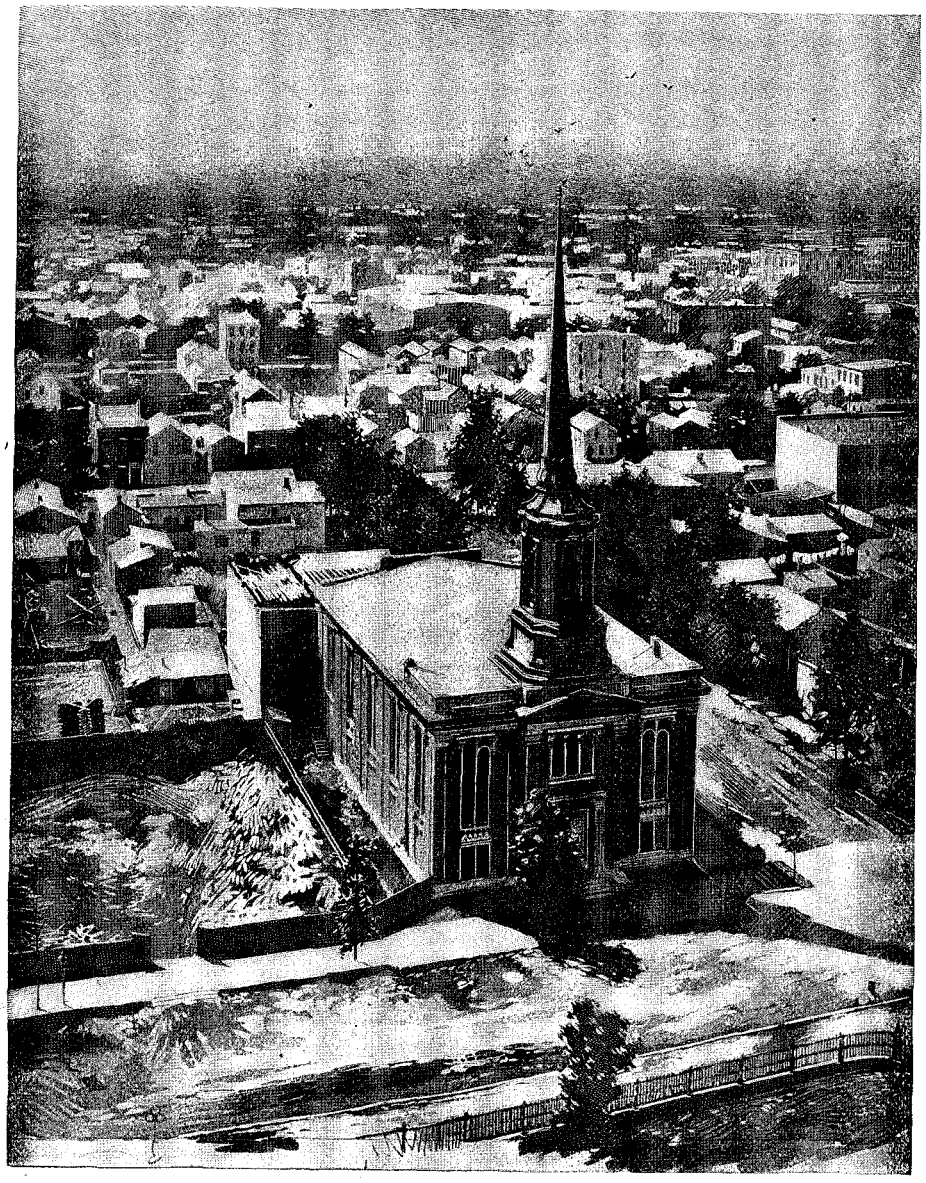

Chicago, Looking South from the Court-house, 1858.

pretence to architectural beauty, and scarce a semblance of intelligent and substantial construction. Even in the business centre there were a vast number of wooden buildings, while those which were of brick or stone were, as a rule, very defective. From time to time the street grade had been raised, and as only the new buildings were required to adopt the new level, it frequently happened that there was no uniformity in the sidewalk levels, and the visitor found himself constantly ascending and descending stairways. These uneven sidewalks were usually of plank, supported by a staging of slender timber, and the claims against the city for the broken limbs of pedestrians proved to be a considerable item of municipal expense. The street pavements were as bad as they well could be. They were made of pine or cedar blocks laid

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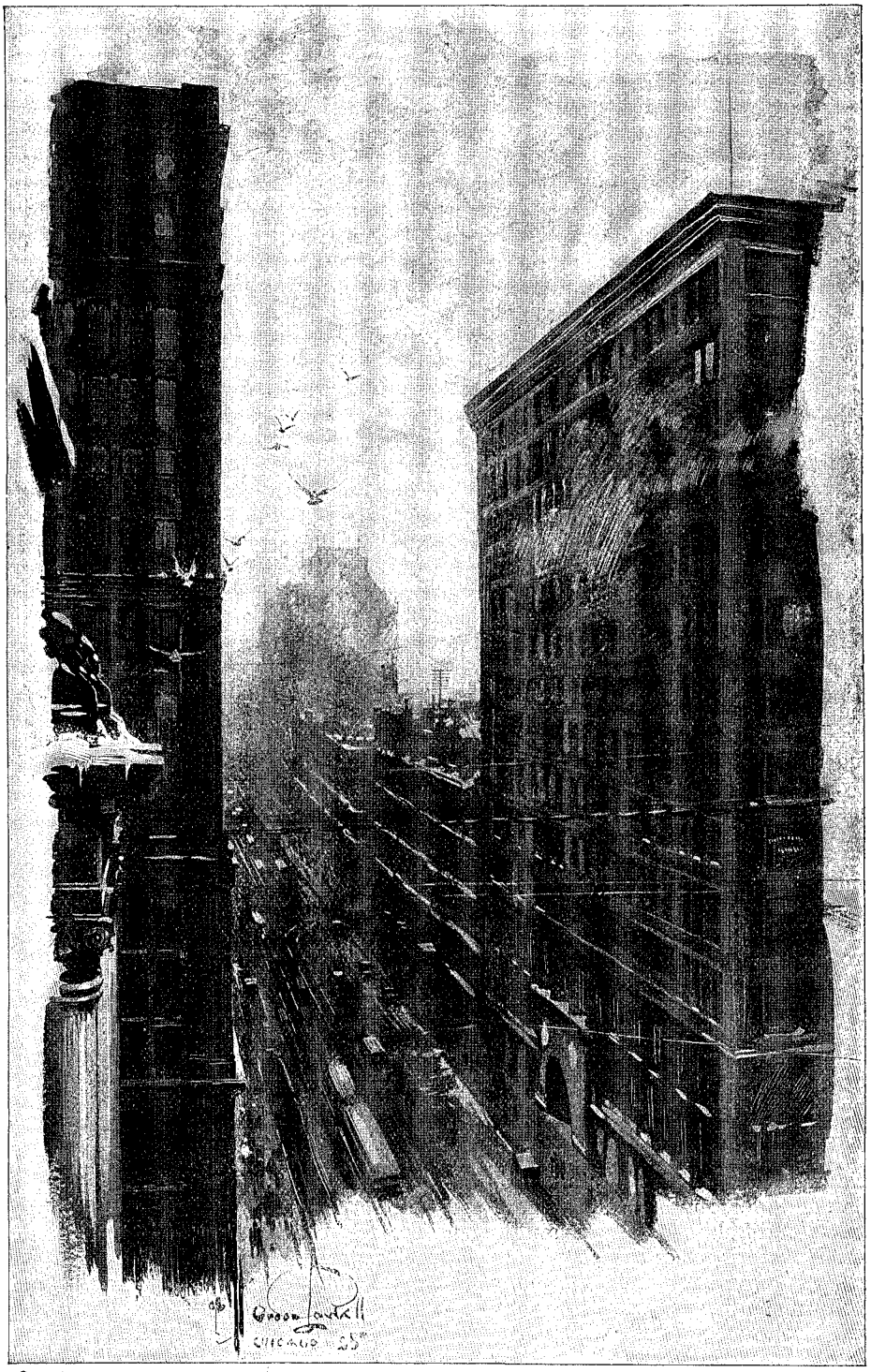

Court-house. Chamber of Commerce. Temple of the W. C. T. U. Stock Exchange.

Chicago, Looking South from Court-house, 1895.

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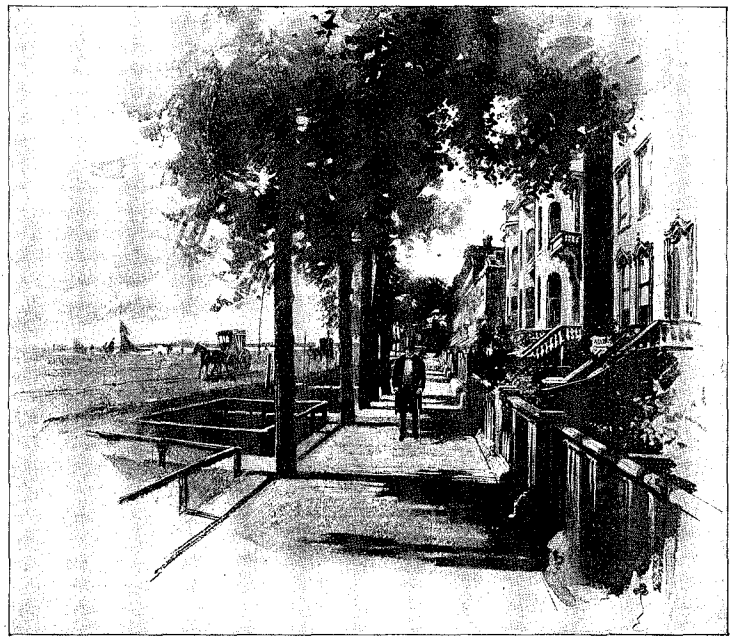

Michigan Avenue, Looking South from Jackson Street, Before the Fire.

upon a thin layer of boards, and without substantial concrete foundation. The sewerage pipes drained into the river, and that polluted stream swept sluggishly through the heart of the city, exhaling noxious odors at every foot. The abattoirs were in close proximity to the residential district and directly in the path of the prevailing southwest winds, so that the stench was at times intolerable.

A picture of the leading thoroughfare of this old Chicago would hardly be recognized by anyone to-day. The Court-house stood in the centre of the public square. It was of the conventional Western type; a huge box of a thing, approached by long flights of steps on either side; the jail in the basement, the court-rooms above, and a belfry and flag-pole topping it out. Fringing the iron fence on the four sides of the grounds, a double line of hitched and unhitched horses and buggies. Not carriages, or cabs, or phaëtons, but that peculiarly unhandsome and inconvenient vehicle, with high, square box, calash top, and the frailest of running gear, which once was the pride and glory of every villager. Flanking the rutted and muddy roadway and the tip-tilted and rickety sidewalk were the buildings — strange higgledy-piggledy structures. Here a five-story block, faced with disintegrating limestone from the neighboring quarries, with the regulation Mansard and flat roof. Next a cottage, of wood, perched high on posts, balloon frame, with clapboard sides and shingle roof, its gable end in front, and gorgeously decorated with pine-spindles and scrolls, fantastically wrought by lathe and saw. Then a vacant lot half-filled with rubbish. Now a church, built in lame imitation of English Gothic, and top-heavy with a huge, pointed spire. Then, under the very eaves of the church, a saloon or cheap variety theatre. The people, rising early, working late, and always in a hurry.

There was little or no social life. Everyone bought his entertainment and paid for it in true commercial fashion. Theatres, concerts, and lectures were well patronized, and people went in droves to see horse-races and ball games. There was no select "Four Hundred." A spirit of true democracy pervaded the entire city. Since all men worked, industry was dignified, even apotheosized. Private institu-

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Michigan Avenue, Looking South from Jackson Street, as it Appears To-day.

tions of learning were almost unknown; the children of rich and poor sat side by side in the public schools. Few of them went to college; they graduated from the high school and made haste to begin a business career. In their hustling, happy-go-lucky way these people of old Chicago fared well and were content.

It was over this city that the flames swept with unparalleled fury. The loss of life and property was appalling. Yet at this moment no one doubts that it was a great blessing. It was the death of old Chicago and the birth of a new and better Chicago, better fitted in a thousand ways to fulfil destiny. The parent city had left a legacy of priceless value. When everything was gone and every man a beggar the old-time faith in the city's supremacy was the inspiration to a rebuilding. That cheerful self-sufficiency which had been often amusing, and at times grotesque, dispelled all doubt, all hesitation, and set men to removing *débris* and laying bricks. There were tears, to be sure, but there was no despair. By common consent the oath of loyalty was taken afresh and work went on, as it had always gone on, save that it was a little harder, perhaps, and that it was in a new direction. There was no flinching, there were no drones. The habit of industry was still the controlling force. There was no sense of fear. These people had been taking risks all their lives. As to chancing it, incurring debt, mortgaging the future, and toiling like slaves to pay the obligation—all of these things had been done before and could be done again.

The fire had some lessons which were to be studied and understood. There must be more care taken in the building of buildings; there must be no more wooden structures in the heart of the city; and there must be a better Fire Department. These things were obvious. And so fire-proof buildings, great palaces of steel and stone, of "Chicago construction," came, and so, too, came the most efficient fire-extinguishing equipment in the world. But there were other lessons not so obvious. One of these was that the men who had made Old Chicago were to have little part in the business of making the real metropolis of which they had dreamed and made prophecy, and for which they had so earnestly toiled. Their places were to be taken

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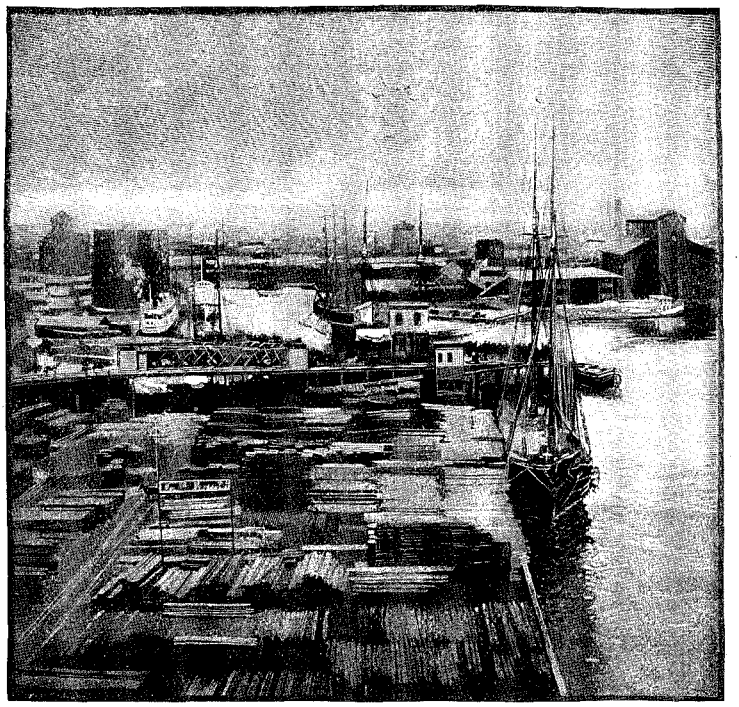
by younger and stronger men, a new and better generation. It is true that here and there some stout old citizen survived to win fresh laurels in the "Greater Chicago," but such instances were not common. The "boys" were well fitted for the responsibilities they were called upon to assume. They were burning with enthusiasm, accustomed to hard work, intelligent beyond their years, and singularly sober-minded. The baleful influence of great wealth was as yet unfelt. The heirs of well-to-do parents no less than the lowly born made of life a serious business. There were no yachting cruises, no golf or tennis parties, no hunts afield, no coaching excursions, to relieve the weariness of an idle life. There were few persons living in ease upon fixed incomes. There were no petted darlings of fortune.

Within two years the city was substantially rebuilt. Not precisely as one could have wished, for, under the circumstances, that was impossible. But everybody and everything was housed and trade was flowing again in the natural channels. Even during this period the population continued to grow. Thousands flocked to the city to find employment in the work of reconstruction, and by 1873 the census roll was swollen to 375,000.



The Chicago River, Looking North from Randolph Street Bridge, Before the Fire.

Then there was a national panic. The banks failed. Values fell grievously. Trade almost ceased. There was a prolonged period of enforced idleness and great consequent distress. Then there was another great fire—that of 1874—now well-nigh forgotten, but of big moment in its day; and bloody riot, with plundering and destroying mobs and musket-shooting and men-killing militia. More failing banks, this time the saving institutions, one of them with empty vaults and twenty-five thousand needy depositors. All of these calamities, each following the other in rapid succession, within ten years of the supreme disaster of 1871. It required clear heads and stout hearts indeed for such an emergency.

The mere restoration of the buildings

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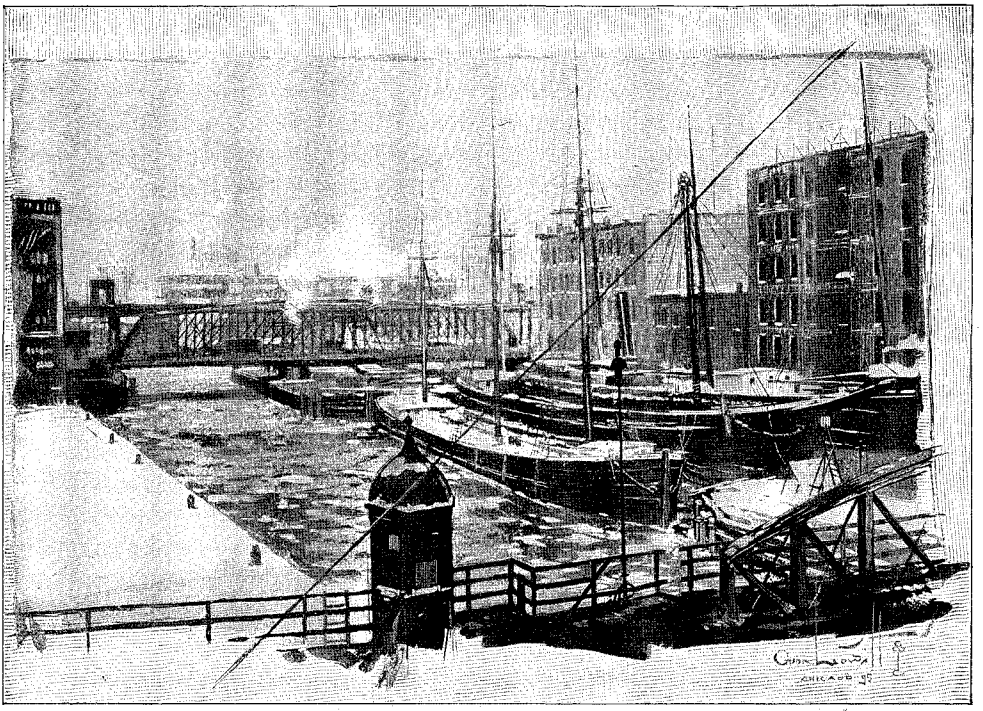
and streets was not, after all, the most difficult task. The moral and political problems were complex and puzzling. The population was unlike any other. There was a small minority of native Americans (say one-fifth of the entire community), the rest were Germans, Irish, Scandinavians, Poles, Bohemians, and other foreigners. Many were fresh arrivals, with customs and prejudices at marked variance with the normal life of Chicago. They formed great colonies, each having its leaders clamorous for recognition, and sometimes bent on mischief. One class (chiefly native) demanded with urgency the passage and enforcement of sumptuary laws, and a strict observance of the Sabbath; another class (chiefly foreign born) insisted with equal vehemence upon a "liberal" government. Neither extreme wholly prevailed. Out of it all, notwithstanding the counter-claim of some good people who set very high standards for public conduct, there came a fairly well-managed metropolis. A little more tolerant of Sunday amusement than other American cities, and a little more mindful of the interests of the publican than the European cities, it is true, and yet, doubtless, abreast of most of them in public morals and private virtue, and quite as zealous for the protection of personal or property rights.



The Chicago River, Looking North from Randolph Street Bridge, 1895.

Moreover, with the increase of material prosperity there always has been a strong under-current of intellectual life, and a persistent effort to place intellectual and æsthetic opportunities within the reach of the large body of the population who are denied these things through lack of personal means, and leisure for travel and education. This spirit has shown itself in a number of splendid gifts by men whose fortunes have been made in Chicago. Notable among these, as expressing the generous impulses of individual givers, are the Newberry and Crerar Libraries, the Field Museum, the McCormick Theological Seminary, and the Armour Institute. Among other benefactions, which are not the result of the generosity of a single man, are the Chicago

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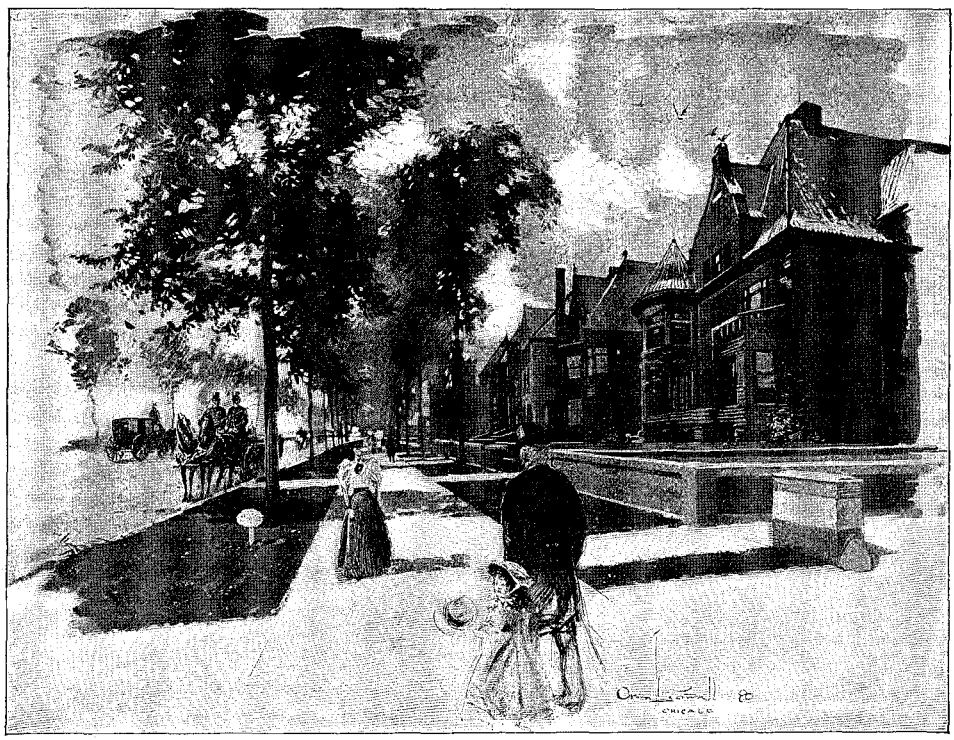

The Lake Shore Drive, Below Lincoln Park, and Looking South, 1895.

University (founded by a New Yorker but contributed to by many citizens of Chicago); the Art Institute, with its unique gift of modern French paintings from the estate of Henry Field; and the Historical Society, which has but recently completed the finest building devoted to such purposes that this country possesses.

The conspicuous figures in this New Chicago are all busy men—merchants, manufacturers, financiers—burdened with heavy responsibilities, yet freely giving of their time for great public movements, and of their money for public uses.

The census of 1880 definitely settled the place of Chicago as the leading city of the West. Even St. Louis and Cincinnati, which had long been rival claimants, were forced to accept the returns of the Federal Government. This announcement gave a fresh impetus. The stride from 503,000 souls in 1880 to 1,200,000 in 1890, and 1,500,000 in 1894, caused no surprise. It was now second only to New York among American cities.

Not the least among the benefits derived from the great fire was the advertisement it gave Chicago. The burning and the wonderful rebuilding were known everywhere. The story evoked admiration and caused inquiry into the causes of the amazing vitality displayed by this hitherto unheard-of city. Fresh immigration and investment resulted.

Year by year the plans for the future, fanciful and magnificent as they had always been, broadened until they were apparently limitless. Old-time phrases of extravagant praise and prophecy seemed inept and tame. Superlatives were no longer adequate. It had long been the chief grain, lumber, and provision market of the world. It was now to take on a new complexion, and to become the great manufacturing centre of the continent, perhaps of the globe. The admirable transportation facilities, by water and rail, the proximity to the raw material, the fuel within easy reach, the favorable situation respecting labor, and the market just without the factory-door—these condi-

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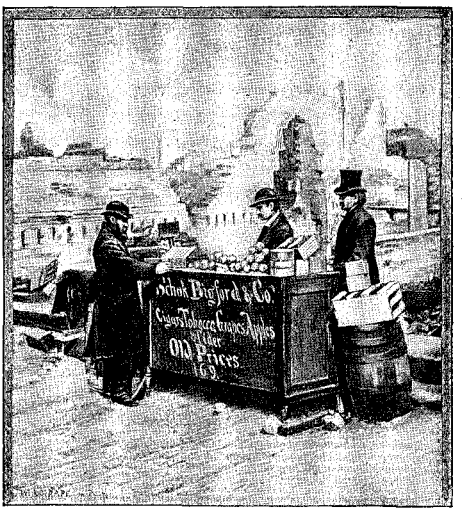
tions gave assurance of success. Pipe lines for oil and gas were laid from the Ohio and Indiana fields, and manufacturing suburbs sprang up in every direction. Banking capital, so indispensable to such undertakings, was provided, and then came a Stock Exchange, and Chicago began to look with confidence to the day when it should dictate the financial policy of the nation.

A thousand railway trains coming and going every day. More vessels arriving and clearing in a year than from any other American port. A business district covered with mammoth buildings, twelve, sixteen, and even twenty stories high, each employing a dozen hydraulic passenger-lifts, each accommodating thousands of occupants, and each a city of itself. The largest book, millinery, hardware, and drygoods shops in the world. Department stores eclipsing the grand *magasins* of Paris and London. Hogs, cattle, and sheep in countless numbers slaughtered daily. These are some of the facts concerning the new Chicago, the creation of the last quarter of the century.

When there was an attempt to establish anarchy and to repeat the experiences of Paris under the Commune, the calm and dignified, yet inflexible administration of the law by this wild Western city amazed the world.

When the city appeared as a claimant for the World's Fair, its audacity challenged attention, if not admiration. Not a few of the more intelligent and responsible citizens looked upon the undertaking with alarm. A leading merchant wrote: "I am *paying* to secure it, but am *praying* that it will go elsewhere." Yet when Congress selected Chicago, the responsibility was accepted. That it did not yield a profit caused no regret. It was an artistic success. Chicago had proved itself worthy of the nation's confidence, and the citizens were content.

And such is the Chicago of to-day. Rather half-baked, one may say. Somewhat too careless of appearances, with dirty streets and smoke-filled atmosphere; a trifle bumptious, vaunting itself in an unseemly way; paying less heed to culture than to profits, unmindful, at times, of good form, too much occupied with the selling of needles and pins and short ribs and spring wheat to be able to give proper attention to elections and the conduct of aldermen — yet big-hearted, open-handed, self-reliant, and moving forward with the strides of a giant to a great destiny.



The First Merchants in the Burned District.

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THE STORY OF BESSIE COSTRELL*

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

SCENE IV.

JUST before dark on the following day, a man descended from a down train at the Clinton Magna station. The porters knew him and greeted him; so did one or two laborers outside, as he set off to walk to the village, which was about a mile distant.

"Well, John, so yer coom back," said one of them, an old man, grasping the new-comer by the hand. "An' I can't say as yer looks is any credit to Frampton—no, that aa can't."

John, indeed, wore a sallow and pinched air, and walked lamely, with a stick.

"Noa," he said, peevishly; "it's a beastly place is Frampton; a damp, nassty hole as iver I saw—gives yer the rheumaticks to look at it. I've 'ad a doose of a time, I 'ave, I can tell yer—iver sense I went. But I'll pull up now."

"Aye, this air 'll do yer," said the other. "Where are yer stoppin'? Costrells'?"

John nodded.

"They don't know nothin' about my comin', but I dessay they'll find me somethin' to sleep on. I'll 'ave my own place soon, and someone to look arter it."

He drew himself up involuntarily, with the dignity that waits on property. A laugh, rather jeering than cordial, ran through the group of laborers.

"Aye, yer'll be livin' at your ease," said the man who had spoken first. "When will yo' give us a drink, yer lardship?"

The others grinned.

"Where's your money, John?" said a younger man suddenly, staring hard at the returned wanderer.

John started.

"Don't you talk your nonsense!" he said, fretfully; "an' I must be getting on afore dark."

He went his way, but as he turned a corner of the road, he saw them still standing where he had left them. They seemed to be watching his progress, which astonished him.

A light of windy sunset lay spread over the white valley, and the freshening gusts drove the powdery snow before them, and sent little stabs of pain through John's shrinking body. Yet how glad he was to find himself again between those familiar hedges, to see the church-tower in front of him, the long hill to his right! His heart swelled at once with longing and satisfaction. During his Frampton job, and in the infirmary, he had suffered much, physically and mentally. He had missed Eliza and the tendance of years more than he had ever imagined he could; and he had found himself too old for new faces and a new society. When he fell ill he had been sorely tempted to send for some of his money, and get himself nursed and cared for at the respectable lodging where he had put up. But no; in the end he set his teeth and went into the infirmary. He had planned not to touch his hoard till he had done with the Frampton job, and returned to Clinton for good. His peasant obstinacy could not endure to be beaten; nor, indeed, could he bring himself to part with his keys, to trust the opening of the hoard even to Isaac.

Since then he had passed through many weary weeks, sometimes of acute pain, sometimes of sinking weakness, during which he had been haunted by many secret torments, springing mainly from the fear of death. He had almost been driven to make his will. But in the end superstitious reluctance prevailed. He had not made the will; and to dwell on the fact gave him the sensation of having escaped a bond, if not a danger. He did not want to leave his money behind him; he wanted to spend it, as he had told Eliza and Mary Anne and Bessie scores of times. To have

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assigned it to anyone else, even after his death, would have made it less his own.

Ah, well! those bad weeks were done, and here he was, at home again. Suddenly, as he tramped on, he caught sight against the hill of Bessie's cottage, the blue smoke from it blown across the rime-laden trees behind it. He drew in his breath with a deep, tremulous delight. That buoyant self-congratulation indeed which had stood between him and the pain of Eliza's death was gone. Rather there was in him a profound yearning for rest, for long dreaming by the fire or in the sun, with his pipe to smoke, and Jim's Louisa to look after him, and nothing to do but to draw a half-crown from his box when he wanted it. No more hard work in rain and cold; and no cringing, either, to the young and prosperous for the mere fault of age. The snowy valley with its circling woods opened to him like a mother's breast; the sight of it filled him with a hundred simple hopes and consolations; he hurried to bury himself in it, and be at peace.

He was within a hundred yards of the first house in the village, when he saw a tall figure in uniform approaching, and recognized Watson.

At sight of him the policeman stopped short, and John was conscious of a moment's vague impression of something strange in Watson's looks.

However, Watson shook hands with great friendliness.

"Well, I'm glad to see yer, John, I'm sure. An' now, I s'pose, you're back for good?"

"Aye. I'm not going away no more. I've done my share—I wants a bit o' rest."

"Of coorse yer do. You've been ill, 'aven't yer? You look like it. An' yer puttin' up at Costrells'?"

"Yes, till I can turn round a bit. 'Ave yer seen anythin' ov 'em? 'Ow's Bessie?"

Watson faced back toward the village.

"I'll walk with yer a bit—I'm in no 'urry. Oh, she's all right. You 'eard of her bit o' money?"

John opened his eyes.

"Noa, I don' know as I did."

"It wor an aunt o' hers, soa I understan'—quite a good bit o' money."

"Did yer iver hear the name?" said John, eagerly.

"Someone livin' at Bedford, I did 'ear say."

John laughed, not without good-humored relief. It would have touched his vanity had his niece been discovered to be richer than himself.

"Oh, that's old Sophy Clarke," he said. "Her 'usband bought the lease o' two little 'ouses in Church Street, and they braat 'er in six shillin's a week for years, an' she allus said she'd leave it to Bessie if she wor took afore the lease wor up. But the lease ull be up end o' next year I know, for I saw the old lady myself last Michaelmas twelvemonth, an' she told me all about it, though I worn't to tell nobody meself. An' I didn't know Sophy wor gone. Ah, well! it's not much, but it's 'andy—it's 'andy."

"Six shillin's a week!" said Watson, raising his eyebrows. "It's a nice bit o' money while it lassts, but I'd ha' thought Mrs. Costrell 'ad come into a deal more nor that."

"Oh, but she's sich a one to spend, is Bessie," said John, anxiously. "It's surprisin' 'ow the money runs. It's sixpence 'ere, an' sixpence there, allus dribblin', an' dribblin', out ov 'er. I've allus tole 'er as she'll end 'er days on the parish."

"Sixpences!" said Watson, with a laugh. "It's not sixpences as Mrs. Costrell's 'ad the spendin' of this last month or two—it's *suverins*—an' plenty ov 'em. You may be sure you've got the wrong tale about the money, John; it wor a deal more nor you say."

John stood stock still at the word "sovereigns," his jaw dropping.

"*Suverins*," he said, trembling; "suverins? Bessie ain't got no suverins. Isaac 'arns sixteen shillin' a week."

The color was ebbing fast from his cheek and lips. Watson threw him a quick professional glance, then rapidly consulted with himself. No; he decided to hold his tongue.

"Yo' *are* reg'lar used up," he said, taking hold of the old fellow kindly by the arm. "Shall I walk yer up the hill?"

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John withdrew himself.

"*Suverins!*" he repeated, in a low, hoarse voice. "She ain't got 'em, I tell yer—she ain't got 'em!"

The last words rose to a sort of cry, and without another word to Watson the old man started at a feeble run, his head hanging.

Watson followed him, afraid lest he should drop in the road. Instead, John seemed to gather strength. He made straight for the hill, taking no heed whatever of two or three startled acquaintances who stopped and shouted to him. When the ground began to rise, he stumbled again and again, but by a marvel did not fall, and his pace hardly slackened. Watson had difficulty in keeping up with him.

But when the policeman reached his own cottage on the side of the road, he stopped, panting, and contented himself with looking after the mounting figure. As soon as it turned the corner of the Costrells' lane, he went into his own house, said a word to his wife, and sat himself down at his own back door to await events—to ponder, also, a few conversations he had held that morning, with Mrs. Moulsey at "the shop," with Dawson, with Hall the butcher. Poor old John—poor old fellow!

When Bolderfield reached the paling in front of the Costrells' cottage, he paused a moment, holding for support to the half-open gate and struggling for breath. "I must keep my 'edd, I must," he was saying to himself piteously; "don' yer be a fool, John Borroful, don't yer be a fool!"

As he stood there, a child's face pushed the window-blind of the cottage aside, and the lame boy's large eyes looked Bolderfield up and down. Immediately after the door opened, and all four children stood huddling behind each other on the threshold. They all looked shyly at the new-comer. They knew him, but in six months they had grown strange to him.

"Arthur, where's your mother?" said John, at last able to walk firmly up to the door.

"Don' know."

"When did yer see her lasst?"

"She wor 'ere gettin' us our tea," said another child; "but she didn't eat nothin'."

John impatiently pushed the children before him back into the kitchen.

"You 'old your tongues," he said, "an' stay 'ere."

And he made for the door in the kitchen wall. But Arthur caught hold of his coat-tails and clung to them.

"Yer oughtn't to go up there—mother don't let anyone go there."

John wrenched himself violently away.

"Oh, don't she! yo' take your 'ands away, yer little varmint, or I'll brain yer."

He raised his stick, threatening. The child, terrified, fell back, and John, opening the door, rushed up the stairs.

He was so terribly excited that his fumbling fingers could hardly find the ribbon round his neck. At last he drew it over his head, and made stupendous efforts to steady his hand sufficiently to put the key in the lock.

The children below heard a sharp cry directly the cupboard door was opened; then the frantic dragging of a box on to the stairs, the creak of hinges—a groan, long and lingering—and then silence.

They clung together in terror, and the little girls began to cry. At last Arthur took courage and opened the door.

The old man was sitting on the top stair, supported sideways by the wall, his head hanging forward, and his hands dropping over his knees, in a dead faint.

At the sight all four children ran helter-skelter into the lane, shouting "Mammy! mammy!" in an anguish of fright. Their clamor was caught by the fierce north wind, which had begun to sweep the hill, and was borne along till it reached the ears of a woman who was sitting sewing in a cottage some fifty yards farther up the lane. She stepped to her door, opened it and listened.

"It's at Bessie's," she said; "whativer's wrong wi' the childer?"

By this time Arthur had begun to run toward her. Darkness was falling rapidly, but she could distinguish his small figure against the snow, and his halting gait.

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"What is it, Arthur?—what is it, lammie?"

"O cousin Mary Anne! cousin Mary Anne! It's uncle John, and ee's dead!"

She ran like the wind at the words, catching at the child's hand in the dark, and dragging him along with her.

"Where is he, Arthur?—don't take on, honey!"

The child hurried on with her, sobbing, and she was soon on the stairs beside the unconscious John.

Mary Anne looked with amazement at the cupboard and the open box. Then she laid the old man on the floor, her gentle face working with the effort to remember what the doctor had once told her of the best way of dealing with persons in a faint. She got water, and she sent Arthur to a neighbor for brandy.

"Where's your mother, child?" she asked, as she despatched him.

"Don' know," repeated the boy, stupidly.

"Oh, for goodness' sake, she's never at Dawson's again!" groaned Mary Anne to herself; "she wor there last night, an' the night afore that. And her mother's brother lyin' like this in 'er house."

He was so long in coming round that her ignorance began to fear the worst. But just as she was telling the eldest girl to put on her hat and jacket and run for the doctor, poor John revived.

He struggled to a sitting posture, looked wildly at her and at the box. As his eye caught the two sovereigns still lying at the bottom, he gave a cry of rage, and got upon his feet with a mighty effort.

"Where's Bessie, I tell yer? Where's the huzzy gone? I'll have the law on 'er! I'll make 'er give it up—by the Lord I will!"

"John, what is it?—John, my dear!" cried Mary Anne, supporting him, and terrified lest he should pitch headlong down the stairs.

"Yo' 'elp me down," he said, violently. "We'll find 'er—we'll wring it out ov 'er—the mean thievin' vagabond! Changin' suverins, 'as she? we'll soon know about that—yo' 'elp me down, I tell yer."

And with her assistance he hobbled down the stairs, hardly able to stand. Mary Anne's eyes were starting out of her head with fear and agitation, and the children were staring at the old man as he came tottering into the kitchen when a sound at the outer door made them all turn.

The door opened, and Bessie appeared on the threshold.

At sight of her John seemed to lose his senses. He rushed at her, threatening, imploring, reviling — while Mary Anne could only cling to his arms and coat, lest he should attempt some bodily mischief.

Bessie closed the door, leant against it, and folded her arms. She was white and haggard, but perfectly cool. In this moment of excitement it struck neither John nor Mary Anne—nor, indeed, herself—that her manner, with its brutality, and its poorly feigned surprise, was the most revealing element in the situation.

"What's all this about yer money?" she said, staring John in the face. "What do I know about yer money? 'Ow dare yer say such things? I 'aven't anythin' to do with it, an' never 'ad."

He raved at her, in reply, about the position in which he had found the box—on the top of its fellow instead of underneath, where he had placed it—about the broken lock, the sovereigns she had been changing, and the things Watson had said of her—winding up with a peremptory demand for his money.

"Yo' gi' me my money back," he said, holding out a shaking hand. "Yer can't 'ave spent it all—'tain't possible—an' yer ain't chucked it out o' winder. Yer've got it somewhere 'idden, an' I'll get it out o' you if I die for 't!"

Bessie surveyed him steadily. She had not even flinched at the mention of the sovereigns.

"What yer 'aven't got, yer can't give," she said. "I don' know nothin' about it, an' I've tole yer. There's plenty o' bad people in the world—beside me. Somebody came in o' nights, I suppose, an' picked the lock—there's many as 'ud think nothin' of it. And it 'ud be easy done—we all sleeps 'ard."

"Bessie!" cried Mary Anne, out-

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raged by something in her tone, "aren't yer sorry for 'im?"

She pointed to the haggard and trembling man.

Bessie turned to her reluctantly. "Aye, I'm sorry," she said, sullenly. "But he shouldn't fly out at yer without 'earin' a word. 'Ow should I know anythin' about his money? Ee locked it up hisself, an' tuk the keys."

"An' them suverins," roared John, rattling his stick on the floor; "where did yer get them suverins?"

"I got 'em from old Sophy Clarke—leastways from Sophy Clarke's lawyer. And it ain't no business o' yourn."

At this John fell into a frenzy, shouting at her in inarticulate passion, calling her liar and thief.

She fronted it with perfect composure. Her fine eyes blazed, but otherwise her face might have been a waxen mask. With her, in this scene, was all the tragic dignity; with him, the weakness and vulgarity.

At last the little widow caught her by the arm, and drew her from the door.

"Let me take 'im to my place," she pleaded; "it's no good talkin' while ee's like ee is—not a bit o' good. John—John dear! you come along wi' me. Shall I get Saunders to come an' speak to yer?"

A gleam of sudden hope shot into the old man's face. He had not thought of Saunder's; but Saunders had a head; he might unravel this accursed thing.

"Aye!" he said, lurching forward, "let's find Saunders—coom along—let's find Saunders."

Mary Anne guided him through the door, Bessie standing aside. As the widow passed, she touched Bessie piteously.

"O Bessie, yer *didn't* do it—say yer didn't!"

Bessie looked at her, dry-eyed and contemptuous. Something in the speaker's emotion seemed to madden her.

"Don't yer be a fool, Mary Anne—that's all!" she said, scornfully, and Mary Anne fled from her.

When the door had closed upon them, Bessie came up to the fire, her teeth chattering. She sank down in front of it, spreading out her hands to the warmth. The children silently crowded up to her; first she pushed them away, then she caught at the child nearest to her, pressed its fair head against her, then again roughly put it aside. She was accustomed to chatter with them, scold them and slap them; but to-night they were uneasily dumb. They looked at her with round eyes; and at last their looks annoyed her. She told them to go to bed, and they slunk away, gaping at the open box on the stairs, and huddling together overhead, all on one bed, in the bitter cold, to whisper to each other. Isaac was a stern parent; Bessie a capricious one; and the children, though they could be riotous enough by themselves, were nervous and easily cowed at home.

Bessie, left alone, sat silently over the fire, her thin lips tight-set. She would deny everything—*everything*. Let them find out what they could. Who could prove what was in John's box when he left it? Who could prove she hadn't got those half-crowns in change somewhere?

The reflection of the day had only filled her with a passionate and fierce regret. *Why* had she not followed her first impulse, and thrown it all on Timothy?—told the story to Isaac, while she was still bleeding from his son's violence? It had been her only chance, and out of pure stupidness she had lost it. To have grasped it might at least have made him take *her* part, if it had forced him to give up Timothy. And who would have listened to Timothy's tales?

She sickened at the thought of her own folly, beating her knee with her clenched fist. For to tell the tale now would only be to make her doubly vile in Isaac's eyes. He would not believe her—no one would believe her. What motive could she plead for her twenty-four hours of silence, she knowing that John was coming back immediately? Isaac would only hate her for throwing it on Timothy.

Then again the memory of the half-crowns, and the village talk—and Watson—would close upon her, putting her

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in a cold sweat. When would Isaac come? Who would tell him? As she looked forward to the effect upon him, all her muscles stiffened. If he drove her to it, aye, she *would* tell him—she didn't care a haporth, she vowed. If he must have it, let him. But as the name of Isaac, the thought of Isaac, hovered in her brain, she must needs brush away wild tears. That morning, for the first time for months, he had been so kind to her and the children, so chatty and cheerful.

Distant steps along the lane! She sprang to her feet, ran into the back kitchen, tied on her apron, hastily filled an earthenware bowl with water from the pump, and carrying it back to the front kitchen began to wash up the tea-things, making a busy household clatter as she slid them into the bowl.

A confused sound of feet approached the house, and there was a knock.

"Come in," said Bessie.

Three figures appeared, the huge form of Saunders the smith in front, John and Mary Anne Waller behind.

Saunders took off his cap politely. The sight of his bald head, his double chin, his mouth with its queer twitch, which made him seem as though perpetually about to laugh, if he had not perpetually thought better of it, filled Bessie with angry excitement. She barely nodded to him, in reply to his greeting.

"May we come in, Mrs. Costrell?" Saunders inquired, in his most deliberate voice.

"If yer want to," said Bessie, shortly, taking out a cup and drying it.

Saunders drew in the other two and shut the door.

"Sit down, John. Sit down, Mrs. Waller."

John did as he was told. Dishevelled and hopeless misery spoke in his stained face, his straggling hair, his shirt burst open at the neck and showing his wrinkled throat. But he fixed his eyes passionately on Saunders, thirsting for every word.

"Well, Mrs. Costrell," said Saunders, settling himself comfortably, "you'll be free to confess, won't yer, this is an oogly business—a very oogly business? Now, will yer let us ask yer a question or two?"

"I dessay," said Bessie, polishing her cup.

"Well, then—to begin reg'lar, Mrs. Costrell—yo' agree, don't yer, as Muster Bolderfield put his money in your up-stairs cupboard?"

"I agree as he put his box there," said Bessie, sharply.

John broke into inarticulate and abusive clamor. Bessie turned upon him.

"'Ow did any of us know what yer'd got in your box? Did yer ever show it to me, or Mary Anne there, or any livin' soul in Clinton? Did yer?"

She waited, hawk-like, for the answer.

"Did yer, John?" repeated Saunders, judicially.

John groaned, rocking himself to and fro.

"Noa. I niver did—I niver did," he said. "Nobbut to Eliza—an' she's gone—she's gone!"

"Keep your 'ead, John," said Saunders, putting out a calming hand. "Let's get to the bottom o' this, quiet an' *reg'lar*. An' yer didn't tell anyone 'ow much yer 'ad?"

"Nobbut Eliza—nobbut Eliza!" said the old man again.

"Yer didn't tell *me*, I know," said Saunders, blandly.

John seemed to shrink together under the smith's glance. If only he had not been a jealous fool, and had left it with Saunders!

Saunders, however, refrained for the present from drawing this self-evident moral. He sat twirling his cap between his knees, and his shrewd eye travelled round the kitchen, coming back finally to Bessie, who was washing and drying diligently. As he watched her cool movements Saunders felt the presence of an enemy worthy of his steel, and his emulation rose.

"I understan', Mrs. Costrell," he said, speaking with great civility, "as the cupboard where John put his money is a cupboard *hon* the stairs? Not in hany room, but *hon* the stairs? Yer'll kindly correck me if I say anythin' wrong."

Bessie nodded.

"Aye—top o' the stairs—right-'and side," groaned John.

"An' John locked it hisself, an' tuk the key?" Saunders proceeded.

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John plucked at his neck again, and, dumbly, held out the key.

"An' there worn't nothin' wrong wi' the lock when yo' opened it, John?"

"Nothin', Muster Saunders—I'll take my davy."

Saunders ruminated.

"Theer's a cupboard there," he said suddenly, raising his hand and pointing to the cupboard beside the fireplace. "Is't anythin' like the cupboard on th' stairs, John?"

"Aye, 'tis!" said John, startled and staring. "Aye, 'tis, Muster Saunders?"

Saunders rose.

"Per'aps," he said, slowly, "Mrs. Costrell will do us the favor ov lettin' us hexamine that 'ere cupboard?"

He walked across to it. Bessie's hand dropped; she turned sharply, supporting herself against the table, and watched him, her chest heaving.

"There's no key 'ere," said Saunders, stooping to look at the lock. "Try yours, John."

John rushed forward, but Bessie put herself in the way.

"What are yer meddlin' with my 'ouse for?" she said, fiercely. "Just mek yourselves scarce, all the lot o' yer! I don't know nothin' about his money, an' I'll not have yer *insultin'* me in me own place! Get out o' my kitchen, if *yo'* please!"

Saunders buttoned his coat.

"Sartinly, Mrs. Costrell, sartinly," he said with emphasis. "Come along, John. Yer must get Watson and put it in 'is hands. Ee's the law is Watson. Maybe as Mrs. Costrell ull listen to *'im*."

Mary Anne ran to Bessie in despair.

"O Bessie, Bessie, my dear—don't let 'em get Watson; let 'em look into 't theirselves—it'll be better for yer, my dear, it *will*."

Bessie looked from one to the other, panting. Then she turned back to the table.

"*I* don' care what they do," she said, with sullen passion. "I'm not stannin' in anyone's way, I tell yer. The more they finds out the better I'm pleased."

The look of incipient laughter on Saunders's countenance became more pronounced—that is to say, the left-hand corner of his mouth twitched a little higher. But it was rare for him to complete the act, and he was not in the least minded to do so now. He beckoned to John, and John, trembling took off his keys and gave them to him, pointing to that which belonged to the treasure cupboard.

Saunders slipped it into the lock before him. It moved with ease, backward and forward.

"H'm, that's strange," he said, taking out the key and turning it over thoughtfully in his hand. "Yer didn't think as there were *another* key in this 'ouse that would open your cupboard, did yer, Bolderfield?"

The old man sank weeping on a chair. He was too broken, too exhausted, to revile Bessie any more.

"Yo' tell her, Muster Saunders," he said, "to gi'e it me back! I'll not ast for all on it, but some on it, Muster Saunders—some on it. She *can't* a spent it. She must a got it somewhere. Yo 'speak to her, Muster Saunders. It's a crule thing to rob an old man like me—an' her own mother's brother. Yo' speak to 'er—an' yo', too, Mary Ann."

He looked piteously from one to the other. But his misery only seemed to goad Bessie to fresh fury. She turned upon him, arms akimbo.

"Oh! an' of course it must be *me* as robs yer! It couldn't be nobody else, could it? There isn't tramps, an' thieves, an' rogues—'undreds of 'em—going about o' nights? Nary one, I believe yer! There isn't another thief in Clinton Magna, nobbut Bessie Costrell, is ther? But yer'll not blackguard me for nothin', I can tell yer. Now will yer jest oblige me by takin' yourselves off? I shall 'ave to clean up after yer"—she pointed, scornfully, to the marks of their muddy boots on the floor—"an' it's gettin' late."

"One moment, Mrs. Costrell," said Saunders, gently rubbing his hands. "With your leave, John and I ull just inspeck the cupboard *hup*stairs before leavin', an' then we'll clear out double quick. But we'll 'ave one try if we can't 'it on somethin' as ull show 'ow the thief got in—with your leave, of *coorse*."

Bessie hesitated; then she threw

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some spoons she held into the water beside her with a violent gesture.

"Go where yer wants," she said, and returned to her washing.

Saunders began to climb the narrow stairs, with John behind him. But the smith's small eyes had a puzzled look.

"There *somethin'* rum," he said, to himself. "'Ow *did* she spend it all? As she been carryin' on with someone be'ind Isaac's back, or is Isaac in it, too? It's one or t'other."

Meanwhile Bessie, left behind, was consumed by a passionate effort of memory. *What* had she done with the key, the night before, after she had locked the cupboard? Her brain was blurred. The blow—the fall—seemed to have confused even the remembrance of the scene with Timothy. How was it, for instance, that she had put the box back in the wrong place? She put her hand to her head, trying in an anguish to recollect the exact details.

The little widow sat meanwhile a few yards away, her thin hands clasped on her lap in her usual attitude of humble entreaty; her soft gray eyes, brimmed with tears, were fixed on Bessie. Bessie did not know that she was there—that she existed.

The door had closed after the two men. Bessie could hear vague movements, but nothing more. Presently she could bear it no longer. She went to the door and opened it.

She was just in time. By the light of the bit of candle that John held, she saw Saunders sitting on the stair, the shadow of his huge frame thrown black on the white wall; she saw him stoop suddenly, as a bird pounces; she heard an exclamation, then a sound of metal.

Her involuntary cry startled the men above.

"All right, Mrs. Costrell," said Saunders, briskly, "all right. We'll be down directly."

She came back into the kitchen, a mist before her eyes, and fell heavily on a chair by the fire. Mary Anne approached her, only to be pushed back. The widow stood listening, in an agony.

It took Saunders a minute or two to complete his case. Then he slowly descended the stairs, carrying the box, his great weight making the house shake. He entered the kitchen first, John behind him. But at the same moment that they appeared the outer door opened, and Isaac Costrell, preceded by a gust of snow, stood on the threshold.

"Why, John!" he cried, in amazement—"an' *Saunders!*"

He looked at them, then at Mary Anne, then at his wife.

There was an instant's dead silence. Then the tottering John came forward.

"An' I'm glad yer come, Isaac, that I am—thankful! Now yer can tell me what yer wife's done with my money. D'yer mind that box? It wor you an' I carried it across that night as Watson come out on us. An' yo'll bear me witness as we locked it up, an' yo' saw me tie the two keys roun' my neck—yo' *did*, Isaac. An' now, Isaac"—the hoarse voice began to tremble—"now there's two—suverins—left, and one arf-crown—out o' seventy-one pound fower an' sixpence—seventy-one pound, Isaac! Yo'll get it out on 'er, Isaac, yer will, won't yer?"

He looked up, imploringly.

Isaac, after the first violent start, stood absolutely motionless, Saunders observing him. As one of the main props of Church Establishment in the village, Saunders had no great opinion of Isaac Costrell, who stood for the dissidence of dissent. The two men had never been friends, and Saunders in this affair had perhaps exercised the quasi-judicial functions the village had long by common consent allowed him, with more readiness than usual.

As soon as John ceased speaking, Isaac walked up to Saunders.

"Let me see that box," he said, peremptorily, "put it down."

Saunders, who had rested the box on the back of a chair, placed it gently on the table, assisted by Isaac. A few feet away stood Bessie, saying nothing, her hand holding the duster on her hip, her eyes following her husband.

He looked carefully at the two sovereigns lying on the bit of old cloth which covered the bottom of the box, and the one half-crown that Timothy had forgotten; he took up the bit of

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cloth and shook it, he felt along the edge of the box, he examined the wrenched lock.

Then he stood for an instant, his hand on the box, his eyes staring straight before him in a kind of dream.

Saunders grew impatient. He pushed John aside, and came to the table, leaning his hands upon it, so as to command Isaac's face.

"Now look 'ere, Isaac," he said, in a different voice from any that he had yet employed, "let's come to business. These 'ere are the facks o' this case, an' 'ow we're agoin' to get over 'em, I don' see. John leaves his money in your cupboard. Yo' an' he lock it up, an' John goes away with 'is keys 'ung roun' 'is neck. Yo' agree to that? Well an' good. But there's *another* key in your 'ouse, Isaac, as opens John's cupboard. Ah——"

He waved his hand in deprecation of Isaac's movement.

"I dessay yo' didn't know nowt about it—that's noather 'ere nor there. Yo' try John's key in that there door"—he pointed to the cupboard by the fire—"an' yo'll find it fits *ex*—act. Then, thinks I, where's the key as belongs to that 'ere cupboard? An' John an' I goes upstairs to look about us, an' in noa time at aw, I sees a 'ole in the skirtin'. I whips in my finger—lor' bless yer! I knew it wor there the moment I sets eyes on the hole."

He held up the key triumphantly. By this time no Old Bailey lawyer making a hanging speech could have had more command of his task.

"'Ere then we 'ave"—he checked the items off on his fingers—"box locked up—key in the 'ouse as fits it, unbeknown to John—money tuk out—key 'idden away. But that's not all—not by long chalks—there's another side to the affair *halt*ogether."

Saunders drew himself up, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and cleared his throat.

"Per'aps yer don' know—I'm sartin sure yer don' know—leastways I'm hinclined that way—as Mrs. Costrell"—he made a polite inclination toward Bessie—"'ave been makin' free with money—fower—five—night a week at the 'Spotted Deer'—fower—five—night a week. She'd used to treat every young feller, an' plenty old uns too, as turned up; an' there was a many as only went to Dawson's becos they knew as she'd treat 'em. Now she didn't go on tick at Dawson's; she'd *pay*—an' she allus payed in arf-crowns. An' those arf-crowns were curous arf-crowns; an' it came into Dawson's 'ead as he'd colleck them arf-crowns. Ee wanted to see summat, ee said—an' I dessay ee did. An' people began to taak. Last night theer wor a bit of a roompus, it seems, while Mrs. Costrell was a payin another o' them things, an' summat as was said come to my ears—an' come to Watson's. An' me and Watson 'ave been makin' inquiries—an' Mr. Dawson wor obligin' enough to make me a small loan, ee wor. Now I've got just one question to ask o' John Borroful."

He put his hand into his waistcoat pocket and drew out a silver coin.

"Is that yourn, John?"

John fell upon it with a cry.

"Aye, Saunders, it's mine. Look ye 'ere, Isaac, it's a king's 'ead. It's Willum—not Victory. I saved that un up when I wor a lad at Mason's, an' look yer, there's my mark in the corner—every arf-crown I ever 'ad I marked like that."

He held it under Isaac's staring eyes, pointing to the little scratched cross in the corner.

"'Ere's another, John—two on 'em," said Saunders, pulling out a second and a third.

John, in a passion of hope, identified them both.

"Then," said Saunders, slapping the table solemnly, "theer's nobbut one more thing to say—an' sorry I am to say it. Them coins, Isaac"—he pointed a slow finger at Bessie, whose white, fierce face moved involuntarily—"them arf-crowns wor paid across the bar lasst night, or the night afore, at Dawson's, by *yor wife*, as is now stannin' there, an' she'll deny it if she can!"

For an instant the whole group preserved their positions—the breath suspended on their lips.

Then Isaac strode up to his wife, and gripped her by the arms.

"Did yer do it?" he asked her.

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He held her, looking into her eyes. Slowly she sank away from him; she would have fallen, but for a chair that stood beside her.

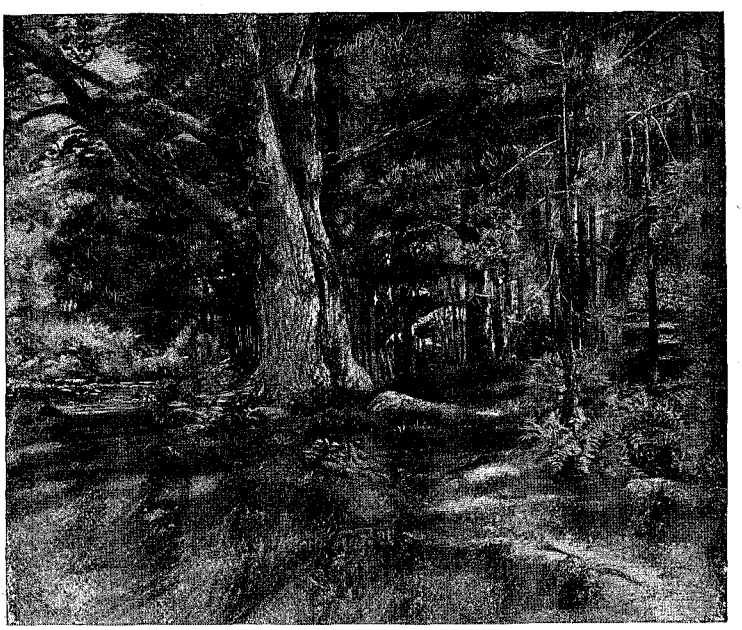
"Oh, yer brute!" she said, turning her head to Saunders an instant, and speaking under her breath, with a kind of sob. "Yer *brute!*"

Isaac walked to the door, and threw it open.

"Per'aps yer'll go," he said, grimly.

And the three went, without a word.

(To be concluded.)



AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVERS—FRANK FRENCH

IN saying anything about Frank French and his work, it seems hardly necessary to state that he was born in New England. For a number of years he has shown in his work a fondness for, and appreciation of, New England types of character and scenes, plainly proving his title "to the manner born." In the first article contributed by him to the pages of a magazine, in August, 1889, "Wood-Engravers in Camp," he described a delightful and unique outing near Hadley, Mass., spent in his friend Kingsley's famous sketching-car on wheels. He said then, referring to the subjects of his drawings: "For my part I have tried to introduce, to such as may care to know them, some of the fast disappearing types of a sturdy race who have lived untrammelled by the mandates of fashion, and who have preserved their independent and original character, both in the inward being and its outward expression. I have done this work without one moment of careless or flippant thoughtlessness, and while I am deeply conscious of the faults of technique, I hope I have atoned for them by the earnest purpose which has actuated me. Not one wrinkle upon the faces of these time-worn veterans has been traced by me without increasing my respect for my rude New England forefathers, for I see in them that which reminds me of my boyhood days."

French's boyhood was spent on a farm at Loudon, N. H. His early expressed wish to become an artist was

*** The illustrations in this article are from original drawings by French.

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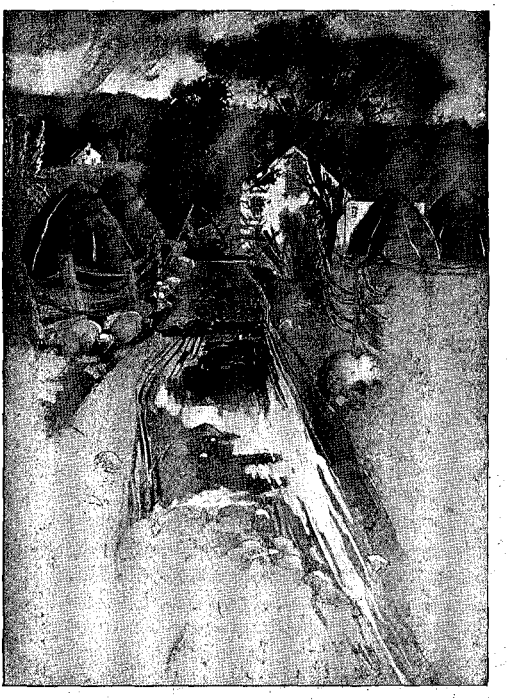
encouraged by the appreciative help of a sister, who gave him instruction in drawing. Wishing to make his drawings available as illustrations, he bought a set of wood-engraver's tools, and at the end of two weeks he had made such progress as to attract the attention of the owner of the *Weekly Mirror and Farmer*, who offered him a position on the paper to draw and engrave illustrations of fine stock and prize poultry for its pages. To his old friend, Henry W. Herrick, however, he owed his first practical and experienced training in the principles of his art. Mr. Herrick, an artist and engraver of the old school, won much distinction by his admirable reproductions of drawings by F. O. C. Darley and Sir John Gilbert. French says, speaking of the great value to him of the friendship and instruction of his old teacher, "his criticism, patient help, and encouragement kept the grass from growing between his studio and mine."

When *Scribner's Monthly* was started in 1870, French was one of those attracted by its excellent illustrations, and realizing the new field it presented for the work of the wood-engraver he decided to take up that art as a profession. In 1872 he came to New York under engagement to the American Tract Society, for whom he worked for two years. Five years later he became associated with J. G. Smithwick, with whom he continued in partnership in a general business of engraving for several years. During this time the firm had a number of pupils, and some of the best known of the younger engravers of to-day are numbered among them.

Regarding his principles of teaching, French says that the test of fitness for a pupil in engraving was a positive talent for drawing; mere manual dexterity with the graver was never a substitute for an innate art sense. To develop individuality and native ability was always a prime consideration. He does not believe in any school or particular style or method. The object to be attained is, above all, a conscientious interpretation of the picture before him. Choice of line and treatment throughout should carefully follow the original; there is no excuse for introducing the personal feelings or preferences of the engraver, his first duty is to his subject as put before him. This sense of obligation, freed from any restrictions of theory as to what wood-engraving should or should not attempt, French says, gave life to and underlies the so-called new school, the school that brought forth so many sharp words of criticism from W. J. Linton and his followers. It was a dropping of the conventions of the past, an assertion of the right to attain results by any method that would reproduce originals without loss.



French is known as a painter as well as an engraver, and his pictures are often seen at the exhibitions. Readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE will remember two delightful articles that have appeared in its pages, "A Day with a Country Doctor," in November, 1890, and "A New England Farm," in April, 1893, "written, drawn, and engraved" by French.

French has never favored the eccen-

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tricities of wood-engraving, such as the imitation of brush-marks or the textures of charcoal, and other mediums. He is, above all, a careful and conscientious workman, and makes it a point before undertaking an engraving to carefully and earnestly study the special characteristics of the picture he is to reproduce, and to try to put himself in complete harmony with the artist's purposes. To this care he points with satisfaction, for he has never yet had a block refused, or engraved one the second time.

Versatility, resourcefulness, painstaking, justly qualify all of French's work. He is a member of the Society of American Wood-Engravers, and was one of the committee of three chosen by them to select and superintend the making of the beautiful "Portfolio of Proofs," published by the Society some years ago.

An Old Hypocrite.
Pencil study by French.

SORRENTO

By John Hay

The mirthful gods who ruled o'er Greater Greece
Created this fair land in some high mood
Of frolic joy; the smiling heavens brood
Over a scene soft-whelmed in jocund peace.
Gay clamors, odorous breathings never cease
From basking crag, lime-grove and olive wood;
Swart fishers sing from out the sparkling flood
Where once the sirens sang in luring ease.
The curved beach swarms with brown-skinned boys and girls
Dancing the tarantella on the sands,
Their limbs alive with music's jollity;
And ever, where the warm wave leaps and swirls
With glad embrace clasping the bowery lands—
Breaks the tumultuous laughter of the sea.

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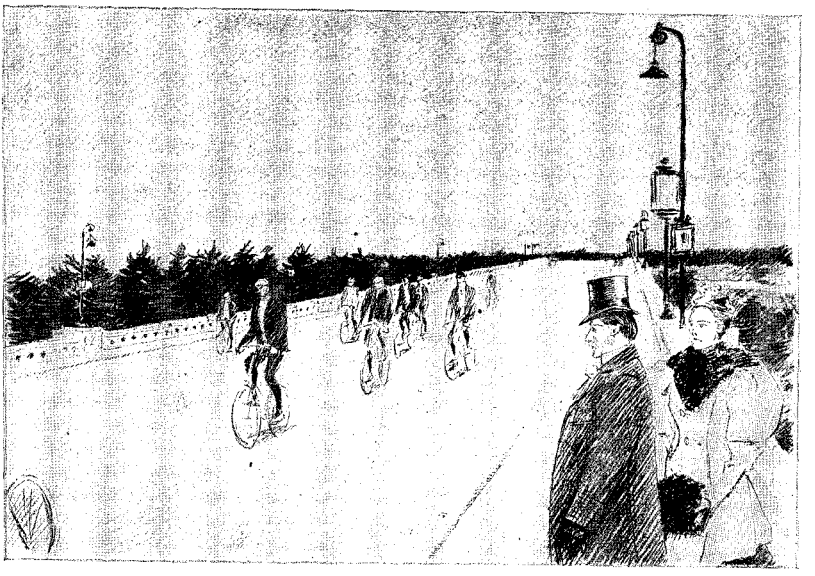

THE BICYCLE

THE WHEEL OF TO-DAY

By Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

FROM the time of my early childhood I have had the notion that flying must be the height of bliss, and not even the example of Darius Green and his mishaps deterred me from an attempt at a flying-machine. When I was nine years old I constructed a pair of wings. Nevertheless, like the small boy who defined faith as "believin' a thing that you knew wasn't true," I had faith in my flying-machine, but an innate conviction that it might not work. So I fastened it to the arms of a younger brother before pushing him off the roof of our wood-shed. I had assured him that with those wings he could fly in a way that would surprise him. It did surprise him. He came to the ground in a condition that resulted in a sound thrashing for me.

Some years later, when in Paris, I paid a franc to see a flying-machine—it looked like the combination of a washing-machine and a windmill—which the venerable proprietor and exhibitor assured me would soar into the air like a bird could he but raise the money for two or three cogwheels and other trifles still needed to perfect the apparatus. That was a good many years ago, so that I presume he never raised the money.

Having always had this mild mania for flying, I was much impressed a few years ago when some one said to me: "If you want to come as near flying as we are likely to get in this generation, learn to ride a pneumatic bicycle." Then I began for the first time to take a serious interest in the bicycle upon which my eldest boy was so fond of scurrying around the country; and to-day I am only too willing to say all that I can in its favor. When one begins to tell why the bicycle is one of the great inventions of the century, it is hard to begin, because there is so much to say. A bicycle is better than a horse to ninety-nine men and women out of a hundred, because it costs almost nothing to keep, and it is never tired. It will

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The Start from the Westchester Country Club.

take one three times as far as a horse in the same number of days or weeks. In touring with a bicycle I can make fifty miles a day as comfortably as twenty miles on foot, and I can carry all the clothing I need, besides a camera and other traps. The exercise is as invigorating as walking, or more so, with the great advantage that you can get over uninteresting tracts of country twice as fast as on foot. In fact, as any bicyclist knows, walking seems intolerably slow after the wheel; even easy-going tourists, with women in the party, can make forty miles a day and find it play. Perhaps even greater and more important than its use as a touring machine is the bicycle as an every-day help to mechanics, factory hands, clerks, and all people who live in or near small towns. Thanks to this modern wonder, they can live several miles away from their work, thus getting cheaper rents and better surroundings for their children; they can save car-fares and get healthful exercise. For the unfortunate dwellers in cities it offers recreation after working-hours and induces thousands who would never walk to get out into the air and find out for themselves that life without out-door exercise is not living.

How tremendous has been the change in the fortunes of the nickel-plated steed within the last five or six years can only be realized by those who remember the first bicycle exhibitions of a few years ago, and can compare them

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with the wonderful show held last January in the Madison Square Garden, in New York. The early shows were held in dingy little halls, and attended by a few thousand persons, who were looked upon by the majority of other people as grown-up children. The bicycle was still a toy five or six years ago. Half a dozen manufacturers exhibited their wares, and the pneumatic tire, then a curiosity imported from England, was viewed with interest, but much doubt as to its practical usefulness. The wheel was still something of a curiosity as a machine for grown men, while women who braved public opinion far enough to ride one in public were looked upon with suspicion.

The high 52-inch wheel, upon which the rider perched himself at the risk of his neck, was still the only one in common use, and had the "Safety" pattern not appeared, it is pretty certain that we should see but little more of the bicycle now than we did then. When I look at the high wheel to-day I rather wonder that any one was ever reckless enough or skilful enough to ride it. It was a matter of weeks to learn to get on it at all, and of months to ride it well; many persons who tried gave it up after a few bad falls. At best the big wheels of a few years ago were fit only for athletic young men; they were out of the question for all other persons and of course for women. The pneumatic tire has been credited with the rapid growth of the bicycle craze, but the introduction of the "Safety" pattern has had much more to do with it. The pneumatic tire adapted to a high wheel only made it higher and heavier. When a wheel was offered that anyone—man, woman, or child—could learn to ride well inside of a fortnight; that exposed the rider to no dangerous falls while learning, and that possessed all the speed of the high wheel with none of its dangers, then, seemingly, every one began to talk bicycles. Now no one is too old or too young to ride a "Safety," and the woman who objects to bicycling is soon likely to be looked upon as more eccentric than her sister who skims along the road in bloomers.

While the "Safety" pattern made the bicycle possible to everyone, of course the pneumatic tire is a great invention. Persons who have never studied the action of this tire may not realize that its purpose is not merely to act as a spring or cushion, but much more. Some pretty experiments made this last winter make this clear. It was shown that upon a perfectly smooth board floor less power was required to propel a steel-rimmed wheel than one with a pneumatic tire. But let a few fine pebbles be sprinkled upon the track and then the power required for the steel tire had to be doubled and even tripled, while that for the pneumatic tire required only a slight increase. The reason is simple enough. Whenever the steel rim encounters an obstruction the whole wheel and the weight it supports has to be lifted in order to go over

Tea at the Michaux Cycle Club, New York.

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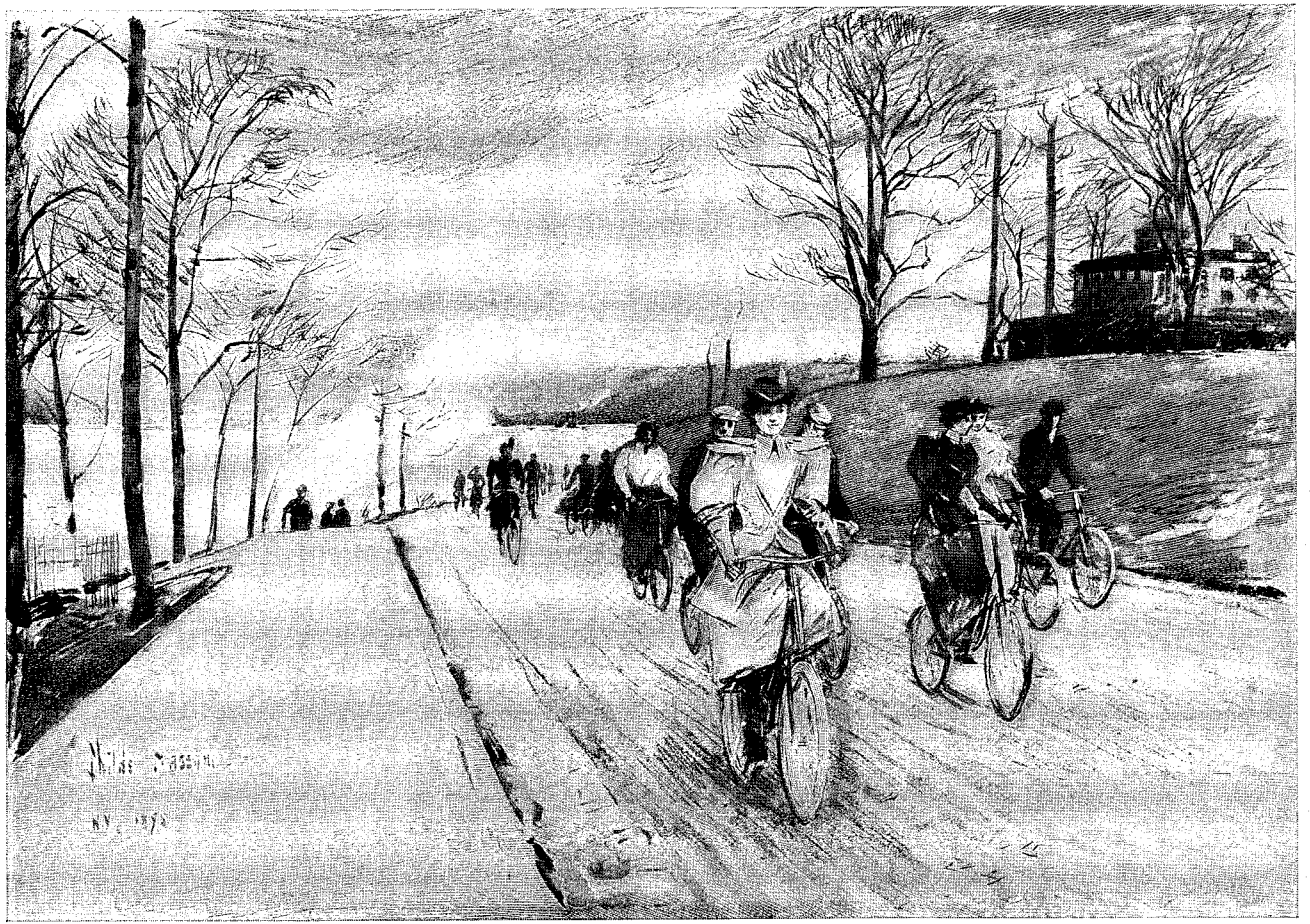

DRAWN BY CHILDE HASSAM.

Claremont Hill—Riverside Drive, New York.

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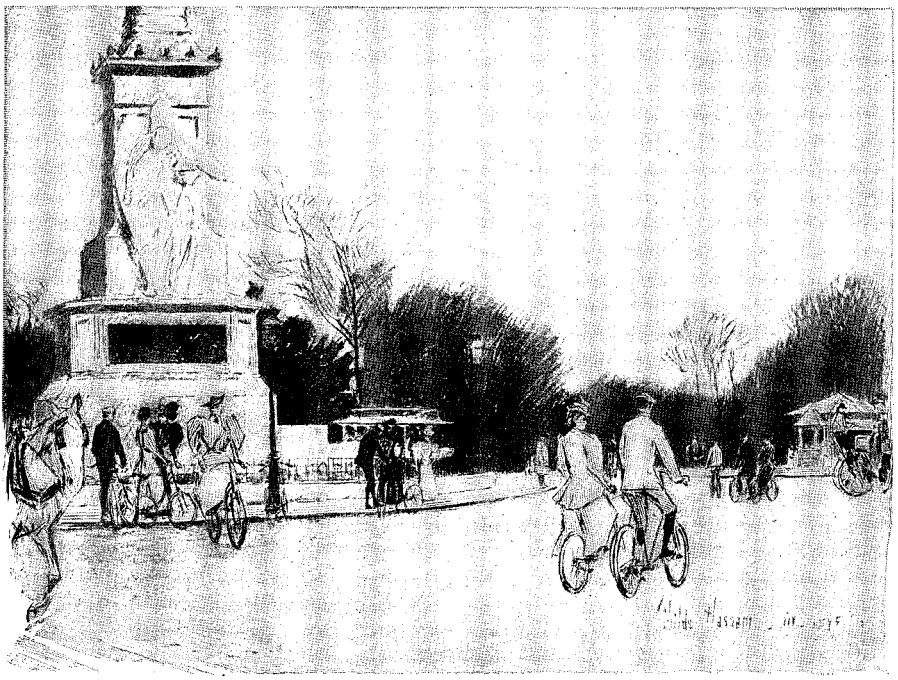

Entrance to Central Park at Fifty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue, New York—the Grand Circle.

it; with the pneumatic tire the pebble simply makes a dent in the soft tire, which passes over it without rising. A country road, or almost any road except a smooth floor, offers to the wheel a succession of minute obstacles. The power required to haul a rubber-tire vehicle loaded with 300 pounds over a fairly good gravel road averages 20 pounds, with a maximum of 26 pounds; with a steel-tired vehicle on the same road the average was 41 pounds and the maximum 79 pounds, or three times the resistance of the rubber tire. Hence the remarkable gain in power as well as in comfort effected by the air tire.*

At the show of last January every inch of space in the vast building seemed to be utilized for the display of bicycles, and more was needed; one or two prominent manufacturers felt so aggrieved at the small quarters offered them that they refused to exhibit in the Garden and organized shows of their own outside. Experts at figures estimated that at least thirty million dollars of capital were represented. There were nearly one hundred different makes of bicycles shown by eighty firms, while a score of manufacturers exhibited nothing but bicycle accessories, such as tires, saddles, lanterns, cyclometers, etc. For a whole week the place was crowded.

Various estimates have been made of the output of bicycles for 1895, the figures running as high as four hundred thousand. The sales of wheels last year are said to have been two hundred and fifty thousand. It is generally reported that the business has taken a sudden jump within the last six months, and almost all the manufacturers have been running their factories night and day. An important feature of the business, from the manufacturer's stand, is the growing export trade to Mexico and South America, and even to Europe and Australia. At a bicycle tournament held in the city of Mexico last January, our American riders carried off most of the prizes; the whole population seemed to be bitten with the bicycle craze. English and French manufacturers have endeavored to keep our machines out,

* For a full report of these experiments, see *Good Roads* for January, 1895.

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but without success. The Mexicans found, as we have already found here, that the English standard bicycles are heavier by ten pounds than our own, without any compensating advantages.

In one respect the bicycle show was peculiar; all classes seemed to be represented. At the horse show, for instance, or the dog show, the mechanic is never seen; at the bicycle show I noticed hundreds of men, evidently prosperous mechanics, who had come to see more of a machine that offered them at once economy and recreation, a healthful exercise and a saving of carfares in getting to and from their daily work. One manufacturer to whom I mentioned this feature of the show said that bicycle-makers were particularly interested in the hundreds of bicycle agents from all over the country who came there every morning and who wanted machines to sell to workingmen. There was not, he said, a village of five hundred inhabitants within a thousand miles of New York that would not have its regular bicycle agent this summer. "I really believe," said he, a shrewd Yankee, "that between electric cars in cities and the bicycle in the country, the value of horseflesh will drop almost to nothing within the next twenty years. The time is fast coming when a good, serviceable machine will be sold for $50, or less. Already in every village and town the mechanic and factory hand goes to his work on his wheel, the postman takes his letters around on one; even the doctor and the clergyman make their rounds on wheels. It is far more than a recreation. And these hundreds of agents all talk of the wheel they are going to offer in their towns, not as a sporting machine but as an every-day necessity; they want to know about the durability and the practical work to be got out of a wheel, and its value to the mechanic and shop-clerk."

I was glad to find a manufacturer who would admit that we should some day get good machines for less than $50. Personally I am satisfied that a poor bicycle is a most costly affair. At the same time, the price asked for the best machines, although it has dropped this year from $150 to $125 for specials, and from $125 to $100 for standards, still seems out of proportion to the actual cost. It is said that a good sewing-machine costs less than $10 to make; and it is hard to see why a good bicycle cannot be sold at a fair profit for $50 or less. Probably when the supply catches up with the demand it will be. This year's cut in prices is a promise of better things to come.

Among the novelties of last winter's show the greatest interest seemed to be aroused by the motor bicycle, the hill-climbing attachments, the bamboo and aluminum frames, and the tandems. The motor bicycle, as its name implies, is one to which a hot-air motor, worked by naphtha or kerosene, is attached. It had been used a little in the western part of this State, but until this last show we had seen nothing of it here. In appearance the motor bicycle is longer than the ordinary "Safety" and its whole build is stronger and more clumsy; its frame is solid and its tires are of what is known as the Jumbo type—enormous affairs, three inches in diameter. The motor, or rather motors, for there are two, one on each side of the rear wheel, are small enough to be contained in brass cylinders about a foot long and four inches in diameter. The supply of oil or naphtha is carried in a cylinder placed near the handle-bar, from which the oil trickles down to the motor through one of the frame tubes. The pair of motors weigh but twelve pounds and are said to furnish two-horse power at an expense of one gallon of oil for one hundred miles. The oil is ignited at every stroke of the piston by an electric spark. There are foot-cranks for use in case the motor should give out. The danger of explosion is said to be nothing. On the day of my visit the motor bicycle was not working as usual in the basement, owing to some accident. Some of the *habitués* of the show who had seen the thing run, told me that it seemed to work well enough, but made a good deal of hissing noise. Admitting that it will do all that its manufacturers say, the present cost will prove an obstacle to its wide introduction, the cheapest form being sold at $275, and another—a four-wheeled affair—at $500.

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Within the last two years several forms of hill-climbers have come into use, all of them, however, constructed upon virtually the same principle—the introduction of a gearing which shall cause the pedal to make fewer revolutions in proportion to that of the driving or rear wheel; in other words, such devices increase the leverage of the pedal. An old and experienced bicyclist, fond of "century runs," or one hundred miles at a stretch—which I am not—remarks, that so far as he has been able to find out, these hill-climbing devices work well enough, but he doubts their value. If the hill is too hard to ride up, it is steep enough to walk up. Any device to change the gearing at will adds just so much to the cost and intricacy of the machine. I may add, however, that such advice may apply to strong and seasoned riders, who can "pedal" over hills up which the ordinary bicyclist has to foot it.

The much-talked-of bamboo and aluminum bicycles may come under the head of attempts to get rid of weight. In the bamboo bicycle rods of polished bamboo, let into aluminum castings, are used for the frame instead of steel; a steel wire tightened by nuts runs through each rod. The gain in lightness is not great, but the makers claim that the machine runs with more elasticity. Speaking of lightness, aluminum seems likely to achieve wonders for the bicycle in the near future, provided its tendency to corrode under salt air and water can be corrected. Some of the light-weight machines were wonderful, especially one weighing less than nine pounds, which was ridden at the show by a man weighing more than two hundred pounds. Five years ago the average weight of the road bicycle was from forty to fifty pounds. Now, anything weighing more than twenty-five pounds is looked upon with disfavor.

The tandems, upon which, as the name implies, two riders sit, one behind the other, and the duplex bicycles, in which the riders sit side by side on a sort of tricycle, were much in evidence at the show, but do not seem to be gaining favor so fast as the single bicycle. The power used to propel the best form of tricycle is nearly three times that required for a bicycle, so that, even divided between two riders, there is a loss as compared to the bicycle. It is also to be said that there are thousands of miles of country road upon which a bicyclist can find a suitable path, a foot or two wide, where a tricyclist would have a hard time of it. Also, that where the road is broad and level enough for a tricycle, two bicyclists can run along side by side, near enough for conversation, while when it narrows they can take up single file again.

Of bicycling accessories at the show there was no end. Good lamps and cyclometers may now be had for half what they used to cost. Saddles are wonderfully improved, the newest saddle being made of wire springs, looking like piano wires, which, if durable, ought to be perfection, as it is light, cool, and yielding.

With regard to a number of points concerning the bicycle and its use, more can be learned in five minutes' talk with any intelligent agent or amateur than can be told here in many pages. The height of the saddle, the safe distances for a beginner to attempt, the best ways of learning to ride, depend almost wholly upon the rider. Some riders like a high-geared wheel, for instance, sixty-six or more inches, that is to say, one in which every full turn of the pedal is equivalent to the revolution of a wheel sixty-six or more inches in diameter. The higher the gear, of course, the more power required at the pedal, for which reason the low gears, not exceeding sixty-three inches, are best for all day work in touring. With a very high gear hill-climbing is out of the question. Concerning the details of equipment—whether with a brake or without, single or double tires, mud-guards or no guards, metal or wood rims, rubber or rat-trap pedals, each rider must decide. The present tendency is to do away with every superfluous ounce of weight, and brakes, guards, rubber pedals, all mean weight and are not essentials. The battle between the tire makers as to the comparative value of single or double tires is not over. Both have advantages. The double tire—one thin rubber tube containing the air, protected by a stout outer tubing—is not so easy to repair

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as the single tire, but neither is it so easily punctured. Wooden rims seem to be having the preference over metal, but some of the aluminum rims are equal to wood in every way and even lighter.

So delicate a piece of machinery as a bicycle, of course, needs care. Every agent will explain how it must be oiled —one oiling to a hundred miles is the usual rule—and the chain rubbed with the mixture of plumbago and tallow sold for that purpose. After use the machine should be cared for as conscientiously as a good gun, if it is to do its best work.

To the beginner in bicycling I should like to say, beware of the cheap bicycle. I know of nothing more disheartening than to have a trip, upon which one may have counted for weeks, cut short by the break-down of a machine. Of course accidents will happen to the best of bicycles, but as a rule they are not serious enough to necessitate long delays. You may run over a piece of broken glass thrown upon the highway by some fiend in human shape, and thus puncture your tire; or a spoke may break, or a nut work loose. But in such cases, if you cannot make the repair yourself—which usually you can—there is a bicycle shop in almost every village nowadays where such things may be made right. But when the mishap is due to radical weakness or bad workmanship in the tire, the frame, or the castings, the best thing to do is either to sell the machine for what it will bring, or never venture more than ten miles away from home. I once made the blunder of getting a cheap bicycle for my boy. No one would imagine that a bicycle could have so many failings as that one developed. Its maker's motto might have been, "For Repairs Only." It was a fortune to the man who repaired it. As fast as one break was patched up another appeared. Several most promising expeditions were broken up by the failure of that rotten machine. One day we started off, my boy and I, to ride from Stamford, Conn., to New London, by way of Long Island, crossing the Sound at Bridgeport. It was a week's trip that we had planned for months, and we got lots of pleasure out of the planning and anticipation. In fact all the pleasure we got out of the trip was of this kind. Our start was a delightful one, early on a lovely June morning when it was a pleasure to breathe, to say nothing of riding a bicycle. Through Darien and Norwalk we pushed gayly on, counting upon reaching Bridgeport, a distance of twenty-five miles, before the noonday sun got a chance at us. For perhaps the tenth time I exclaimed that a bicycle tour was one of the joys of life, when, Bang!—like the explosion of a pistol, the rear tire of my boy's wheel burst. He had run over no glass or nails; the tire had simply exploded in a long slit with which we could do nothing. That was the end of our expedition. We got the wheel to the next town, where an expert told us that he could mend the break, but that the same thing would happen again in an hour. The tire was simply too cheap or rotten for the work.

There are people who declare that there is a certain maliciousness about a bicycle's behavior nothing short of the miraculous. Doubtless we riders all remember the delight every bicycle takes in guiding the beginner straight toward any big bowlder that may be in sight; the road may be fifty feet wide and that the only bowlder within half a mile, but do what we may, the bicycle makes unerringly for that stone, even if it takes us twenty feet out of our way to do it. And if there is anything the bicycle likes better than a big, sharp bowlder, it is a deep puddle. A muddy hole of any kind is a perfect magnet to the bicycle when ridden by a beginner. Experts insist that the beginner's own nervous fear is at the bottom of such mishaps, but the beginner knows better.

A strong confirmation of the theory that credits bicycles with innate viciousness is to be found in the fact that when bicycles do break down it is always just where the accident will give the rider the utmost trouble. In my time I have had a good many annoying accidents happen to my bicycles, but never within a mile or two of home. I could ride my wheel over broken glass and tin cans all summer if only I kept near home. But let me decide upon a

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touring trip and start off — unless I have a really first-class machine, something is sure to happen. In the course of one short tour last summer I was unlucky enough to break one of the frame-bars the second day out, and the pedal-crank the third day. The frame I patched up with the aid of some wire and a friendly blacksmith. The pedal-crank, a piece of steel, could not be fixed. And of course that crank broke when I was fifteen miles from a railway station, in a forsaken district near Salem, back of New London. There was a flaw in the casting. It was the hottest day of a hot summer—July 20th—and the accident happened about noon, the hottest part of the day. It is bad enough to know that you will have to give up your trip, for a new crank-bar takes time to get. It is worse to have to trundle a wrecked machine for miles, stopping at every farm-house, like Mr. Pickwick with his balky horse, to ask for help. Finally, after risking sunstroke for an hour or two, I found a boy who drove me to New London, reaching there after six o'clock. I never swear; if I did, it would be upon such an occasion, when a rascally manufacturer sells something that will not do the work it is bought to do. That one or two such experiences do not disgust one forever with bicycling shows the charm of the thing. A poor bicycle is a most costly investment.

In the manufacturing town where I live in winter, I know scores of men who get pleasure and profit out of their bicycles by riding to and from their work, and I know also that there are thousands of city men and women who delight in spinning along the asphalt pavement of the Boulevards after the day's office work is done. Such use of the bicycle is well enough so far as it goes, but for those who can make the opportunity the greatest boon the machine offers is the possibility of roaming over much interesting country at small expense. Take, for instance, the usual fortnight's vacation of most city men, and see what may be accomplished with the aid of a good bicycle. In a fortnight, if the rider has kept himself in good condition by practice after business hours, he can make a distance of six hundred miles with ease, more than twice what he could do on foot or even with a horse, and at no more expense than on a walking tour. If he is a member of the League of American Wheelmen, a privilege costing but a dollar a year, he will be able to get lower hotel rates than the rest of the world. This League, by the way, publishes the best maps for touring that we have, giving an account of the condition of the various roads a bicyclist may take in travelling from one place to another, with a list of the hotels where he may expect a welcome at reduced rates.

Six hundred miles in a fortnight is about as much as most people will want to make for pleasure. It is possible to ride one hundred miles in a day, and experts will keep this rate up for a week at a time. My own practice when touring is to get off as early in the morning as possible, and yet not too early to get a good breakfast. I ride at about six miles an hour, seldom more than that unless I am in a hurry, getting off to walk up all hills that deserve the name, and stopping to pick a flower or admire a view whenever the spirit prompts.

By starting at seven o'clock, which is not an early hour in summer—six o'clock is better—I have made my thirty miles at noon. During the morning I am pretty sure to pass a baker's shop where good things are on view, and I buy some rolls or crackers, carrying the bag with me until I come to some quiet nook, the bank of a stream by preference, where I can wash, eat my luncheon, take a look at the morning paper bought in the last village, and smoke a pipe. The noon stop does not last more than an hour. By one o'clock I am a-wheel again and ready for the three hours' run that will finish my fifty miles at four o'clock, when, if my route is rightly planned, I ought to reach some town or village where I find a suitable hotel. Once there, I put on fresh underclothes, the soiled clothes of the ride going to the laundress to be washed out at once, and I am ready for an inspection of the town at the pleasantest hour of the day—when the sun gets low, and everyone turns out for a breath of air. And no matter what the heat, I am ready for

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the best dinner that mine host can offer, and a good night's sleep. Such touring need not cost more than two dollars a day for each person.

I know that some men, fond of touring, adopt a wholly different plan—they ride early in the morning and late in the afternoon, taking a long rest in some shady nook during the heat of the day. For several reasons, and after trying both ways, I prefer to make my day's journey in practically one stretch. In the first place, on account of clothing. Except in really cold weather the bicyclist is pretty sure to find himself covered with dust and bathed in perspiration at the end of his morning's ride. Therefore, if a stop of several hours is to be made, he must change clothing by the roadside, and either wash it out himself in some stream or carry it with him till night. He must take it off, or he will catch cold, sitting and sleeping in the shade. In the next place, unless he knows the road exactly and the distance he has to make, he will feel more or less hurried; the chances are two to one that he will arrive at his stopping-place covered with dust, his second suit of underclothes soaked in perspiration, late for dinner, and too tired to enjoy it. By the time he has washed and dressed, dined or supped, he is too tired to look about the town, which may be well worth the attention; and he thus loses, what to me is one of the pleasures of my trips—the stroll along streets that are new to me, and the sight of hundreds of strange, and sometimes pretty faces. To wander around a quaint New England town wholly new to me, to watch the shopkeepers light up their wares for the evening, to see the life and brightness of the place as the electric lights burst forth, and the streets fill with people—all the people in these small towns seem to do their shopping in the evening—and perhaps to end by a visit to the local theatre, all this constitutes a feature of a tour that I prize. Or I may go to church. In either theatre or church you may see the people of the town face to face, and learn more about them than by days of loitering in their streets.

A friend with whom I once made a bicycle tour believes that the expense of such trips could be much reduced by eliminating the hotel, and camping out. His plan necessitates the carriage of some sort of tent, cooking utensils, and food to last for a meal or two. I have never tried it, but may do so this summer. We propose to use a light drill for tent material, the two bicycles forming the ridge pole, and the tent being thus not more than three feet high, a mere covered hole to crawl into when bedtime comes. Aluminum cooking utensils might be used. Firewood may be found anywhere. If cooking is out of the question owing to the weight of the apparatus, it would be easy to buy one's meals in the villages. The objections to this scheme are apparent, and except to show upon how few cents a day one may enjoy the pleasures of travel, I have my doubts about it. To make a comfortable bed on the ground will require much clothing, which again means weight. There is also the danger of catching cold, the difficulty of getting washing done, etc.

While talking of weight, it may be worth while to say something of the touring outfit that I have found most convenient. The best clothes-carrier is the flat, triangular bag built to fit between the frame-bars; it is better than a knapsack strapped to the handle-bar, because the weight is carried lower down, making the machine less top-heavy, and it leaves the handle-bar free for any light parcel. My outfit consists of three light outing-shirts, three suits of gauze underclothing, a dark flannel bicycle suit, laced tanned gaiters, light-weight rubber coat, comb, clothes-, hair-, and tooth brushes, soap and towel, cup, writing pad and pencil, map and matches; and, of course, the regular kit of tools and materials for road repairs. Another suit of clothes suitable for calls and Sundays would be pleasant to have, and other shirts and shoes, but this means weight. Now that the bicyclist's knickerbockers are seen everywhere in summer, even at the theatre and in church, it is hardly necessary to carry more than essentials. An umbrella is not needed; if one has a rubber coat for stormy weather, he can ride, rain or no rain, while it is next to impossible to ride and carry an umbrella,

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whether for sun or rain. Gaiters are better than low shoes, which are apt to fill with sand when the road is too soft to ride.

To come back to my point of beginning: When a good and safe flying-machine is introduced at a price that I can afford, I shall perhaps abandon my bicycle. Until that time—and I am very much afraid that it will not be in my time—I shall hold fast to it. I see nothing to compare with it, not even the pneumatic skate-roller, upon which experts in England are said to have made as high as twelve miles an hour upon a fair road. How about hills? The slightest rise in the road must compel the foot bicyclist to take off his skates and carry them over his shoulder.

I shall hold fast to my pneumatic "Safety," thanks to which I have enjoyed scores of days that live in the memory. The bicycle tempts one outdoors. There is something about bicycling and tennis-playing that enables one to enjoy either, when the mercury rises to a point where all other exercise seems forbidden. Upon days when I should hesitate to take out a horse I have enjoyed a quiet turn upon my wheel. There is an independence about it that one doesn't feel in driving. Keep a note-book, and when your summer's tour is over, count up how many glorious days, how many bits of scenery and of adventure are well worth remembering. It is only from the top of a hill that one gets all there is of beauty in a fine sunset. Sometimes, when belated, I have enjoyed from my wheel pictures of the dying day so glorious, bursts of color so resplendent, as to make one regret the shortness of life if for no other reason than that such superb triumphs of color have filled the skies before we were here to see them, and will continue to glow for generations after we are gone. To paraphrase Mr. Gilbert's Pooh Bah, there will be sunsets without end; we may not see them, but they will be there.

To wheel quietly up and down hill and across the valley, miles away from so-called civilization, and yet knowing that with a good bicycle miles mean but little; to wheel along drinking in the perfumes of the morning with the songs of the birds, and at even, thankful for the matchless glow in the west and the music of the cow-bells; to wheel silently at sunset into some peaceful village where your guide-book bids you expect a welcome—and at reduced rates—all this is worth celebrating. The use of travel, says Dr. Johnson, is to regulate the imagination by reality. Thanks to the bicycle we have the joys and benefits of this discipline almost without cost, and without the fatigue incident to prolonged tramps on foot.

WOMAN AND THE BICYCLE

By Marguerite Merington

The collocation of woman and the bicycle has not wholly outgrown controversy, but if the woman's taste be for the royal pleasure of glowing exercise in sunlit air, she will do well quietly but firmly to override argument with the best model of a wheel to which she may lay hand.

Never did an athletic pleasure from which the other half is not debarred come into popularity at a more fitting time than cycling has to-day, when a heavy burden of work is laid on all the sisterhood, whether to do good, earn bread, or squander leisure; no outdoor pastime can be more independently pursued, and few are as practicable as many days in a year. The one who fain would ride, and to whom a horse is a wistful dream, at least may hope to realize a wheel. Once purchased, it needs only to be stabled in a passageway, and fed on oil and air.

The first women cyclists of New York City seemed to rise in a heroic handful from the earth near Grant's Tomb, on Riverside Drive. That was years ago. To-day, on the broad western highway

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of the city a dotted line of riders, men and women, forms a fourth parallel to the dark band which the Palisades stretch across the sky, the Hudson's silver width, and the white thread of flying smoke from the trains beside the river. They ride from the first day of spring to the last privileged days of frosty winter. They ride from morning to high noon, and their lanterned wheels purr by with the gleam of a cat's eye through the dark. A moon sends hordes of their queer cobwebby shadows scurrying over the ground. In the revolving years, to the eyes of those whose windows overlook the wheelways, the woman cyclist has ceased to be a white blackbird. The clear-eyed, vivified faces that speed by give no clue to the circumstances of the riders, but inquiry shows that many callings and conditions love the wheel. The woman of affairs has learned that an hour, or even half an hour, may be stolen from the working day, with profit to both woman and affairs. Now and again a complaint arises of the narrowness of woman's sphere. For such disorder of the soul the sufferer can do no better than to flatten her sphere to a circle, mount it, and take to the road. An hour of the wheel means sixty minutes of fresh air and wholesome exercise, and at least eight miles of change of scene; it may well be put down to the credit side of the day's reckoning with flesh and spirit.

The eye of the spectator has long since become accustomed to costumes once conspicuous. Bloomer and tailor-made alike ride on unchallenged; tunicked and gaitered Rosalinds excite no more remark than every-day people in every-day clothes. No one costume may yet claim to represent the pastime, for experiment is still busy with the problem, but the results are in the direction of simplicity and first principles. Short rides on level roads can be accomplished with but slight modification of ordinary attire, and the sailor hat, shirt waist, serge skirt uniform is as much at home on the bicycle as it is anywhere else the world over. The armies of women clerks in Chicago and Washington who go by wheel to business, show that the exercise within bounds need not impair the spick-and-spandy neatness that marks the bread-winning American girl. On the excursion a special adaptation of dress is absolutely necessary, for skirts, while they have not hindered women from climbing to the topmost branches of the higher education, may prove fatal in down-hill coasting; and skirts, unless frankly shortened or discarded, must be fashioned so as to minimize the danger of entanglement with the flying wheel. Knickerbockers, bloomers, and the skirt made of twin philabegs, all have their advocates; Pinero's youngest Amazon has set a pretty fashion for the cyclist, and many of the best riders make their records in a conventional cloth walking-dress with cone-shaped skirt worn over the silk trousers of an odalisque, or the satin breeks of an operatic page. This sounds costly, but it need not be. Here and there a costume strikes the spectator as an experiment, but the sincerity of all is unquestioned, for absence of self-consciousness has characterized the woman cyclist from the outset. The pastime does not lend itself to personal display, and in criticism the costume must be referred, not to the standards of the domestic hearthrug, but to the exigencies of the wheel, the rider's positions to the mechanical demands of the motion; accordingly, the cyclist is to be thought of only as mounted and in flight, belonging not to a picture, but to a moving panorama. If she ride well, the chances are she looks well, for she will have reconciled grace, comfort, and the temporary fitness of things.

Regarding bicycling purely as exercise, there is an advantage in the symmetry of development it brings about, and a danger in riding too fast and far. The occasional denunciation of the pastime as unwomanly, is fortunately lost in the general approval that a new and wholesome recreation has been found, whose pursuit adds joy and vigor to the dowry of the race.

Having reached these conclusions, the onlooker is drawn by the irresistible force of the stream. She borrows, hires, or buys a wheel and follows tentatively. Her point of view is forever after changed; long before practice has made her an expert she is an enthusiast, ever ready to proselyte, defend—or ride!

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There is full opportunity in and about New York City for the daily hour with the wheel. From Christmas to Christmas Central Park is a favorite haunt of the cyclist when the weather is kind, and indeed a fine frenzy once set rolling the eye of a poet, who told of a wintry flight among snow-laden pine-trees over sheets of frozen snow. It sounded like a Norse Saga, but the scene was Central Park, the steed a wheel, and the story true. Riverside Drive and the Boulevard offer fair roads and a breeze coming fresh from the sources of the Hudson, untainted as it sweeps by Albany; the historic ground of Washington Heights is practicable as well as picturesque, for the Father of his country outlined a clear march for the city's gigantic stride; Washington Bridge is a fine objective point where the rider will surely dismount to rest in the embrasure of the parapets, and admire the view up and down stream where the little Harlem wriggles along between its high green banks. For the longer ride, by crossing Madison Avenue Bridge a wheel-worthy road leads to Westchester and Mount Vernon. There is a ferry at Fort Lee, and a good road even in New Jersey, skirting the trap-rock battlements at whose base the Hudson lies like a broad moat. People who return from Tarrytown speak rather boastfully of the hills.

Far-reaching dreams of summer may bear the traveller of the wheel through clean stretches in the Berkshires, on sunny lanes of Normandy, among Welsh mountains, or down Roman roads between English hedge-rows, but all the workaday year there are highways radiating from the heart of the city to the borderland of the country, where one may breathe new inspiration for the world—the world that we persist in having too much with us in the getting and spending efforts that lay waste the powers.

SPINNLIED

FOR GRETCHEN ON THE WHEEL

Good health to all, good pleasure, good speed,
A favoring breeze—but not too high—
For the outbound spin! Who rides may read
The open secret of earth and sky.

For life is quickened and pulses bound,
Morbid questionings sink and die
As the wheel slips over the gliddery ground
And the young day wakes in a crimson sky.

Oh, the merry comradeship of the road
With trees that nod as we pass them by,
With hurrying bird and lurking toad,
Or vagabond cloud in the noonday sky!

Oh, the wholesome smell of the good brown earth
When showers have fallen for suns to dry!
Oh, the westward run to the mystic birth
Of a silver moon in a golden sky!

Good health to all, good pleasure, good speed,
A favoring breeze—but not too high—
For the homeward spin! Who rides may read
The open secret of earth and sky.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF BICYCLING

By James B. Townsend

The rapid development of the present interest in bicycling among people of wealth and leisure in America, is perhaps its most striking feature. Scarcely a year has elapsed since the first woman, known at all in and to the fashionable world of New York, rode her wheel along the Boulevard and through Central Park, and this she did amid all manner of adverse comment from and by her associates. A few society men—so called—of an adventurous and athletic turn of mind, rode the well-remembered "high wheel" spasmodically for some years, and some few again essayed the safety bicycle when it was first invented. These, too, were jeered at by their fellows and, with few exceptions, soon abandoned a sport in which they did not find congenial companionship. The society world, which in this generation had taken up croquet, roller-skating, and lawn tennis in turn with avidity, and tired of them in succession, watched with languid glances the bicyclists seen in the streets and met

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with in its drives and rides—was rather disposed to grumble at them as a nuisance, and to silently approve all measures to restrict their privileges. It was for the most part ignorant of the rapid development of the sport, of the capital invested in bicycle manufacture, of tournaments, and leagues, and classes. It sneered and laughed at women riders of the wheel, and was as far away from even the idea of adopting the wheel itself a year ago, as it was before the invention of the safety bicycle.

The changed conditions which now prevail, and which have so rapidly come about, were due, first, to Americans returning from a stay in Paris and who had imbibed the craze for cycling on the asphalt pavements and the smooth wooded drives of that city's famous Bois de Boulogne, where they found the sport fashionable among the leaders of Parisian society; and, second, to the influence of several of New York's leading physicians, who, in some cases from the reports of the French doctors, and in others from their own experience in Paris, and their study of the wheel from a medical standpoint, began to advocate its use among their patients and patrons. It was a New York physician's wife who first, as has been mentioned, learned to ride a year ago, and became the pioneer among fashionable wheel-women; and her example and that of her husband was soon followed by other well-known New York men and women.

Bicycling among fashionable people was, however, of slow growth at the start, and although the favored school of instruction in New York began to be crowded last May and June, there were few well-known men and women who had acquired sufficient skill to ride on the road before the July heats drove them to the summer-resorts. At the watering-places, however, and particularly at Newport, Bar Harbor, and Southampton, bicycling sprang into instant favor early in the summer, and by August there were few men and women who were not riding, learning to ride, or contemplating taking lessons in cycling. A colored "Professor," so called, who had acquired some reputation as a teacher in New York during

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the spring months, opened a school in Newport and achieved fame and temporary fortune. Four or five young society girls, who had spent the previous winter abroad and learned to ride there, appeared one morning on Bellevue Avenue, and their graceful riding and evident enjoyment of the sport, created a mild sensation and increased the interest already felt in and for bicycling. By August the wheel had become a marked feature of the Newport season, and vied in attractiveness with golf, also a new craze, and even with driving and yachting. The most prominent members of the summer colony became its devotees, and the opportunities afforded by smooth and level Bellevue Avenue, and the beautiful Ocean drive, with its ever-changing panorama of land and sea, were fully taken advantage of. Finally, with greater proficiency came longer journeys through Newport Island, and parties of men and women even rode via Conanicut Island to Narragansett Pier; while to testify to his devotion to the sport, a popular Newporter organized, toward the season's close, a moonlight evening lantern parade of bicyclists from his fine mansion to the new golf club-house and thence to Gooseberry Island—which was participated in by a hundred men and women, and which was made a news feature the next day in important journals. The news of Newport's devotion to the wheel soon spread to neighboring Narragansett Pier, to Bar Harbor, Southampton, and even to other smaller fashionable resorts, and the same interest became aroused; so it came to pass that, with the advent of autumn and the return of society to the nearer suburbs and the city, the sport had become firmly established in social favor.

By this time the society people of other sections, many of whom had seen the development of bicycling at the summer-resorts and had perhaps indulged in it, took it up, and the suburbs of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and the Western cities saw also the advent of the society cyclist. The social world of Washington—that city whose countless miles of asphalt pavements have for years afforded the best of all opportunities to the cyclist—has, strange to say, been slower to embrace cycling than that of any other American city; and although now it is becoming fashionable there, it is not pursued with the same zest as in other places. Perhaps the fact that "the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker" have for many years made the bicycle less novel at the National capital than elsewhere, may account for this seeming paradox.

With the return of the winter season last December, and the advent of the cold winds and snow, wherein no amateur cyclist may ride outdoors, arose the demand for indoor riding; and this led to the formation in New York of the now well-known Michaux Club, so named in honor of the French mechanic who first placed weighted pedals on the old velocipede. This club, which now has its imitators in Brooklyn, Richmond, Va., Philadelphia, Chicago, Louisville and other cities, sprung at once into popularity and was a social success from its inception. It secured the use of an old Armory in upper Broadway, near Central Park, fitted up tasteful and complete dressing- and club-rooms, and held meetings on fixed afternoons and mornings, and during Lent on two evenings also each week. At these meetings a band played, tea and refreshments were served, and society gathered in full force to ride or watch its friends ride—sometimes in graceful cotillon figures, and, shall it be said, to also see, with pleasurable excitement, some of the more inexperienced riders occasionally tumble with a crash, but fortunately with no serious results. At recurrent intervals exhibitions of trick and fancy riding by professionals, and once a display of the different makes of wheels was given; and the interest continued unabated till the close of the winter season. The club is now continued without its indoor meetings, but with every facility to its members in the matter of attendants, lockers, dressing-rooms, and care of their bicycles, and will doubtless resume its indoor meetings next winter. The Michaux Club has developed numbers of skilful and graceful riders—women as well as men—and has had de-

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cided influence on the sport in society everywhere. Cycling has afforded endless satisfaction to the members of this club not only by the rapid and inspiriting motion of the wheel, but in the substantial, or perhaps one might say etherealizing, benefit that it has conferred, in lengthened waists and diminishing bulk. Burgundy, terrapin, and other rich but unwholesome delights of the gourmand are robbed of their retributive terrors while the bicycle exists to neutralize them, and men as well as women smile defiantly at the inroads of age as they glide on their noiseless steeds.

Correct Position—Woman.

During the early winter and spring, when the weather has permitted, the Michaux Club and its fellow, the Brooklyn Cycle Club, have had weekly "road runs"—in other words, rides, participated in by those members so desiring from the club-houses, along some favorite boulevard or road, to some inn or suburban club before decided on, where lunch is enjoyed, with a return by the same or a different route to the starting-point. These road parties are always an attractive sight. Twenty, thirty, perhaps even fifty men and women, all picturesquely attired — for the society cyclist pays the strictest attention to his or her costume—bowling along a boulevard or park drive, on the handsomest, lightest, and most carefully burnished of wheels, their cheeks flushed with the healthful exertion and the rapid movement, the air resounding with laughter and the slight clicking of their many pedals, present a rare picture of life, and movement, and color. There is generally a leader who "sets the pace," as it is called, with due regard to the varying proficiency of his followers, and an attendant usually rides in the rear to aid the laggards and be at hand in the rare case of any accident. Arrived at their destination, all dismount, and then follows a breakfast, lunch, or even dinner, informal, and eaten with a zest which only healthful appetite can give. The most popular objective points for these "road runs," near New York and Brooklyn, are Claremont, the West End Hotel, the Suburban Club at Inwood, the Country Club at Westchester, and Coney Island, and scarcely a fine day in the outdoor season passes without scores of bicyclists visiting these places.

The early morning in Central Park and on Riverside Drive is much favored, particularly by New York women riders, and astride their wheels, and in the most fetching and nattiest of costumes, they flash up and down the wooded drives of the Park or along the Hudson's bank, sometimes in parties of three or four, sometimes alone, often with an attendant cavalier, and form a still novel picture to onlookers. Then, too, there are excursions to delightful suburban retreats—to Englewood and Hackensack, to Yonkers, and even Nyack, to Summit and all through Staten and Long Islands—for the society cyclist is quick to discover good roads and runs, and to enjoy their facilities.

So has cycling added to the pleasure of the life of society men and women in our American cities, particularly in New York. It has brought to them a new and fascinating form of exercise and enjoyment, and has, for a time at least, superseded the horse to a really surprising extent, as is evidenced by the low prices of saddle-horses alone. For this "silent steed" rarely goes lame—except through an easily mended punctured tire—is always ready, always will-

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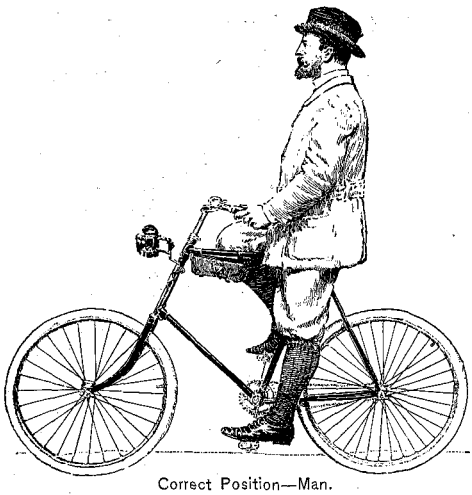


Correct Position—Man.

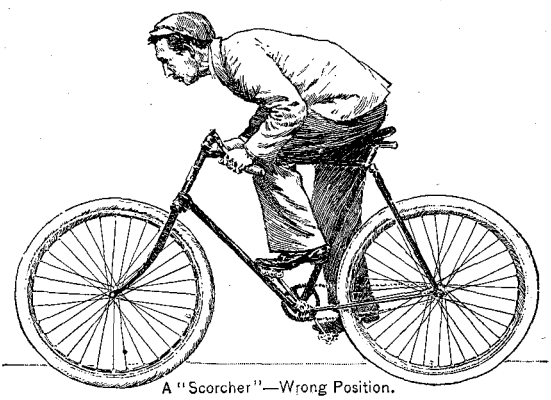
ing, runs up no expense account for oats and hay, travels over many a foot-path a horse could not follow, and leaves the animal far behind in distance, and even in continuous speed. To the man or woman who rides the wheel for pleasure and exercise, there is no sport comparable to cycling. He or she does not feel it necessary to acquire, or give the impression of having acquired, curvature of the spine, and is oblivious to the charms of racing, or "scorching," as fast riding on the road is called. To sit erect, and glide gracefully and swiftly along, with almost a minimum of exertion, is to this class of cyclists keen enjoyment. They know little and care less for "Class A" or "B," for the constant wrangles of professional bicyclists, and the jealousies of manufacturers. They enjoy the sport for the health which it brings, and for the opportunity which it affords for seeing the land alone or in congenial company, and in an easy way.

It is as yet too early to predict the future of cycling from the social standpoint. Every indication thus far points to its growing popularity, and that we have not as yet reached the crest of the wave in the sport's development. There are those who argue that society women, with their many other distractions, will soon tire of the wheel and even the slight exertion it requires, and that at least they will not keep at riding sufficiently long to acquire that hardness of muscle and endurance necessary to enjoy outdoor riding to its full extent. The justice of this argument remains to be proved, but certainly present sales of wheels to society women, and the crowded state of the riding-schools, would disprove it. The average man's need of exercise—and especially when possible, outdoor exercise—leaves little room to doubt of the lasting popularity of the wheel with the sterner sex.

A DOCTOR'S VIEW OF BICYCLING

By J. West Roosevelt, M.D.

When a person whose muscular system is not already well developed by other exercise begins riding the bicycle, he will probably be surprised to find (unless the various bruises incidental to his first attempts are painful enough to mask all other aches) that the stiffness and soreness due to the unaccustomed work are not confined to the legs, or even the region of the hips. Probably he has more discomfort in the thighs than anywhere else; but he soon learns that it is well to avoid too sudden movements of the whole body, for they cause not a little pain in various unexpected parts of the trunk, and especially in the loins and between the shoulder-blades. He discovers also that a number of muscles in his arms and shoulders and



A "Scorcher"—Wrong Position.

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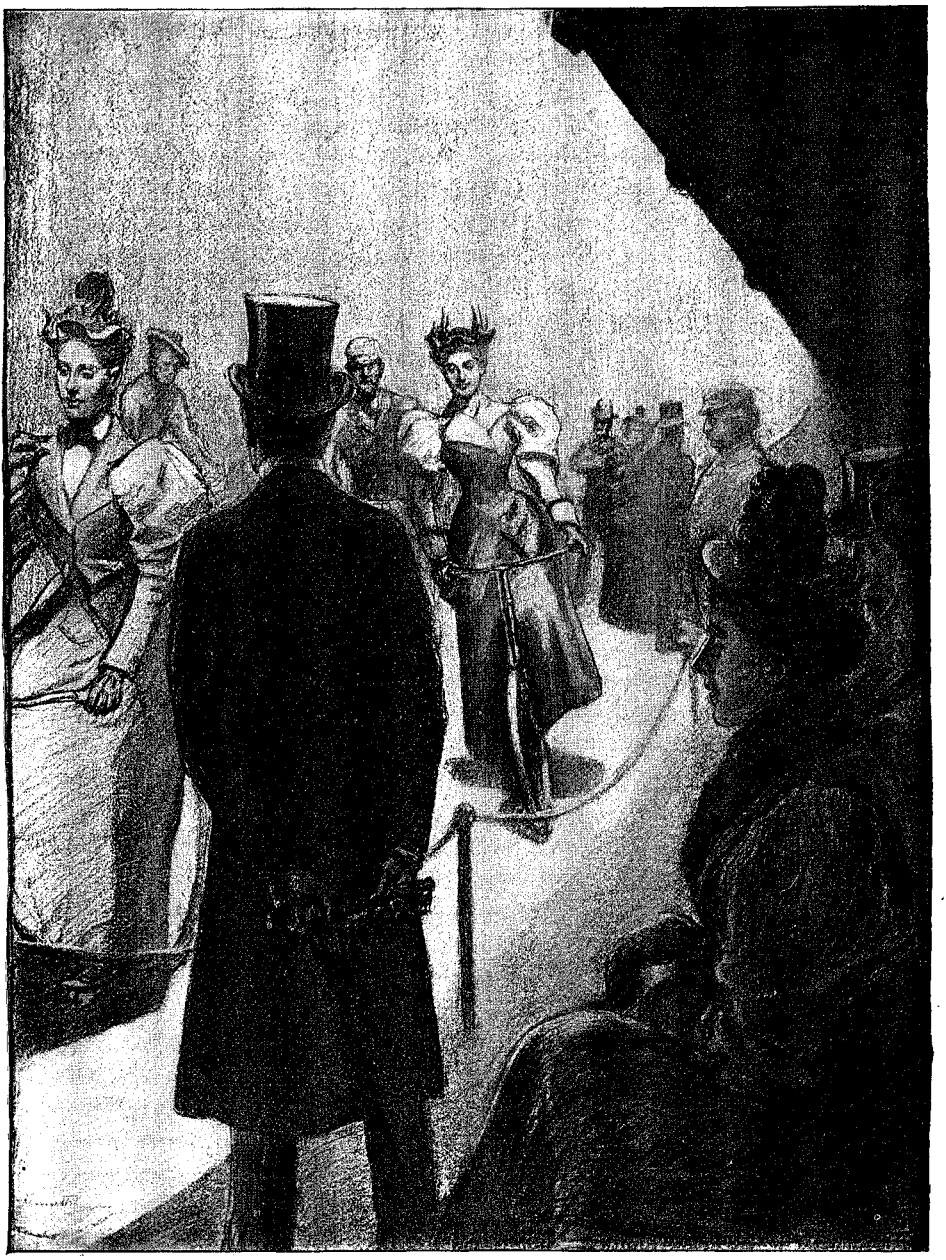

At the Michaux Club, New York.

chest are more or less stiff and sore. In this painful way is it demonstrated to him that cycling should not be regarded as an exercise of the legs alone. Observations by experts show that it is not only the legs which are developed by wheeling. In previously sedentary persons a considerable increase in the circumference of the chest takes place, the increase often amounting to one or two, and sometimes even three, inches. The arms and forearms also grow firmer, and it is said that in them also quite a marked increase in size has been seen. The muscular system everywhere in the body also improves in tone.

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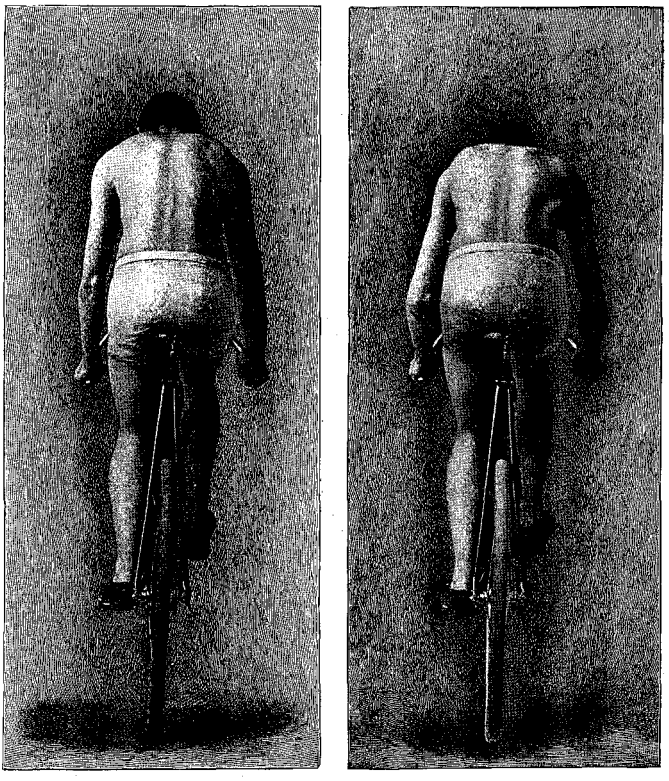

Back Views of Zimmerman.

At rest. In action.*

It is easy to see why cycling increases the strength of the legs. It is also easy to see why the chest measurement should be increased as a result of the deeper and more rapid breathing. Not only do the respiratory muscles become stronger and larger, but also the joints and cartilages of the ribs move more easily and more freely, because they have been made more limber by use. I do not know of any investigations which may have been made to determine whether or not there is any increased mobility of chest (*i.e.*, extent of expansion and contraction), as a result of bicycle exercise; but it is almost certain that such studies would demonstrate its existence.

The muscles which we have been considering are all directly "exercised," as the word is usually understood, since they all contract and relax more frequently and more forcibly than when a person is either at rest or doing very little work. I have said that the power of muscles not directly (or rather not visibly) employed is also increased. There are two reasons for this. One is that exercise, if not excessive (and especially exercise which is pleasurable and which is taken in the open air), almost always makes the appetite greater, the digestion completer, the heart stronger, and the circulation better; there is a generally improved tone in every organ of the body, simply because all are better and more abundantly fed, including the muscles, both those which are actively used and those which are not. The second reason for the increase of power and size of many muscles which are not connected with the lower extremity, and which the superficial observer would think were not called into play in bicycling, is that they really are in active use, although they appear to be at rest. For example, a large number are concerned in maintaining the equilibrium, so that the wheel does not fall sideways. This requires at times only a perfect balance of the forces of opposing muscles, and at others enough contraction of some of them to shift the weight by inclining the body to one side or the other. Others fix the lower portion of the spine and hip-bones so as to enable the great thigh-muscles to work effectively. In the arms and forearms very delicate adjustment is required in steering, and when hill-climbing or increased speed demand it, a great deal of force is expended by the arms in the firm grip

* The pressure upon the right pedal, accompanied by strong contraction of the muscles of the right side, is especially well marked near the shoulder.

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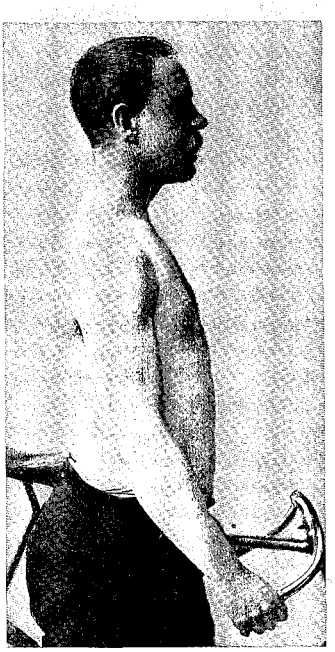
and strong upward pull on the handles which counteracts the strong downward push on the pedals.

There is one muscular structure which bicycling, like every form of physical exertion, compels to do extra work—the heart—and upon its integrity depend not only health and physical vigor, but also life itself. It has often been asserted that wheeling is apt to injure the heart. Is this so? I can only say that, theoretically, it is impossible for such harm to result in sound people, save from attempts to attain a high rate of speed, or from prolonged and fatiguing rides, or from climbing hills which are either very steep or very long; and practically I have been unable to find authentic records of any case in which heart disease has been caused by the use of the wheel in a sensible and moderate way. It may be added that the existence of organic heart disease does not, in the opinion of a number of physicians of great ability, always debar cycling. Indeed, the wheel is actually recommended by some as a valuable aid in the treatment of certain affections of this organ. There is a striking resemblance between bicycling and walking, so far as their effects on the heart are concerned: either may be healthful or harmful. Excessive exertion in either is dangerous, and moderate exertion is beneficial. That cycling is *more apt* to do harm than walking, can hardly be denied: there is much more temptation to ride than to walk too fast on the level; and the hill climbing on the machine, even at a moderate speed, is far more of a strain than walking up the same hill at a speed proportionately moderate, and very few people seem to have sense enough to get off and walk when going up hills. It is safe to assert that for a person capable of acting with common sense no harm will come from either, and certainly no more from one than from the other. If either in wheeling or walking shortness of breath is felt, one knows that an unwonted strain has been thrown upon the heart and lungs—and the intensity and duration of the breathlessness fairly measure the degree of strain. It is safe to assume that if neither shortness of breath nor palpitation of the heart be felt, the strain is not excessive. A physician who has given much thought to the subject says that, so long as the cyclist can *breathe with the mouth shut*, he is certainly perfectly safe so far as heart-strain is concerned.



At Rest—Muscles of Arm, Body, and Neck Relaxed.

In Action — Muscles of Neck, Shoulder, Arm, and Upper Parts of the Body Contracted.

It has often been asserted that cycling is injurious to women. There is a little truth in the assertion. Paraphrasing one of Lincoln's sentences, I would modify it and say that cycling is harmful to *some* women *all* of the time; to *all* women *some* of the time; but not to *all* women *all* of the time. There is no reason to think that a healthy woman can be injured by using the wheel,

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A Side View of A. A. Zimmerman in Racing Position on a Wheel of His Own Design.

provided she does not over-exert herself by riding too long a time, or too fast, or up too steep hills; and provided she does not ride when common sense and physiology alike forbid any needless exertion; and provided also she does not get the bad habit of stooping over the handle bar; and there *is* reason, not merely to *think*, but to *know*, that many women are greatly benefited by the exercise. There are certain anatomical and physiological peculiarities which make it far more dangerous for a woman than for a man to undergo excessive physical strain; but if she be careful to avoid strain, cycling is both beneficial and safe for any woman who is free from organic disease.

The same may be said of men and children and adolescents of either sex. If no organic disease exists, bicycling in moderation tends to increase strength and improve health, except in persons who find by practical trial that every ride, no matter how short and easy, is followed by a feeling of exhaustion. I do not mean merely a rather comfortable sense of fatigue; I mean a weariness which is painful. Human beings are not all built alike, and there are some people who, although they seem to be in good health and to possess not a little physical strength, ought not to ride the wheel, simply because, for some unknown reason, they are not able to ride without injuring themselves. There

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is some peculiarity about their body machinery which forbids its use in this particular way.

There is one bad habit into which many wheelmen have fallen (or perhaps one ought to say "slouched"), which calls for sharp condemnation, for reasons partly medical and partly æsthetic. There is absolutely no reason for stooping over the handles in either of the two ways so commonly seen—and there is no excuse for so doing—in ordinary road riding. It may be necessary for the "scorcher," when engaged in "scorching," to assume the one or the other of these attitudes—to sprawl with the body straight but almost horizontal, and the head close to the handle bar, or to bend the upper part of the back as if trying to break it in its middle, and throw the shoulders forward as if desiring to make them meet across his breast. Even so—one who is not "scorching" does not need to make himself a hideous object to look at, and also to reduce the benefits of wheeling to a minimum, so far as its effect on the chest capacity is concerned.

When high speed is attempted the body must be bent forward and the handles must be low. The stooping posture reduces the surface exposed to the resisting air, and also makes possible the effective use of many more muscles than can be used when the cyclist sits erect, as do those on pages 707 and 708. The picture on page 712 is from a photograph of A. A. Zimmerman. It shows that wonderful rider in the position assumed by him when making his record-breaking speed. There is something singularly graceful about the curve of the spinal column, and the position of the arms and shoulders. It is the grace which comes from evident power. On page 708 is depicted a "scorcher" of the ordinary type. He is simply a hideous caricature of the real athlete — a man who does not know how to use his muscles, engaged in a futile effort to look as if he does.

STORIES OF GIRLS' COLLEGE LIFE

THE GENIUS OF BOWLDER BLUFF

By Abbe Carter Goodloe

MISS ARNOLD found him wandering aimlessly, though with a pleased, interested look, around the dimly lit College Library. She had gone there herself to escape for a few moments from the heat and lights and the crowd around the Scotch celebrity to whom the reception was being tendered, and was looking rather desultorily at an article in the latest *Revue des Deux Mondes*, when he emerged from one of the alcoves and stood hesitatingly before her. She saw that he was not a guest. He was not in evening dress—it occurred to her even then how entirely out of his element he would have looked in a conventional dress-suit — but wore new clothes of some rough material which fitted him badly. He was so evidently lost and so painfully aware of it that she hastened to ask him if she could do anything for him.

"I'm lookin' fur my daughter, Ellen Oldham," he said, gratefully. "Do you know her?"

He seemed much surprised and a little hurt when Miss Arnold shook her head, smilingly.

"You see, there are so many——" she began, noting his disappointed look.

"Then I s'pose you can't find her fur me. You see," he explained, gently, "I wrote her I wuz comin' ter-morrer, an' I came ter-night fur a surprise—a surprise," he repeated, delightedly. "But I'm mighty disappointed not ter find her. This is the first time I ever wuz so fur east. But I hed to see Ellen—couldn't stan' it no longer. You see," he con-

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tinued, nervously, "I thought mebbe I could stay here three or four days, but last night I got a telegram from my pardner on the mountain sayin' there wuz trouble among the boys an' fur me ter come back. But I—I jest couldn't go back without seein' Ellen, so I came on ter-night fur a surprise, but I must start back right off, an' I'm mighty disappointed not ter be seein' her all this time. Hed no idea yer college wuz such a big place—thought I could walk right in an' spot her," he ran on meditatively—"I thought it wuz something like Miss Bellairs's an' Miss Tompkins's an' Miss Rand's all rolled inter one. But Lord! it's a sight bigger'n that! Well, I'm glad of it. I've thought fur years about Ellen's havin' a college eddication, an' I'm glad to see it's a real big college. Never hed no schoolin' myself, but I jest set my heart on Ellen's havin' it. Why shouldn't she? I've got ther money. Hed to work mighty hard fur it, but I've got it, an' she wanted ter come to college, an' I wanted her ter come, so of course she came. I met another young woman," he continued, smiling frankly at the girl before him; "she wasn't so fine-lookin' as you, but she was a very nice young woman, an' she promised to send Ellen ter me, but she hasn't done it!"

Miss Arnold felt a sudden interest in the old man.

"Perhaps," she began, doubtfully, "if you could tell me what her class is, or in what building she has her rooms, I might find her."

He looked at the young girl incredulously.

"Ain't you never heard of her?" he demanded. "Why, everybody knew her at Miss Bellairs's. But p'r'aps"—in a relieved sort of way—"p'rhaps you ain't been here long. This is Ellen's second year."

Miss Arnold felt slightly aggrieved. "I am a Senior," she replied, and then added, courteously, "but I am sure the loss has been mine."

She could not make this man out, quite — he was so evidently uncultivated, so rough and even uncouth, and yet there was a look of quiet power in his honest eyes, and he was so unaffectedly simple and kindly that she instinctively recognized the innate nobility of his character. She felt interested in him, but somewhat puzzled as to how to continue the conversation, and so she turned rather helplessly to her magazine.

But he came over and stood beside her, looking down wonderingly at the unfamiliar words and accents.

"Can you read all that?" he asked, doubtfully.

Miss Arnold said "Yes."

"Jest like English?" he persisted.

She explained that she had had a French nurse when she was little, and afterward a French governess, and that she had always spoken French as she had English. He seemed to be immensely impressed by that and looked at her very intently and admiringly, and then he suddenly looked away, and said, in a changed tone:

"I never hed no French nurse fur Ellen. Lord! it wuz hard enough to get any kind in them days," he said, regretfully. "But she's been studyin' French fur two years now—p'rhaps she speaks almost as good as you do by this time—she's mighty smart."

Miss Arnold looked up quickly at the honest, kindly face above her with the hopeful expression in the eyes, and some sudden impulse made her say, quite cheerfully and assuringly, "Oh, yes—of course."

She was just going to add that she would go to the office and send someone to look for Miss Oldham, when a slender, rather pretty girl passed the library door, hesitated, peering through the half-light, and then came swiftly toward them.

With a cry of inexpressible tenderness and delight the old man sprang toward her.

"Ellen!" he said, "Ellen!"

She clung to him for a few moments and then drew off rather shyly and awkwardly, with a sort of *mauvaise honte* which struck disagreeably on Miss Arnold, and looked inquiringly and almost defiantly from her father to the girl watching them.

"This young woman," he said, understanding her unspoken inquiry, "has been very kind to me, Ellen — we've been talkin'."

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Miss Arnold came forward.

"I think we ought to be friends," she said, graciously. "I am Clara Arnold. Your father tells me this is your Sophomore year."

The girl met her advances coldly and stiffly. She had never met Miss Arnold before, but she had known very well who she was, and she had envied her, and had almost disliked her for her good looks and her wealth and her evident superiority. She comprehended that this girl had been born to what she had longed for in a vague, impotent way and had never known. She wished that Miss Arnold had not witnessed the meeting with her father—that Miss Arnold had not seen her father at all. And then with the shame at her unworthy thoughts came a rush of pity and love for the man standing there, smiling so patiently and so tenderly at her. She put one hand on his arm and drew herself closer to him.

"Father!" she said.

Miss Arnold stood looking at them, turning her clear eyes from one to the other. It interested her tremendously—the simple, kindly old man, in his rough clothes, and with his homely talk and his fatherly pride and happiness in the pretty, irresolute-looking girl beside him. It occurred to her suddenly, with a thrill of pity for herself, that she had never seen her father look at her in that way. He would have been inordinately surprised and—she felt sure—very much annoyed, if she had ever kissed his hand or laid her head on his arm as this girl was now doing. He had been an extremely kind and considerate father to her. It struck her for the first time that she had missed something—that after providing the rather pretentiously grand-looking house and grounds, and the servants and carriages and conservatories, her father had forgotten to provide something far more essential. But she was so much interested in the two before her that she did not have much time to think of herself. She concluded that she did not want to go back to the Scotch celebrity, and resolutely ignored the surprised looks of some of her friends who passed the library door and made frantic gestures for her to come forth and join them. But when they had moved away it occurred to her that she ought to leave the two together, and so she half rose to go, but the man, divining her intention, said, heartily:

"Don't go—don't go! Ellen's goin' to show me about this big college, an' we want you to go, too."

He was speaking to Miss Arnold, but his eyes never left the girl's face beside him, while he gently stroked her hair as if she had been a little child.

And so they walked up and down the long library, and they showed him the Milton shield, and dragged from their recesses rare books, and pointed out the pictures and autographs of different celebrities. He seemed very much interested and very grateful to them for their trouble, and never ashamed to own how new it all was to him nor how ignorant he was, and he did not try to conceal his pride in his daughter's education and mental superiority to himself. And when Miss Arnold realized that, she quietly effaced herself and let the younger girl do all the honors, only helping her now and then with suggestions or statistics.

"You see," he explained, simply, after a lengthy and, as it seemed to Miss Arnold, a somewhat fruitless dissertation on the splendid copy of the "Rubaiyat" lying before them—"you see I don't know much about these things. Never hed no chance. But Ellen knows, so what's the use of my knowin'! She can put her knowledge to use; but, Lord! I couldn't if I hed it.

"You see it was like this," he continued, cheerfully, turning to Miss Arnold, while the girl at his side raised her head for an instant and uttered a low exclamation of protest. "We lived out West—in a minin' camp in Colorado—Bowlder Bluff wuz its name. Awfully lonesome place. No schools—nothin', jest the store—my store—an' the mines not fur off. Ellen wuz about twelve then"—he turned inquiringly to the girl, but she would not look up—"about twelve," he continued, after a slight pause and another gentle caress of the brown hair; "an' I hedn't never given a thought to wimmen's eddication, an' Ellen here wuz jest growin' up not knowin' a thing—except how

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I loved her an' couldn't bear her out of my sight" (with another caress), "when one day there came to ther camp a college chap. He wuz an English chap, an' he wuz hard-up. But he wuz a gentleman an' he'd been to a college—Oxford wuz the name—an' he took a heap of notice of Ellen, an' said she wuz mighty smart—yes, Ellen, even then we knew you wuz smart—an' that she ought to have schoolin' an' not run aroun' the camp any more. At first I didn't pay no attention to him. But by an' by his views did seem mighty sensible, an' he kep' naggin' at me. He used to talk to me about it continual, an' at night we'd sit out under the pines an' talk—he with a fur-away sort of look in his eyes an' the smoke curlin' up from his pipe—an' he'd tell me what eddication meant to wimmen—independence an' happiness an' all that, an' he insisted fur Ellen to go to a good school. He said there wuz big colleges fur wimmen jist like there wuz fur men, an' that she ought to have a chance an' go to one.

"An' then he would read us a lot of stuff of evenin's — specially poetry. Shelley in particular. And yet another chap, almost better'n Shelley. Keats wuz his name. P'r'aps you've read some of his poetry?" he inquired, turning politely to Miss Arnold. Something in her throat kept her from speaking, so she only lowered her head and looked away from the drawn, averted face of the girl before her. "He wuz great! All about gods an' goddesses an' things one don't know much about; but then, as I take it, poetry always seems a little fur off, so it wuz kind of natural. But Shelley wuz our favorite. He used to read us somethin' about the wind. Regularly fine—jest sturred us up, I can tell you. We knew what storms an' dead leaves an' 'black rain an' fire an' hail' wuz out on them lonesome mountains. An' sometimes he'd read us other things, stories from magazines, an' books, but it kind of made me feel lonesomer than ever.

"But Ellen here, she took to it all like a duck to water, an' the college chap kep' insistin' that she ought to go to a good school, an' that she showed 'great natural aptitude'—them wuz his words—an' that she might be famous some day, till at last I got regularly enthusiastic about wimmen's eddication, an' I jest determined not to waste any more time, an' so I sent her to Miss Bellairs's at Denver. She wuz all I hed, an' Lord knows I hedn't no particular reason to feel confidence in wimmen folks"—a sudden, curious, hard expression came into his face for a moment and then died swiftly away as he turned from Miss Arnold and looked at the girl beside him. "But I sent her, an' she ain't never been back to the camp, an' she's been all I ever hoped she'd be."

They had passed from the faintly lighted library into the brilliant corridors, and the man, towering in rugged strength above the two girls, cast curious glances about him as they walked slowly along. Everything seemed to interest him, and when they came to the Greek recitation-rooms he insisted, with boyish eagerness, upon going in, and the big photogravures of the Acropolis and the charts of the Ægean Sea, and even a passage from the "Seven against Thebes" (copied upon the walls doubtless by some unlucky Sophomore), and which was so hopelessly unintelligible to him, seemed to fascinate him. And when they came to the physical laboratories he took a wonderful, and, as it seemed to Miss Arnold, an almost pathetic interest in the spectroscopes and Romanoff coils, and the batteries only half-discernible in the faintly flaring lights.

And as they strolled about he still talked of Ellen and himself and their former life, and the life that was to be—when Ellen should become famous. For little by little Miss Arnold comprehended that that was his one fixed idea. As he talked, slowly it came to her what this man was, and what his life had been—how he had centred every ambition on the girl beside him; separated her from him, at what cost only the mountain-pines and the stars which had witnessed his nightly struggles with himself could tell; how he had toiled and striven for her that she might have the education he had never known. She began to understand what "going to college" had meant to this girl and this man—to this man espe-

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cially. It had not meant the natural ending of a preparatory course at some school and a something to be gone through with — creditably, if possible, but also, if possible, without too great exertion and with no expectation of extraordinary results. It had had a much greater significance to them than that. It had been regarded as an event of incalculable importance, an introduction into a new world, the first distinct step upon the road to fame. It had meant to them what a titled offer means to a struggling young American beauty, or a word of approbation to an under-lieutenant from his colonel, or a successful maiden speech on the absorbing topic of the day, or any other great and wonderful happening, with greater and more wonderful possibilities hovering in the background.

She began to realize just how his hopes and his ambitions and his belief in this girl had grown and strengthened, until the present and the future held nothing for him but her happiness and advancement and success. It was a curious idea, a strange ambition for a man of his calibre to have set his whole heart upon, and as Miss Arnold looked at the girl who was to realize his hopes, a sharp misgiving arose within her and she wondered, with sudden fierce pity, why God had not given this man a son.

But Ellen seemed all he wanted. He told, in a proud, apologetic sort of way, while the girl protested with averted eyes, how she had always been "first" at "Miss Bellairs's" and that he supposed "she stood pretty well up in her classes" at college. And Miss Arnold looked at the white, drawn face of the girl and said, quite steadily, she had no doubt but that Miss Oldham was a fine student. She was an exceptionally truthful girl, but she was proud and glad to have said that when she saw the look of happiness that kindled on the face of the man. Yet she felt some compunctions when she noted how simply and unreservedly he took her into his confidence.

And what he told her was just such a story as almost all mothers and fathers tell—of the precocious and wonderful intellect of their children and the great hopes they have of them. But with this man it was different in some way. He was so deeply in earnest and so hopeful and so tender that Miss Arnold could scarcely bear it—"Ellen" was to be a poet. Had she not written verses when she was still a girl, and had not the "college chap" and her teachers declared she had great talents? Wait—he would let Miss Arnold judge for herself. Only lately he had written to Ellen, asking her if she still remembered their lonely mountain-home, and she had sent him this. They had strolled down the corridor to one of the winding stairways at the end. He drew from his large leather purse a folded paper. The girl watched him open it with an inexpressible fear in her eyes, and when she saw what it was she started forward with a sort of gasp, and then turned away and steadied herself against the balustrade.

He spread out the paper with exaggerated care, and read with the monotonously painful intonations of the unpractised reader:

Ye storm-winds of Autumn!
  Who rush by, who shake
The window, and ruffle
  The gleam lighted lake;
Who cross to the hill-side
  Thin sprinkled with farms,
Where the high woods strip sadly
  Their yellowing arms—
Ye are bound for the mountains!
  Oh! with you let me go
Where your cold, distant barrier,
  The vast range of snow,
Through the loose clouds lifts dimly
  Its white peaks in air—
How deep is their stillness!
  Ah! would I were there!

As he read, Miss Arnold turned her eyes, burning with an unutterable indignation and scorn, upon the girl, but the mute misery and awful supplication in her face checked the words upon her lips. When he had finished reading, Miss Arnold murmured something, she hardly knew what, but he would not let her off so easily.

What did she think of it?—did she not think he ought to be proud of Ellen? and was the "gleam-lighted lake" the lake they could see from the piazza?

He ran on, taking it for granted that Miss Arnold was interested in his

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hopes and dreams, and almost without waiting for or expecting replies. And at last he told her the great secret. Ellen was writing a book. He spoke of it almost with awe—in a suppressed sort of fashion. She had not told him yet much about it, but he seemed wholly confident in its future success. He wondered which of the big publishing houses would want it most.

Miss Arnold gave a quick gasp of relief. There was more to this girl, then, than she had dared to hope. She glanced eagerly and expectantly toward her, and in that one look she read the whole pitiable lie. Ellen was looking straight ahead of her, and the hopeless misery and shame in her eyes Miss Arnold never forgot. All the pretty, weak curves about the mouth and chin had settled into hard lines, and a nameless fear distorted every feature. But the man seemed to notice nothing, and walked on with head uplifted and a proud, almost inspired look upon his rugged face.

"When will the book be finished, Ellen?" he asked, at length.

The girl looked up, and Miss Arnold noted with amazement her wonderful control.

"It will not be very long now, father," she replied. She was acting her difficult part very perfectly. It occurred to Miss Arnold that for many years this girl had been so acting, and as she looked at the strong, quiet features of the man she shuddered slightly and wondered how it would be with her when he knew.

When the carriage which was to take him to the station for the midnight train into Boston had driven from the door, the two girls looked at each other steadily for an instant.

"Come to my study for a few moments," said the younger one, imperiously. Miss Arnold acquiesced silently, and together they moved down the long corridor to Miss Oldham's rooms.

"I want to explain," she began, breathlessly, leaning against the closed door and watching with strained, wide-opened eyes Miss Arnold's face, upon which the light from the lamp fell strong and full.

"I want to explain" she repeated, defiantly this time. "You had no right to come between myself and my father! I wish with all my heart you had never seen him, but since you *have* seen him I must explain. I am not entirely the hypocrite and the coward you take me for." She stopped suddenly and gave a low cry. "Ah! what shall I say to make you understand? It began so long ago—I did not mean to deceive him. It was because I loved him and he thought me so clever. He thought because I was quick and bright, and because I was having the education I *was* having, that I was—different. In his ignorance how could he guess the great difference between a superficial aptitude and real talents? How could I tell him—how could I," with a despairing gesture, "that I was just like thousands of other girls, and that there are hundreds right here in this college who are my superiors in every way? It would have broken his heart." Her breath came in short gasps and the pallor of her face had changed to a dull red.

Miss Arnold leaned forward on the table.

"You have grossly deceived him," she said, in cold, even tones.

"Deceived him?—yes—a thousand times and in a thousand ways. But I did it to make him happy. Am I really to blame? He expected so much of me—he had such hopes and such dreams of some great career for me. I *am* a coward. I could not tell him that I was a weak, ordinary girl, that I could never realize his aspirations, that the mere knowledge that he depended and relied upon me weighed upon me and paralyzed every effort. When I loved him so could I tell him this? Could I tell him that his sacrifices were in vain, that the girl of whom he had boasted to every man in the mining camp was a complete failure, that he had been dishonored by the mother, and that he was duped by her daughter?"

She went over to the table and leaned her head upon her shaking hand.

"If my mother—if I had had a brother or sister, it might have been different, but I was alone and I was all he had. And so I struggled on, half hoping that I might become something after all.

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But I confessed to myself what I could not to him, that I would never become a scholar, that my intellect was wholly superficial, that the verses I wrote were the veriest trash, that I was only doing what ninety-nine out of every hundred girls did, and that ninety-eight wrote better rhymes than I. There is a whole drawer full of my 'poetry'"—she flung open a desk disdainfully — "until I could stand it no longer, and one day when he asked me to write something about the mountains, in desperation I copied those verses of Matthew Arnold's. I knew he would never see them. After that it was easy to do so again." She stopped and pressed her hands to her eyes.

"I am the most miserable girl that lives," she said.

Miss Arnold looked at her coldly.

"And the book?" she said at length.

Miss Oldham lifted her head wearily.

"It was all a falsehood. He kept asking me if I were not writing a book. He thought one had only to write a book to become famous. It seemed so easy not to oppose the idea, and little by little I fell into the habit of talking about 'the book' as if it were really being written. I did not try to explain to myself what I was doing. I simply drifted with the current of his desires and hopes. It may seem strange to you that a man like my father should have had such ambitions, and stranger still that he should have ever dreamed I could realize them. But one *has* strange fancies alone with one's self out on the mountains, and the isolation and self-concentration of the life give an intensity to any desire or expectation that you, who live in an ever-changing world, cannot understand."

Miss Arnold looked at the girl curiously. She wondered for the first time if there was any excuse for her. She had a singularly strong moral nature herself, and she could not quite understand this girl's weakness and deceit. The fact that she loved her father so deeply only added to the mystery.

She arose. "If I were you"—she began, coldly, but Miss Oldham stopped her.

"It is all finished now," she said. She, too, had arisen, and was standing against the door, looking down and speaking in the monotonous tone of someone reciting a lesson.

"I have decided, and I shall go to my father, and I shall say, 'I have deceived you; I have neither courage nor honesty. There might have been an excuse for another girl—a girl who did not understand you or who did not love you, or who did not know just how much her success meant to you. For me there is none. I, who knew how strange the idea at first seemed to you of your daughter's being an educated, accomplished girl; I, who knew how little by little the idea became a passion with you, how proud and how fond you were of her, how you worked and prayed that she might be something different and better than the rest—than her mother—I, who knew all this, have still deceived you. There is but one thing I dare ask you, Will you not let me go back to the mountain with you, and serve you and be to you the daughter I have not been as yet?'"

She stopped suddenly and looked at Miss Arnold.

"That is what I must do, is it not?" she asked, dully.

Miss Arnold went over to her.

"That is what you must do," she said, gently.

It was almost two weeks later when Miss Arnold, coming in from a long walk, found a letter lying on her table. It bore an unfamiliar postmark, and the superscription had evidently been written in great haste or agitation. She tore it open with a feeling of apprehension.

"My punishment has come upon me," it ran. "My father is dead. I got a telegram at Denver—they met me at the foot of the mountain. I cannot say anything now. As yet I have but one thought and one comfort—he never knew! Think of me as you will—I am glad he never did! E. O."

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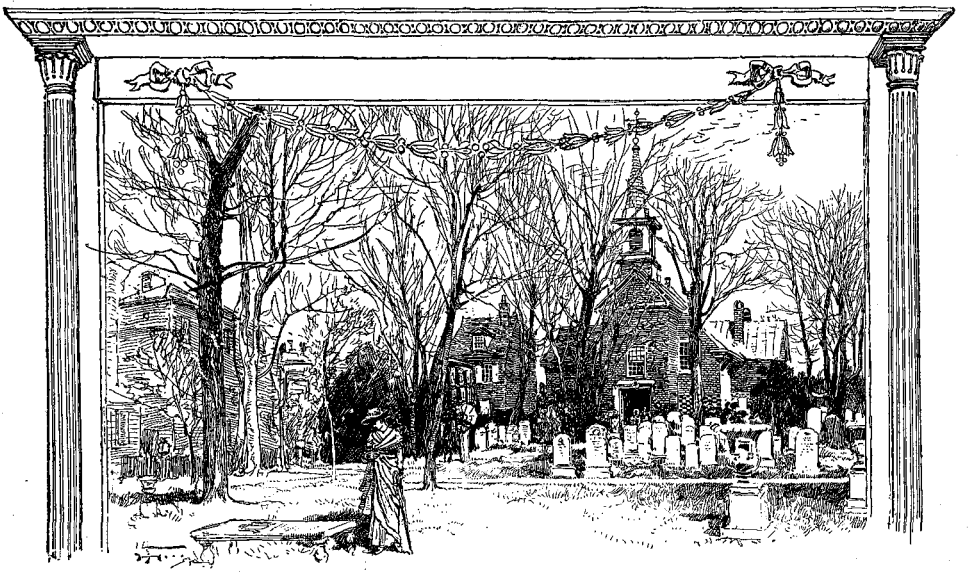

Old Swedes' Church, Philadelphia, built in 1700—after a photograph by Rau.

A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

"THE YEAR OF A HUNDRED YEARS"

THE CENTENNIAL
GRANT'S SECOND TERM
BELKNAP'S DISGRACE
INDIAN TROUBLES
MODOC OUTRAGES
THE CUSTER MASSACRE
"NO THIRD TERM"
THE TILDEN-HAYES CAMPAIGN
THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION
HAYES'S ADMINISTRATION

READERS will rejoice that the bitter racial and political feuds at the South during President Grant's second term did not make up the entire history of these years. Despite these and all its other troubles, the American body politic was preparing to round the first century of its life in satisfactory and increasing vigor.

What could be more fitting than that the hundredth anniversary of the world's greatest Republic should be kept by a monster celebration? Such a question was publicly raised in 1870 by an association of Philadelphia citizens, and it set the entire nation thinking. At first only a United States celebration was proposed, but reflection developed the idea of a Mammoth Fair where the arts and industries of the whole world should be represented. Congress took up the design in 1871. In 1873 President Grant formally proclaimed the Exposition, and in 1874 foreign governments

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State-house Row, Philadelphia.
After a photograph by Rau.

were invited to participate in it. Thirty-three cordially responded, including all the civilized nations except Greece, a larger number than had ever before taken part in an event like this.

Philadelphia was naturally chosen as the seat of the Exposition. Here the nation was born, a fact of which much remained to testify. Among the ancient buildings were the "Old Swedes'" Church, built in 1700, Christ Church, begun only twenty-seven years later, still in perfect preservation, St. Peter's, built in 1758–1761, and the sequestered Friends' Meeting-house, built in 1808. The Penn Treaty Monument, unimpressive in appearance, marked the site of the elm under which Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians. Carpenters' Hall, still owned by the Carpenters' Company which built it, had been made to resume the appearance it bore when, in 1774, the first Continental Congress assembled under its roof. In the centre of a line of antique edifices known as State-house Row, stood Independence Hall, erected 1732–1735. The name specifically applied to the large first-floor east room, in which the second Continental Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence. In 1824 Lafayette held a great reception here, and six years later it was consecrated to the past. Revolutionary portraits and relics were placed in it, and the building restored to its original condition. In 1854 the old Liberty Bell was taken down from the tower into the hall and the walls enriched by a large number of portraits from the Peale Gallery. A keeper was then appointed and the hall opened to visitors.

In Fairmount Park, beyond the Schuylkill, a level plat of 285 acres was inclosed, and appropriate buildings erected. Five enormous structures, the Main Building, with Machinery, Agricultural, Horticultural, and Memorial Halls, towered above all the rest. Several foreign governments built structures of their own. Twenty-six States did the same. Thirty or more buildings were put up by private enterprise in order the better to present industrial processes and products. In all more than two hundred edifices stood within the inclosure.

OPENING OF THE EXPOSITION

The Exposition opened on May 10th, with public exercises, a hundred thousand people being present. Wagner had composed a march for the occasion. Whittier's Centennial Hymn, a noble piece, was sung by a chorus of one thousand voices.

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

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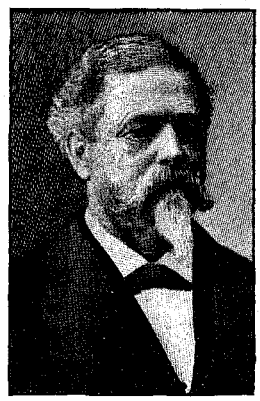
The Opening Ceremonies on May 10, 1876.

The restored South chanted the praises of the Union in the words of Sidney Lanier, the Georgia poet. President Grant then declared the Exposition open. Further simple but impressive ceremonies were held on July 4th, in the public square at the rear of Independence Hall. On temporary platforms sat 5,000 distinguished guests, and a chorus of 1,000 singers. The square and the neighboring streets were filled with a dense throng. Richard Henry Lee, grandson of the mover of the Declaration of Independence, came to the front with the original document in his hands. At sight of that yellow and wrinkled paper, the vast throng burst into prolonged cheering. Mr. Lee read the Declaration, Bayard Taylor recited an ode, and Hon. William M. Evarts delivered an oration.

In the Main Building, erected in a year, at a cost of $1,700,000, manufactures were exhibited, also products of the mine, along with innumerable other evidences of scientific and educational progress. More than a third of the space was reserved for the United States, the rest being divided among foreign countries. The products of all climates, tribes, and times were here. Great Britain, France, and Germany exhibited the work of their myriad roaring looms side by side with the wares of the Hawaiian Islands and the little Orange Free State. Here were the furs of Russia, with other articles from the frozen North; there the flashing diamonds of Brazil, and the rich shawls and waving plumes of India. At a step one passed from old Egypt to the latest-born South American republic. Chinese conservatism and Yankee enterprise confronted each other across the aisle.

From the novelty of the foreign display the American visitor turned proudly to the handiwork of his own land. Textiles, arms, tools, musical instruments, watches, carriages, cutlery, books, furniture—a bewildering display of all things useful and ornamental—made him realize as never before the wealth, intelligence, and enterprise of his native country, and the proud station to which



General Joseph R. Hawley, President of the Centennial Commission.

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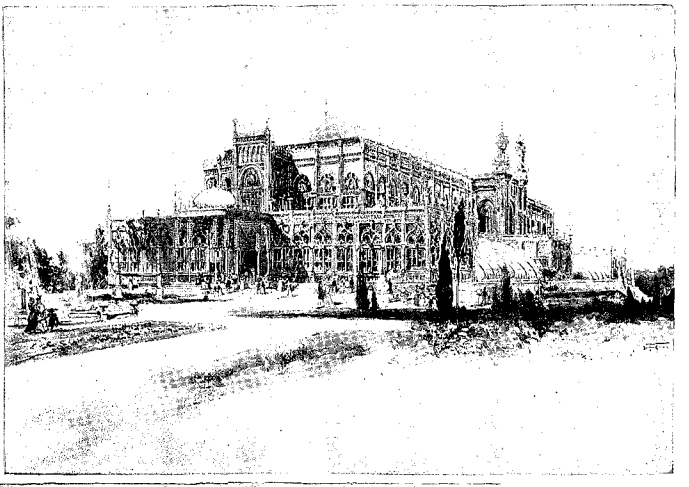
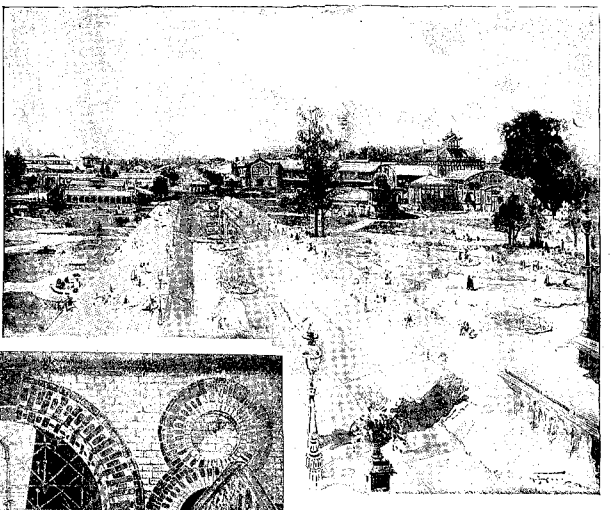
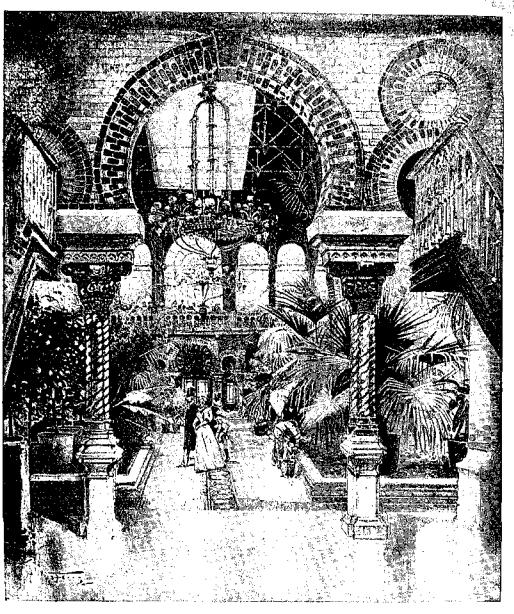
she has risen among the nations of the earth. Three-fourths of the space in Machinery Hall was taken up with American machinery.

Memorial Hall, a beautiful permanent building of granite, erected by Pennsylvania and Philadelphia at a cost of $1,500,000, was given up to art. This was the poorest feature of the Exposition, though the collection was the largest and most notable ever till then seen this side the Atlantic. America had few art works of the first order to show, while foreign nations, with the exception of England, which contributed a noble lot of paintings, including works by Gainsborough and Reynolds, feared to send their choicest products across the sea. All through the summer and early autumn, spite of the unusual heat that year, thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the country and the world filled the fair grounds and the city. Amid the crowds of visitors Philadelphians became strangers in their own streets. On September 28th, Pennsylvania day, 275,000 persons passed the gates. During October, the visitors numbered over two and a half millions. From May 10th to November 10th, the closing day, the total admissions were 9,900,000. The aggregate attendance was larger than at any previous inter-







Interior of Horticultural Hall. Fountain Avenue. Exterior of Horticultural Hall.

Some Views of the Centennial.

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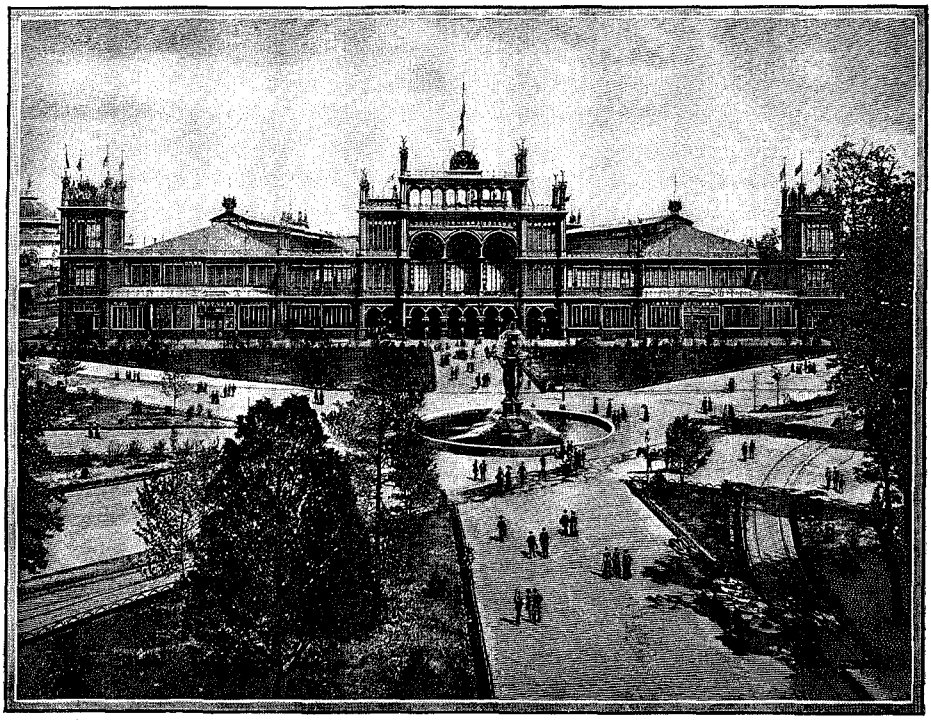

The Main Building.

national exhibition, except that of Paris in 1867. The admissions there reached 10,200,000, but the gates were open fifty-one days longer than in Philadelphia. At Vienna, in 1873, there were but 7,255,000 admissions in 186 days, against 159 days at Philadelphia.

A POLITICAL CRISIS

FULL of peace and promise as was this Philadelphia pageant, in politics these same months saw the United States at a serious crisis. The best interests of the country seemed to depend on the party in power, yet a large and influential section of that party was in all but open revolt. Many base men were tolerated near the President, to whom honest and enterprising public servants were unwelcome. Secretary Bristow's noble fight against the Whiskey Ring, his victory, and his resignation from the Cabinet, are described in another article. Ex-Governor Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, was a most efficient Postmaster-General. Upon taking his office he avowed the purpose to conduct it on business principles. He at once began to attack the notorious "straw bids" and other corrupt practices connected with carrying the mails in Texas and Alabama. It was he who introduced the railway Post-office System, by which the postal matter for a State, instead of first going to the capital or to one or two central cities and being slowly distributed thence, was sent to its destination directly, by the shortest routes and in the most expeditious manner. Yet in 1876, two years from the time of his appointment, much to the surprise of the public, Jewell left the Cabinet. An office-holder explained that "they didn't care much for Jewell in Washington; why, he ran the Post-office as though it was a factory!" The ring politicians were a unit against him, and finally succeeded in displacing him. In a speech before the Senate during the impeachment trial of Belknap, Grant's War Secretary, Hon. George F. Hoar, declared that he had heard the taunt from friendliest lips that "the only product of the United States' institu-

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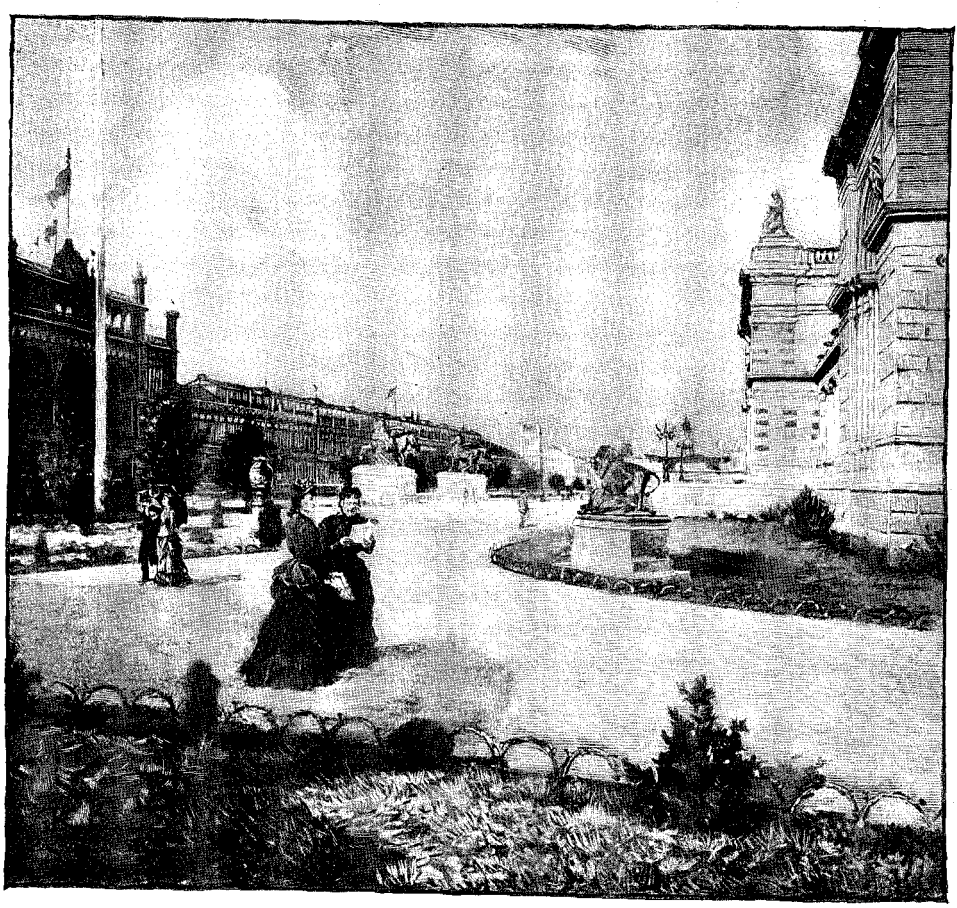
tions in which she surpassed all other nations beyond question was her corruption."

The Sherman Letters throw much light on the Belknap disgrace. July 8, 1871, General Sherman wrote: "My office has been by law stripped of all the influence and prestige it possessed under Grant (as General), and even in matters of discipline and army control I am neglected, overlooked, or snubbed. I have called General Grant's attention to it several times, but got no satisfactory redress. The old Regulations of 1853, made by Jeff. Davis in opposition to General Scott, are now strictly construed and enforced; and in these Regulations the War Department is everything, and the name of General, Lieutenant-General, or Commander-in-Chief even, does not appear in the book. Consequently orders go to parts of the army supposed to be under my command, of which I know nothing until I read them in the newspapers; and when I call the attention of the Secretary to it, he simply refers to some paragraph of the Army Regulations." At this time a board of officers was at work upon new Regulations. General Sherman continues: "I propose patiently to await the action of this board, and if these new Regulations were framed, as I suppose, to cripple the power of the General, and to foster the heads of staff departments, I will simply notify the President that I cannot undertake to command an army with all its staff independent of the Commander-in-Chief, and ask him to allow me to remove quietly to St. Louis, to do such special matters as



View from Photographic Hall looking toward Machinery Hall.

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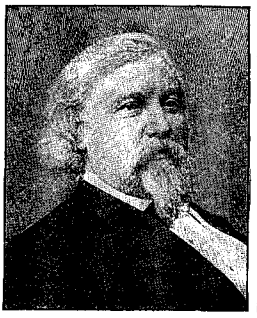

Marshall Jewell.

W. W. Belknap.

may be committed to me by the President, and leave the army to be governed and commanded as now, by the Secretary of War in person."

July 16, 1871, Senator Sherman replied: "I hope you and he (Grant) will preserve your ancient cordiality; for though he seems willing to strip your office of its power, yet I have no doubt he feels as warm an attachment for you as, from his temperament, he can to anyone. You have been forbearing with him, but lose nothing by it." Later, General Sherman wrote: "Belknap has acted badly by me ever since he reached Washington. General Grant promised me often to arrange and divide our functions, but he never did, but left the Secretary to do all those things of which he himself, as General, had complained to Stanton. I have no hesitation in saying that if the Secretary of War has the right to command the army through the Adjutant-General, then my office is a sinecure and should be abolished."

Why the General of the Army had been thus extruded from authority and functions properly attending his office, was clear when, on February 29, 1876, Caleb P. Marsh, one of a firm of contractors in New York City, testified before a Congressional Committee that, in 1870, Belknap had offered him the control of the post-tradership at Fort Sill, Indian Territory, for the purpose of enabling him to extort from the actual holder of the place, one John S. Evans, $3,000 four times a year as the price of continuing in it. The Secretary and his family appeared to have received $24,450 in this way. Belknap's resignation was offered and accepted a few hours before the House passed a unanimous vote to impeach him. Other dubious acts of Belknap's came to light, notably a contract for erecting tombstones in national cemeteries,

General E. R. S. Canby.

from which, as was charged, he realized $90,000. In the fall of 1874, General Sherman actually transferred his head-quarters to St. Louis, to remove himself from official contact with Belknap, who was issuing orders and making appointments without Sherman's knowledge. Two years later, after Belknap's resignation, the office of General of the Army was reinvested with the powers which had formerly belonged to it. Then the General moved back to Washington.

Belknap demurred to the Senate's jurisdiction, but on May 29th the Senate affirmed this, 37 to 29, Morton and Conkling voting nay, Cameron, Edmunds, Morrill, and Sherman aye. Thurman moved the resolution of impeachment. Belknap's counsel refused to let him plead, urging that the vote to assume jurisdiction, not being a two-thirds vote, was equivalent to an acquittal. The Senate, however, proceeded, as on a plea of "not guilty," to try him. He was acquitted, one Democrat voting for acquittal. Morton was among the Republicans who voted for conviction.

On March 10, 1876, General Sherman wrote his brother:

"I have purposely refrained from writing you my opinions and feelings on the terrible fate that so suddenly has befallen General Belknap. . . . It was not my office to probe after vague rumors and whispers that had no official basis. The President and Belknap both gradually withdrew from me all the powers which Grant had exercised in the same office, and Congress

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Red Cloud.
After photograph by Bell.

Sitting Bull.
After photograph by Notman.

Gall.
After photograph by Barry.

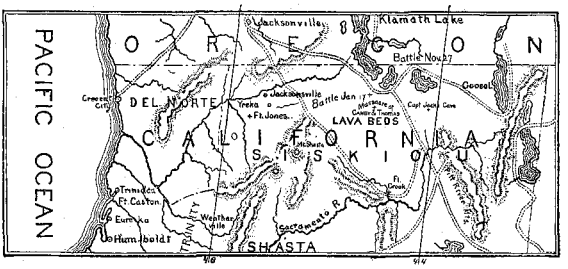
Three Famous Sioux Chiefs.

capped the climax by repealing that law which required all orders to the army to go through the General, and the only other one, a joint resolution, that empowered the General to appoint 'traders.'"

INDIAN TROUBLES

THE Indian service during Grant's presidency was no credit to the nation. In 1874 the Indian Territory contained fully 90,000 civilized Indians. The Cherokees, 17,000 strong and increasing, who had moved hither from Alabama, Tennessee, and Georgia, now possessed their own written language, constitution, laws, judges, courts, churches, schools, and academies, including three schools for their former negro slaves. They had 500 frame and 3,500 log-houses. They yearly raised much live-stock, 3,000,000 bushels of corn, with enormous crops of wheat, potatoes, and oats — an agricultural product greater than New Mexico's and Utah's combined. Similarly advanced were the Choctaws, with 17,000 people and forty-eight schools; the Creeks, with 13,000 people and thirty schools; and the Seminoles, General Jackson's old foes, having 2,500 people and four schools.

These facts inspired the President with a desire to improve the wilder tribes. Deeming clemency and justice, with firmness, certain to effect this, he proposed to transfer the Indian Bureau to the War Department; but Congress, army officers, and the Indians themselves, opposed. He then gave the supervision of Indian affairs to a Commission made up from certain religious bodies. This policy being announced, two powerful Indian delegations, one of them headed by Red Cloud, the Sioux chief, visited the Great Father at Washington, evidently determined henceforth to keep the peace.



The Region Occupied by the Modocs, showing the "Lava Beds."

Few of the wild Indians did this, however. Perhaps only the Apaches, always our most troublesome wards, have ever pursued murder and rapine out of pure wantonness; yet most of the red men still remained savages, ready for

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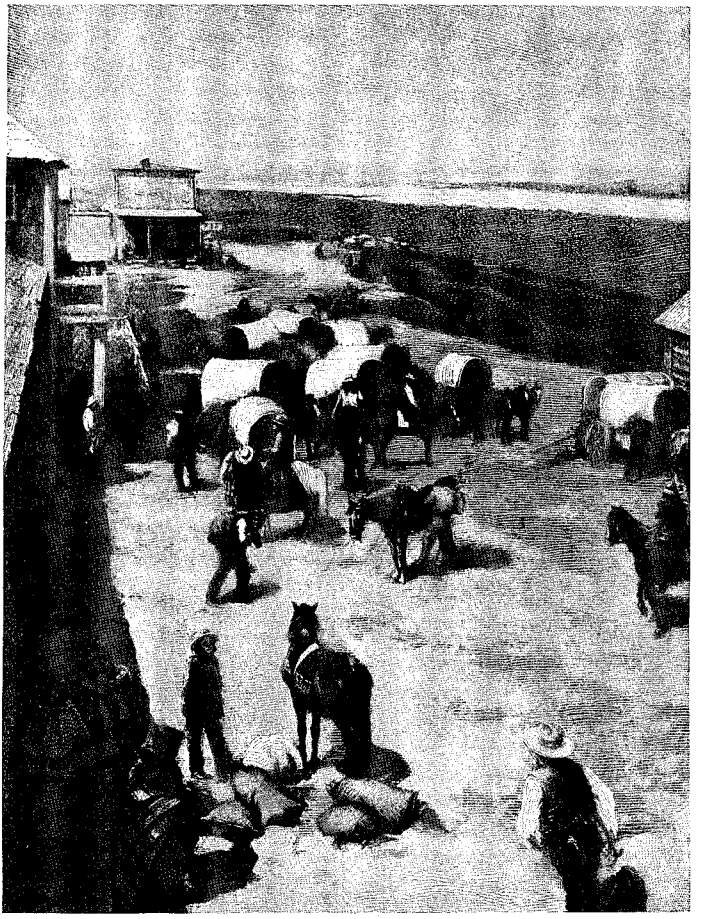

The Indian Traders' Store at Standing Rock, Dakota.*
After a photograph by Barry.

the war-path on slight provocation. If the frontier view—no good Indian but a dead one — is severe, many Eastern people are hardly less extreme in the degree of nobility with which their imagination invests the aborigines. Moreover, despite the Commission's exertions, the Indian service, though its cost increased from $3,295,000 in 1866, to $8,000,000 in 1874, sank in character. The Commissioners were partly ignored, partly subjected to needless embarrassment in their work. Members of the Indian ring secured positions and contracts in preference to people recommended by the Commission, and the Interior Department often paid bills expressly disallowed by the Commission, which was charged with the auditing.

Contractors systematically swindled the Indians. One gave them bones instead of meat. Prof. Marsh, of Yale, wishing to engage in scientific research upon Red Cloud's Reserva-

Rain-in-the-Face.
After a photograph by Barry.

* It was here, in the spring of 1875, that Rain-in-the-Face was arrested by Captain Tom Custer, in revenge for which he threatened to eat the latter's heart—a threat said to have been fulfilled at the fight on the Little Big Horn.

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General George A. Custer.
After a photograph by Gardner at Falmouth, Va., in 1863.

tion, that chief, while protecting his life, forbade him to trespass till he promised to show the Great Father samples of the wretched rations furnished his tribe. "I thought," naïvely confessed the chief, "that he would throw them away before he got there." But the "man who came to pick up bones" was better than his word. He exhibited the specimens to the President, who was deeply incensed, and declared that justice should be done. Marsh drew up ten specific charges, to the effect that the agent was incompetent and guilty of gross frauds, that the number of Indians was overstated to the Department, and that the amount of food and clothing actually furnished them was insufficient, and of wretched quality. Army testimony was of like tenor. "The poor wretches," said one officer, "have been several times this winter on the verge of starvation, owing to the rascality of the Indian ring. They have been compelled to eat dogs, wolves, and ponies." It was urged in excuse that the supply-wagons had been delayed by snow. March 18, 1875, General Sherman wrote from St. Louis: "To-morrow Generals Sheridan and Pope will meet here to discuss the Indian troubles. We could settle them in an hour, but Congress wants the patronage of the Indian Bureau, and the Bureau wants the appropriations, without any of the trouble of the Indians themselves."

The Indians' discontent was intensified by the progressive invasion of their preserves by white men, often as lawless as the worst Indians, and invariably bringing intemperance and licentiousness. The attack on the Apaches in 1871, when eighty-five men and women were killed and twenty-eight children carried off, no doubt had much provocation, yet it was illegal and cruel. During the fall of 1874 gold was found in the Black Hills (Sioux) Reservation, between Wyoming and what is now South Dakota. General Sheridan prohibited exploration, but gold-seekers continually evaded his order. Said Red Cloud: "The people from the States who have gone to the Black Hills are stealing gold, digging it out and taking it away, and I don't see why the Great Father don't bring them back. Our Great Father has a great many soldiers, and I never knew him, when he wanted to stop anything with his soldiers but he succeeded in it." A still worse grievance was the destruction of buffaloes by hunters and excursionists. Thousands of the animals were

Captain E. S. Godfrey.
After a photograph by Barry.

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slaughtered for their hides, which fell in price from three dollars each to a dollar. In one locality were to be counted six or seven thousand putrefying carcasses. Hunters boasted of having killed two thousand head apiece in one season. Railroads ran excursion trains of amateur hunters, who shot their victims from the car windows. The creatures were in fact well-nigh exterminated, so that buffalo robes now (1894) cost in New York from $75 to $175 each.

The Custer Monument; Erected on the Battle-field.
After a photograph by Barry.

Rasped to frenzy in so many ways, tribe after tribe of savages resolutely took up arms. In 1873 the Modocs, in southern Oregon, murdered General E. R. S. Canby and two Peace Commissioners, who went under a flag of truce to confer with them. They were then attacked in earnest, and nearly all either killed or captured. Captain Jack, Sconchin the Chief, Black Jim, Hooker Jim, Bogus Charley, Boston Charley, and Steamboat Frank, a military commission tried for murder, and the first three were hanged. The Cheyennes and allied tribes, in reprisal for the loss of their buffaloes, made many cattle-raids. In 1874 the settlers retaliated, but were soon flying from their farms in panic. The Indians, as the papers had it, were at once "handed over to the secular arm," the Army being set to deal with them instead of the Peace Commission. Resistance was brief, entirely collapsing when at one stroke sixty-nine warriors and two thousand ponies were captured on Elk Creek. In 1874 a massacre by the Sioux was barely averted. The agent at the Red Cloud agency erected a staff, and, on Sunday, unfurled the national flag "to let the Indians know what day it was." Viewing the emblem as meaning hostility, the Sioux beleaguered the agency, and, but for Sitting Bull, would have massacred all the whites there as well as the handful of soldiers sent to their rescue. In 1875 there was pretence of investigating affairs at this post, but with little result. Much of the testimony was by casual observers or interested parties, and none of it under oath. The Indians did not testify freely, and contradicted each other; Sitting Bull told one story, Red Cloud another. What became clear was that, in Red Cloud's phrase, the Indians were "succeeding backward."

A large portion of the Sioux, under Sitting Bull, had refused to enter into a treaty surrendering certain lands and consenting to confine themselves within a new reservation. Notice was served upon these non-treaty Sioux that, unless they moved to the reservation before January 1, 1876, they would be treated as hostiles. Sitting Bull refused to stir, and early in the spring the army assumed the offensive. The chief chose his position with rare skill, in the wild hunting country of southern Montana, now Custer County, near a quarter-circle of agencies whence would join him next summer a great troop of discontented and ambitious young "Reservation" braves. The Bad Lands

General George A. Custer.

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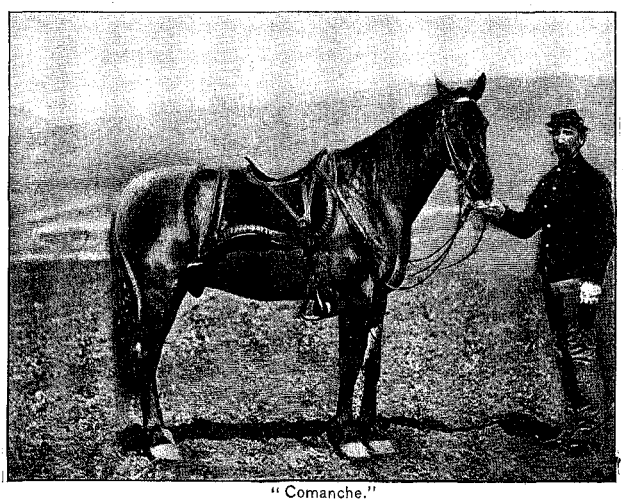
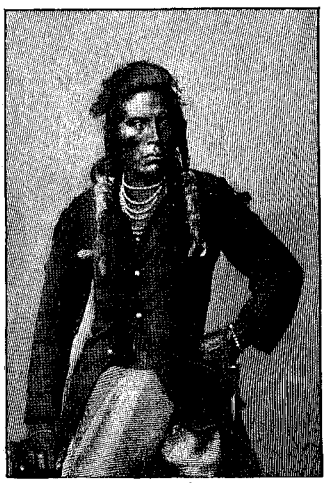
around made defence easy and attack most arduous. These Bad Lands are of clayey soil, which in summer bakes and cracks into trenches in all directions.

THE CUSTER MASSACRE

It was determined to close upon the hostiles in three columns, General Gibbon from the west, General Crook from the south, and General Terry, with a somewhat larger body of troops, including the Seventh United States Cavalry, six hundred strong, under General Custer, from the east. Crook was delayed by unexpected attacks. The other two columns met without interference. Terry followed the Yellowstone up as far as the Rosebud, where he established a supply camp. Here Custer with his cavalry left him, June 22d, to make a detour south, up the Rosebud, get above the Indians, and drive them down the Little Big Horn into the army's slowly closing grip. Three days later, June 25th, Custer struck Sitting Bull's main trail and eagerly pursued it across the divide into the Little Big Horn Valley. Expecting battle, he detached Major Reno with seven of his twelve companies, to cross the Little Big Horn, descend it, and strike the foe from the west; but Reno was soon attacked and held at bay, being besieged in all more than twenty-four hours. Meantime, suddenly coming upon the lower end of the Indians' immense camp, the gallant Custer and his braves, without an instant's hesitation, advanced into the jaws of death. Balaklava was pastime to this, for here not one "rode back." "All that was left of them," after a few minutes, was some 200 mostly unrecognizable corpses. After harassing Reno the Indians slipped off under cover of night. Ascending the Big Horn and the Little Big Horn, Gibbon and Terry, on the 27th, discovered the bodies of Custer and his five devoted companies. Custer alone was not mutilated. He had been shot in the left temple, the remainder of his face wearing in death a natural look. A careful survey of the field and subsequent talks with savages enabled Captain Godfrey, whose account† we are following, to see what course the fight had taken.



"Comanche."



Curley, the Scout.

The Only Survivors of the Custer Massacre.*
After photographs by Barry.

Finding himself outnumbered twelve or more to one—the Indians mustered at least 2,500 warriors, besides a cara-

*Comanche was the horse ridden by Captain Keogh, and was afterward found with seven wounds at a distance of several miles from the battle-field. He is present at all dress parades, the Secretary of War having issued an order forbidding anyone to ride him, and detailing a soldier to take care of him. Curley, a Crow Indian, was Custer's scout, and is said to have made his escape by wrapping himself in a Sioux blanket when the battle began.

†Century, N. S., vol. xxi.

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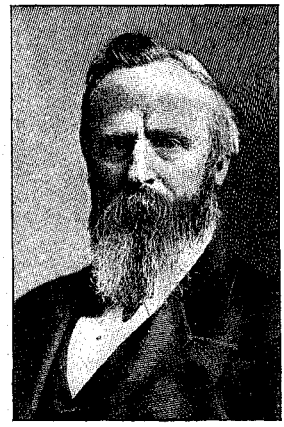
van of boys and squaws—Custer had dismounted his heroes, who, planting themselves mainly on two hills some way apart, the advance one held by Custer, the other by Captains Keogh and Calhoun, prepared to sell their lives dearly. The redskins say that had Reno maintained the offensive they should have fled, the chiefs having, at the first sight of Custer, ordered camp broken for this purpose. But when Reno drew back this order was countermanded, and the entire army of the savages concentrated against the doomed Custer. By waving blankets and uttering their hellish yells, they stampeded many of the cavalry horses, which carried off precious ammunition in their saddle-bags. Lining up just behind a ridge, they would rise quickly, fire at the soldiers, and drop, exposing themselves little but drawing Custer's fire, so causing additional loss of sorely needed bullets. The whites' ammunition spent, the dismounted savages rose, fired, and whooped like the demons they were; while the mounted ones, lashing their ponies, charged with infinite venom, overwhelming Calhoun and Keogh, and lastly Custer himself. Indian boys then pranced over the fields on ponies, scalping and re-shooting the dead and dying. At the burial many a stark visage wore a look of horror. "Rain-in-the-Face," who mainly inspired and directed the battle on the Indian side, is said to have boasted that he cut out and ate Captain Tom Custer's heart. Captain Tom was the General's brother, and they fell near together. "Rain-in-the-Face" was badly wounded, and has used crutches ever since. Brave Sergeant Butler's body was found by itself, lying on a heap of empty cartridge-shells, which told what he had been about.



Rutherford B. Hayes.

Sergeant Mike Madden had a leg mangled while fighting, tiger-like, near Reno, and for his bravery was promoted on the field. He was always over-fond of grog, but long abstinence had now intensified his thirst. He submitted to amputation without anæsthesia.

After the operation the surgeon gave him a stiff horn of brandy. Emptying it eagerly and smacking his lips, he said: "M-eh, Doctor, cut off the other leg."

Samuel J. Tilden.

This distressing catastrophe, which whelmed the country in grief many days, called forth Longfellow's poem, "The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face," ending with the stanza:

> Whose was the right and the wrong?
> Sing it, O funeral song,
> With a voice that is full of tears,
> And say that our broken faith
> Wrought all this ruin and scathe
> In the Year of a Hundred Years.

This poem mistakenly represents "Rain-in-the-Face" as having mutilated General Custer instead of his brother, the Captain. Also it is based on the "ambush" theory of the battle, which at first all shared. We now know, however, that Custer fought in the open, from high ground, not in a ravine. His surprise lay not in finding Indians before him, but in finding them so fatally numerous. Some of General Terry's friends charged Custer with transgressing his orders in fighting

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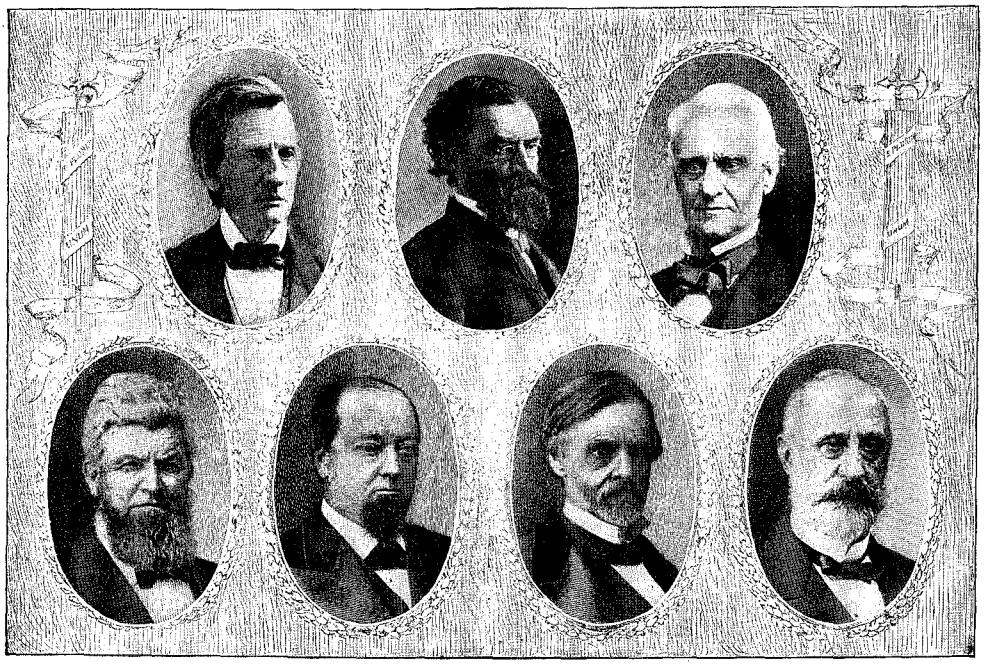

William M. Evarts, State. Carl Schurz, Interior. Richard W. Thompson, Navy.
David M. Key, Postmaster-Gen. George W. McCrary, War. John Sherman, Treasury. Charles Devens, Attorney-Gen.

President Hayes's Cabinet.

as he did. This has been disproved. But that he was somewhat careless, almost rash, in his preparations to attack, can hardly be questioned. Bravest of the brave, Custer was always anxious to fight, and, just now in ill-favor with President Grant, he was over-eager to make a record.

THE THIRD-TERM AGITATION

After the above recitals one is not surprised that, on April 6, 1876, over the signatures of William Cullen Bryant, Theodore D. Woolsey, Alexander H. Bullock, Horace White, and Carl Schurz, was issued a circular call for a conference of Republicans dissatisfied at the "wide-spread corruption" with which machine politics had infected our public service. The conference organized on May 15th, electing Theodore D. Woolsey for president, and for secretaries Henry Cabot Lodge, Francis A. Walker, Henry Armitt Brown, August Thierne, and Enos Clarke. A Committee on Business next reported "An Address to the American people," by which the assemblage, after recounting the threatening growth of official corruption hand in hand with the spoils system, invoked all good citizens to join them in a pledge to support no presidential aspirant not known "to possess the moral courage and sturdy resolution to grapple with abuses which have acquired the strength of established customs, and to this end firmly to resist the pressure even of his party friends."

In 1874 the *New York Herald* had started a cry that Grant would not be averse to breaking the canon set by Washington against a third presidential term. Democratic journals took up the refrain, and soon the land was vocal with the chorus of "Grantism," "Cæsarism," "Third-Termism!" So nervous did the din make Republicans, that in 1875 the Pennsylvania Republican Convention passed a resolution of unalterable "opposition to the election to the presidency of any per-

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son to a third term." Grant, who had thus far been almost alone in keeping silence, felt called to write a letter to the Chairman of the Convention. "Now for the third term," said he, "I do not want it any more than I did the first." Yet he remarked that the Constitution did not restrict a President to two terms, and that it might some time be unfortunate to dismiss one so soon. However, he would not accept a nomination unless "under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty—circumstances not likely to arise." This was too equivocal. The National House of Representatives therefore passed a resolution, 234 to 18, seventy Republicans voting for it:

"That in the opinion of this House the precedent established by Washington and other Presidents of the United States after their second term, has become, by universal concurrence, a part of our Republican system of government, and that any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions."

The issues, with a view to which, in 1876, the two great parties constructed their platforms, were mainly three: The "Southern question," specie resumption, and civil service reform. The Republican party endorsed its own civil rights and force legislation, but called for better administration. The Democracy had at last, to use J. Q. Adams's phrase, "sneaked up to its inevitable position." It reaffirmed its faith in the Union, and its devotion to the Constitution, with its amendments, universally accepted, as a final settlement of the controversy which engendered civil war. This was a re-emergence of Vallandigham's New Departure for the party. The Democratic platform rang with the cry of "Reform," which had been so effectual in New York State in the election of Tilden as Governor. The catalogue of shocking Republican scandals was gone over to prove the futility of attempting "reform within party lines." "President, Vice-President, Judges, Senators, Representatives, Cabinet Officers—these, and all others in authority, are the people's servants. Their offices are not a private perquisite; they are a public trust." This is the origin of an expression, since usually referred to President Cleveland, which bids fair to be immortal.

While the Republicans favored a "continuous and steady progress to specie payments," the hard-money men failed to get the Convention to endorse the Resumption Clause of the Act of 1875. The Democrats denounced that clause as a hindrance to resumption, but their Convention would not commit itself to a condemnation of the resumption policy. The Republicans favored a revenue tariff with incidental protection. The Democrats repudiated protection, and demanded "that all custom-house taxation should be only for revenue."

HAYES AND TILDEN NOMINATED

The Republican Convention met in Cincinnati on June 14th. "Third-termers" saw no hope for Grant. James G. Blaine was thought most likely to receive the nomination. His name was placed before the Convention by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, in one of the most eloquent addresses ever heard on such an occasion. Blaine was a brilliant parliamentarian, but his prospect was weakened by alleged questionable relations between him and certain "land-grant" railroads. Most of the Southern delegates were for Morton. Conkling, of New York, in addition to the potent support of his State, enjoyed the favor of the administration. The reform and anti-Grant delegates were enthusiastic for the gallant destroyer of the Whiskey Ring, ex-Secretary Bristow, of Kentucky. George William Curtis said that he asked Jewell, at the Attorney-General's table, whom the party—not the managers—would make the candidate, and that Jewell instantly answered, "Bristow." Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Ohio all appeared with favorite sons in their arms: Hartranft, Jewell, and Hayes, respectively. The names familiar enough to evoke cheers from one faction drew "curses not loud but deep" from other cliques. Upon the seventh ballot, therefore, the Convention united upon Governor Rutherford

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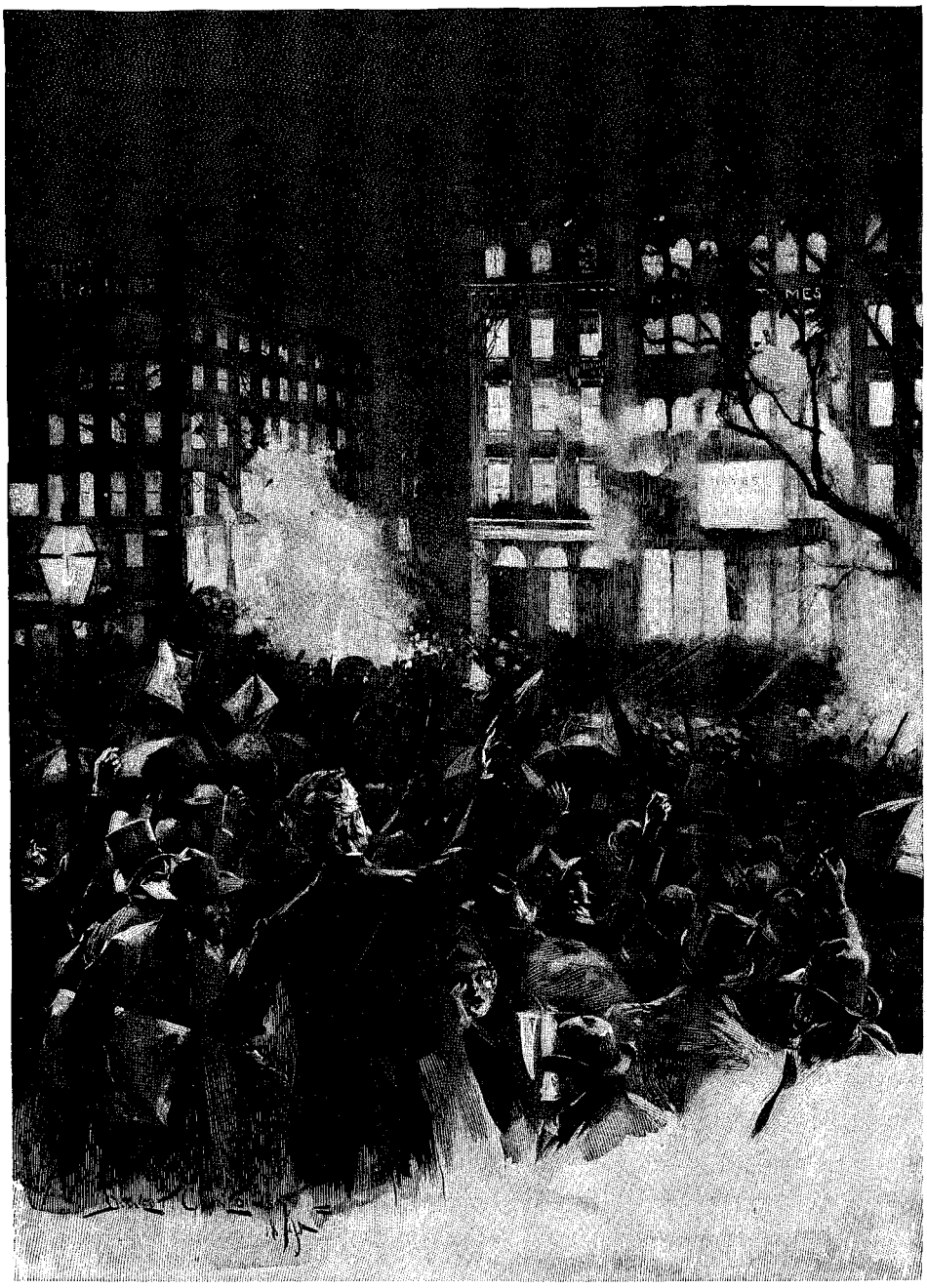

DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

The Crowd in Front of the Times Office on the Night of the Tilden-Hayes Election.

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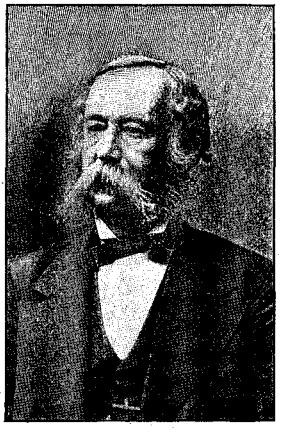
B. Hayes, of Ohio, a man who, though little known, awakened no antagonism and had no embarrassing past, while he had made a most creditable record both as a soldier and as the chief magistrate of his State.



Wade Hampton.

The Democratic Convention convened at St. Louis on June 28th, nominating Samuel J. Tilden on the second ballot. Tilden was born in New Lebanon, N. Y., Feb. 9, 1814. In 1845 he was elected to the New York Assembly; in 1846, and again in 1867, to the State Constitutional Convention. He was a keen lawyer. By his famous analysis of the Broadway Bank accounts during the prosecution of the Tammany Ring, he rendered invaluable services to the cause of reform. As Governor, in 1875, he waged relentless and triumphant war against the Canal Ring, "the country thieves," as they were called to distinguish them from Tweed and his coterie.

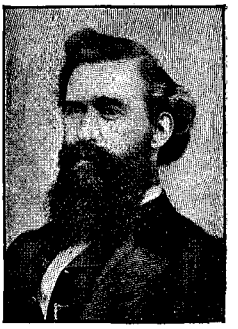
Francis T. Nichols.

In accepting the nomination Tilden reiterated his protests against "the magnificent and oppressive centralism into which our government was being converted." He also commended reform in the Civil Service, deprecating the notion that this service exists for office-holders, and bewailing the organization of the official class into a body of political mercenaries. Hayes's letter emphasized Civil Service reform even more strongly. He pressed home the evils of the spoils system, and pledged himself, if elected, to employ all the constitutional powers vested in the Executive to secure reform, returning to the "old rule, the true rule, that honesty, capacity, and fidelity constitute the only real qualifications for office." Both candidates wished the Executive to be relieved of the temptation to use patronage for his own re-election. Mr. Hayes made "the noble pledge" that in no case would he be a candidate again. Mr. Tilden disparaged self-imposed restrictions, but recommended that the chief magistrate be constitutionally disqualified for re-election.

Hayes's ambiguity touching the Southern question gave hope that, even if the Republicans succeeded, a milder Southern policy would be introduced. Tilden, while crying out against the insupportable misgovernment imposed upon reconstructed States, frankly accepted the Democrats' new departure. Before the end of the canvass he published a pledge that, if elected, he would enforce the constitutional amendments and resist Southern claims.

The campaign was tame. The fact that both candidates were of blameless character muffled partisan eloquence. Great efforts were made to discredit Tilden for connection with certain railroad enterprises, and he was sued for an income tax alleged to be due. Retorting, the Democrats sneered at Hayes as an "obscure" man, and roundly denounced the extortion practised upon office-holders under Secretary Chandler's eye. This chatter amounted to little. All signs pointed to a close election.

So early as May 28, 1874, Mr. Morton had proposed in the Senate an amendment to the Constitution making the President eligible by the people directly. The proposal was committed, and, the next January 20th, debated. Each State was to have as many presidential as congressional districts. The presidential candidate successful in



S. B. Packard.

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any district would receive therefrom one presidential vote, while two special presidential votes would fall to the candidate receiving the greatest number of district votes in the State.

In reviewing the need of some such change Morton spoke like a prophet. "No State," he declared, "has provided any method of contesting the election of electors. Though this election may be distinguished by fraud, notorious fraud, by violence, by tumult, yet there is no method of contesting it." Again, "It seems never to have occurred to the members of the Convention that there could be two sets of electors; it seems never to have occurred to them that there would be fraud and corruption, or any reason why the votes of electors should be set aside. It is clearly a *casus omissus*, a thing overlooked by the framers of the Constitution." The subject was, however, laid aside, and never taken up again till the dangers which Morton had so faithfully foretold were actually shaking the pillars of our government.

Morton also sought to amend and render of service the twenty-second joint rule, the substance of which was that in counting the electoral votes no question should be decided affirmatively, and no vote objected to be counted, "except by the concurrent votes of the two houses." This rule had been passed in 1865, being meant to enable the radicals to reject electoral votes from Mr. Lincoln's "ten per cent. States," viz., those reconstructed on the presidential plan. Morton proposed to modify this rule so that no vote could be *rejected* save by concurrent vote of the two houses. A bill providing for such change passed the Senate, six Republicans opposing. It was never taken up in the House. Morton introduced the bill again in the next Congress, only to see it killed by delays.

The election of 1876 passed off quietly, troops being stationed at the polls in turbulent quarters. "The result was doubtful up to the day of election; it was doubtful after the election was over, and to this day the question, Was Tilden or Hayes duly elected? is an open one. The first reports received in New York were so decidedly in favor of the Democratic ticket that the leading Republican journals admitted its success." The *Times* alone stood out, persistently declaring that Hayes was elected, which caused intense excitement among the huge crowd gathered in the square fronting the *Times* office. "The next day different reports were received, and both sides claimed the victory. . . . My own opinion at the time was, and still is, that if the distinguished Northern men who visited those States had stayed at home, and there had been no outside pressure upon the returning boards, their certificates would have been in favor of the Democratic electors. This opinion was confirmed by a remark of the President of the Union Telegraph Company at the annual meeting of the Union League Club of New York, in 1878. In a conversation which I had with him I happened to speak of the election of Mr. Hayes, when he interrupted me by saying: 'But he was not elected.' 'If he was not, the emanations of your office failed to show it,' I replied. 'Oh, yes,' he rejoined; 'but that was because the examiners did not know where to look.' . . . 'Mr. Tilden,' said a prominent Republican to me, a year or two ago, 'Mr. Tilden was, I suppose, legally elected, but not fairly;' and this was doubtless the conclusion of a great many other Republicans." *

Pending the meeting of the State electoral colleges, some of Tilden's warmest supporters undertook negotiations to secure for him one or more electoral votes from South Carolina or Florida. As their apologists put it, "they seem to have feared that the corrupt canvassers would declare" those States for Hayes, "and being convinced that the popular vote had been cast for Tilden, to have been willing to submit to the payment of moneys which they were informed some of the canvassers demanded by way of blackmail." One Hardy Solomon, pretending to represent the South Carolina Canvassing Board, came to Baltimore expecting to receive $60,000 or $80,000 in this interest; but, upon applying to Mr. Tilden for

* Hugh McCulloch: Men and Measures of Half a Century.

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the sum, he was peremptorily refused. These negotiations were authorized neither by Mr. Tilden, who, under oath, denied all knowledge of them, nor by the Democratic National Committee. The Republican members of the Clarkson investigating committee thought them traceable to Tilden's secretary, Colonel Pelton, with Smith M. Weed and Manton Marble; but the responsibility for them was never really fixed upon anyone. The despatches went back and forth in cipher. Under a subpœna from the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, the Western Union Telegraph Company delivered them to that Committee, and on January 25, 1877, they were locked in a trunk in its room. When this trunk was returned to New York City on the following March 13th, it was discovered that a large number of the cipher despatches had been abstracted. Of those missing, some seven hundred were, in May, 1878, in possession of G. E. Bullock, messenger of the committee last named. Part of these subsequently found their way into the office of the New York *Tribune*, where they were translated and published, causing much excitement and comment. There is some evidence that Republican cipher despatches no less compromising than these and for the same purpose, had been filched from the trunk and destroyed.

"I DON'T KNOW."

1900!

A Ku-Klux Notice Posted Up in Mississippi During the Election of 1876.

Tilden carried New York, New Jersey, Indiana, and Connecticut. With a solid South he had won the day. But the returning boards of Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina, throwing out the votes of several Democratic districts on the ground of fraud or intimidation, decided that those States had gone Republican, giving Hayes a majority of one in the electoral college. The Democrats raised the cry of fraud. Threats were muttered that Hayes would never be inaugurated. Excitement thrilled the country. Grant strengthened the military force in and about Washington. However, the people looked to Congress for a peaceful solution, and not in vain.

The Constitution provides that the "President of the Senate shall, in presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the (electoral) certificates, and the votes shall then be counted." Attending to the most obvious meaning of these words, certain Republicans held that the power to count the votes lay with the President of the Senate, the House and Senate being mere spectators. The Democrats objected to this construction, since Mr. Ferry, the Republican President of the Senate, could then count the votes of the disputed States for Hayes, and was practically certain to do so.

The twenty-second joint rule had, when passed, been attacked as grossly unconstitutional. Many Republicans now admitted that it was so, and the Senate, since the House was Democratic, voted to rescind it. As it stood, electoral certificates were liable to be thrown out on the most frivolous objections, as that of Arkansas had once been, because it bore the wrong seal. But now the Democrats insisted that Congress should enforce this old rule. That done, the House, throwing out the vote of one State, would elect Tilden.

THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION

Only a compromise could break the deadlock. A joint committee reported the famous Electoral Commission Bill, which passed House and Senate by large majorities. One hundred and eighty-six Democrats voted for it and eighteen against, while the Republican vote stood fifty-two for, seventy-five against. With regard to single returns the bill reversed the Rule of 1865, suffering none to be rejected save by concurrent action of the two houses. Double or multiple returns were, in cases of dispute, to be referred to a commission of five Senators, five Representatives, and five Justices of the United States Supreme Court, the fifth justice being selected by the four appointed in the bill. Previous to this

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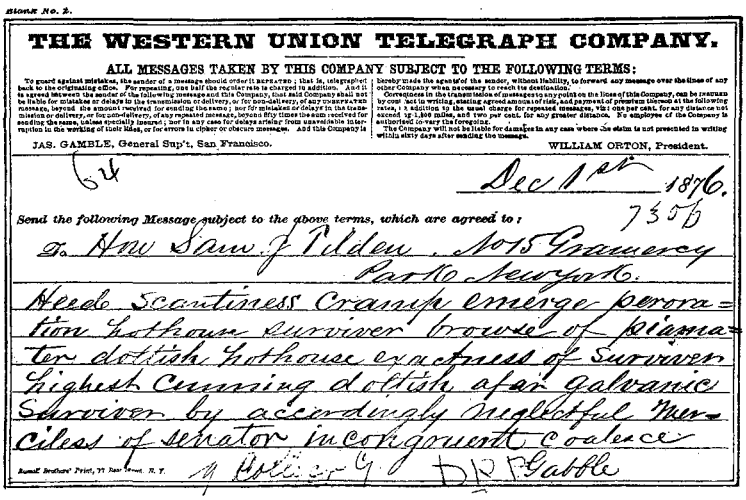
choice the Commission contained seven Democrats and seven Republicans. The five Senators on the Commission were George F. Edmunds, Oliver P. Morton, Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, Republicans; and Allan G. Thurman and Thomas F. Bayard, Democrats. The members of the House were Henry B. Payne, Eppa Hanton, and Josiah G. Abbott, Democrats; and James A. Garfield and George F. Hoar, Republicans. Four Justices of the Supreme Court were designated in the Act by the circuits to which they belonged. These were Nathan Clifford and Stephen J. Field, Democrats, and William Strong and Samuel F. Miller, Republicans. These four Justices were by the Act to select the fifth. It was expected that the fifth Justice would be Hon. David Davis, of Illinois, a neutral with Democratic leanings, who had been a warm friend of President Lincoln's, but an opponent of Grant. Mr. Davis's unexpected election as Senator from his State made Justice Bradley the decisive umpire.

The Commission met on the last day of January, 1877. The cases of Florida, Louisiana, Oregon, and South Carolina were in succession submitted to it, eminent counsel appearing for each side. There were double or multiple sets of returns from each State named. Three returns from Florida were passed in. One contained four votes for Hayes, certified by the late Republican Governor, Stearns. One return gave four votes for Tilden, bearing the certificate of the Attorney-General, a member of the returning board. Third was the same return reinforced with the certificate of the new Democratic Governor, Drew, under a State law passed a few days before, directing a re-canvass of the votes. Democratic counsel urged that the first return should be rejected, as the result of fraud and conspiracy by the returning board, whose action the State Supreme Court had held to be *ultra vires* and illegal.

In Baker County, which was decisive of the result in Florida, the canvassers were the county judge, the county clerk, and a justice of the peace to be called in by them. The judge refusing to join the clerk in the canvass, the latter summoned a justice and with him made the canvass, which all admitted to be a true one. The same night the judge called in the sheriff and another justice, and together they surreptitiously entered the clerk's office, lit it up, and took out the returns from a drawer in his desk. There



FORM No. 2.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

ALL MESSAGES TAKEN BY THIS COMPANY SUBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING TERMS:

To guard against mistakes, the sender of a message should order it REPEATED; that is, telegraphed back to the originating office. For repeating, one half the regular rate is charged in addition. And it is agreed between the sender of the following message and this Company, that said Company shall not be liable for mistakes or delays in the transmission or delivery, or for non-delivery, of any UNREPEATED message, beyond the amount received for sending the same; nor for mistakes or delays in the transmission or delivery, or for non-delivery, of any repeated message, beyond fifty times the sum received for sending the same, unless specially insured; nor in any case for delays arising from unavoidable interruption in the working of their lines, or for errors in cipher or obscure messages. And this Company is hereby made the agent of the sender, without liability, to forward any message over the lines of any other Company when necessary to reach its destination.

Corrections in the transmission of messages by public or the lines of this Company, can be insured by contract in writing, stating agreed amount of risk, and payment of premium thereof at the following rates, in addition to the usual charge for repeated messages, viz: One per cent. for any distance not exceeding 1,000 miles; two per cent. for any greater distance. No employee of the Company is authorized to vary this foregoing notice.

The Company will not be liable for damages in any case where the claim is not presented in writing within sixty days after sending the message.

JAS. GAMBLE, General Sup't, San Francisco. WILLIAM ORTON, President.

64

Dec 1st 1876.

7306

Send the following Message, subject to the above terms, which are agreed to:

To Hon Saml J Tilden No 15 Gramercy Park New York.

Hereds Scantiness Cramp emerge perora= tion Fothoun Survivor Bowie of piama= ter dottish Fothouse exactness of Survivor highest Cunning dottish afair galvanic Survivor by accordingly Mugleetful Mur= Ciless of senator in cohgruent Coalesce

Russell Brothers' Print, 77 Nassau Street, N. Y.

A Hole in 4 DR Gable

"I shall decide every point in the case of post-office elector in favor of the highest democratic elector, and grant the certificate accordingly on morning of the 6th inst. Confidential."—CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

One of the "Cipher Despatches," sent During the Election Deadlock, with Translation, as Put in Evidence Before the Congressional Committee.

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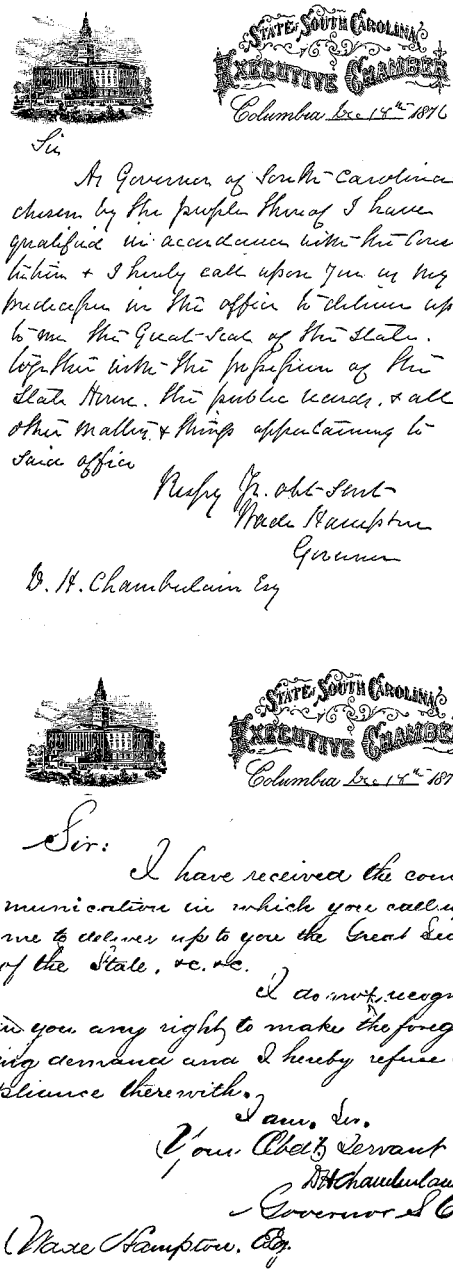
were only four precincts in the county, and of the four returns from these, confessedly without the slightest evidence of fraud or intimidation, they threw out two. The other two they certified.

The Republican counsel maintained that the issue was not which set of Florida electors received an actual majority, but which had received the legal sanction of State authority; in short, that the business of the Commission was not to go behind the returns, which, they argued, would be physically, legally, and constitutionally impossible. This view the Commission espoused, which sufficed to decide not only the case of Florida, but also that of Louisiana, whence came three sets of certificates, and that of South Carolina, whence came two. The first and third Louisiana returns were duplicates, signed by Governor Kellogg, in favor of the Hayes electors. The second was certified by McEnery, who claimed to be Governor, and was based not upon the return as made by the board, but upon the popular vote. The return of the Tilden electors in South Carolina was not certified. They claimed to have been counted out by the State board in defiance of the State Supreme Court and of the popular will.

In Oregon the Democratic Governor declared one of the Hayes electors ineligible because an office-holder, giving a certificate to Cronin, the highest Tilden elector, instead. The other two Hayes electors refused to recognize Cronin, and, associating with them the rejected Republican elector, presented a certificate signed by the Secretary of State. Cronin, as the Republican papers had it, "flocked all by himself," appointed two new electors to act with him, and cast his vote for Tilden, though his associates voted for Hayes. The Cronin certificate was signed by the Governor and attested by the Secretary of State.

After deciding not to go behind any returns that were formerly lawful, the Commission, by a strict party vote of eight to seven, decided for the Hayes electors in every case. Whether the result would have been different if Jus-


STATE SOUTH CAROLINA
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
Columbia Dec 14th 1876
Sir
As Governor of South Carolina chosen by the people thereof I have qualified in accordance with the Constitution & I hereby call upon you as my predecessor in the office to deliver up to me the Great Seal of the State. together with the possession of the State House. the public records, & all other matters & things appertaining to said office
Respy Yr. obt Servt
Wade Hampton
Governor
D. H. Chamberlain Esq
STATE SOUTH CAROLINA
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
Columbia Dec 14th 1876
Sir: I have received the communication in which you call upon me to deliver up to you the Great Seal of the State, &c. &c.
I do not recognize in you any right to make the foregoing demand and I hereby refuse compliance therewith.
I am, Sir,
Your Obdt Servant
D. H. Chamberlain
Governor &c.
Wade Hampton, Esq.

An Incident of the State Election of 1876 in South Carolina, when both Hampton and Chamberlain claimed to have been elected Governor.

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tice Davis had been the fifth justice in the Commission, is a question that must always remain open. By no utterance of Mr. Davis was there ever an indication of what his action would have been, but he had a high opinion of Mr. Tilden, and his political sympathies were known by his intimate friends to have been on the side of the Democrats. On March 2d the Commission adjourned. The same day, "the counting of the votes having been concluded, Senator William B. Allison, one of the tellers on the part of the Senate, in the presence of both Houses of Congress, announced, as a result of the footings, that Rutherford B. Hayes had received 185 votes for President, and William A. Wheeler 185 votes for Vice-President; and thereupon the presiding officer of the Convention of the two Houses declared Rutherford B. Hayes to have been elected President, and William A. Wheeler Vice-President of the United States for four years from the 4th day of March, 1877." Hayes was inaugurated without disturbance. For this outcome, owing to the decisive position which he held on the Commission, Mr. Justice Bradley was made to bear wholly unmerited censure. Vicious State laws were to blame for giving judicial powers to partisan returning boards, and otherwise opening the door to confusion and fraud; but Congress was the worst sinner, failing to pass a law to forestall the difficulty of rival certificates.

The Commission having decided, the whole country heaved a sigh of relief; but all agreed that provision must be made against such peril in the future. An Electoral Count Bill was passed late in 1886, and signed by the President, February 3, 1887. It aims to throw upon each State, so far as possible, the responsibility of determining its own vote. The President of the Senate opens the electoral certificates in the presence of both houses, and hands them to tellers, two from each House, who read them aloud and record the votes. If there is no dispute touching the list of electors from a State, such list, being certified in due form, is accepted as a matter of course. In case of dispute, the procedure is as follows: If but one set of returns appears and it is authenticated by a State electoral tribunal legally qualified to settle the dispute, such returns are conclusive. If there are two or more sets of returns, the set approved by the State tribunal is accepted. If there are two rival tribunals, the vote of the State must be thrown out, unless both Houses of Congress, acting separately, agree upon the lawfulness of one tribunal or the other. If there has been no decision by a tribunal, those votes upon which both Houses, acting separately, agree, are counted.

HAYES'S ADMINISTRATION

True to his avowed principles, President Hayes made up his Cabinet of the ablest men, disregarding party so far as to select for Postmaster-General a Democrat, David M. Key, of Tennessee. William M. Evarts was Secretary of State; John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury; Carl Schurz, Secretary of the Interior. The first important act of his administration was to invite the rival governors of South Carolina, Hampton and Chamberlain, to a conference at Washington. It will be remembered that when Chamberlain became Governor his integrity awakened the hate of his old supporters, while his former antagonists smothered him with embraces. The hate was more enduring than the adoration. Good government was restored, but this was purely an executive reform, howled at by the vulgar majority. Race antipathy still rankled, for Governor Chamberlain would not yield an inch as a defender of the negro's political and civil rights. The Democratic successes of 1874 inspired the Democrats in the State with the wildest zeal. Wade Hampton, "the Murat of the Confederacy," dashing, fervid, eloquent, the Confederate veterans' idol, was nominated for governor. The party which elected Chamberlain was forced to renominate him. The pressure of official patronage was used to this end, and it was known that he alone among Republicans could preserve the State from a reign of terror.

The whites rallied to Hampton with

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delirious enthusiasm, crying "South Carolina for South Carolinians!" White rifle clubs were organized but disbanded by the Governor, who called in United States troops to preserve order. Though in the white counties the negroes were cowed, elsewhere they displayed fanatical activity. If the white could shoot, the black could set fire to property. Thus crime and race hostility increased once more to an appalling extent. The Hamburg massacre, where helpless negro prisoners were murdered, was offset by the Charleston riot, where black savages shot or beat every white man who appeared on the streets. The course of events in Louisiana had been similar, though marked by less violence. Nichols was the Democratic aspirant, and the notorious S. B. Packard the Republican. Even President Grant had now changed his view of the Southern situation, stating frankly "that he did not believe public opinion would longer support the maintenance of State governments in Louisiana by the use of the military, and that he must concur in this manifest feeling."

President Hayes withdrew federal support from the South Carolina and Louisiana governments, and they at once fell. Many Republicans fiercely criticised this policy. Some said that by failing to support the governments based upon the canvass of the very returning boards that gave him the electoral delegations in the two States named, he impeached his own title. This was untrue. With regard to State officers, the judicial powers of the returning boards were clearly usurpations, contrary to the State constitutions, while, as to federal officers, such as electors, the power of the boards to modify or reject returns was independent of the State constitutions, yet not forbidden by any federal law.

In 1877 George William Curtis supported, in the New York State Republican Convention, a resolution commending Hayes's administration, and especially his course with regard to the civil service. This aroused Conkling to make a fierce personal attack upon him. Writes Curtis: "It was the saddest sight I ever knew, that man glaring at me in a fury of hate and storming out his foolish blackguardism. It was all pity. I had not thought him great, but I had not suspected how small he was. His friends, the best, were confounded. One of them said to me next day, 'It was not amazement that I felt, but consternation.' Conkling's speech was carefully written out, and therefore you do not get all the venom, and no one can imagine the Mephistophelian leer and spite."

Partly the mode of his accession to office, and partly the rage of selfish placemen who could no longer have their way, made it fashionable for a time to speak of President Hayes as a "weak man." This was an entire error. His administration was every way one of the most creditable in all our history. He had a resolute will, irreproachable integrity, and a comprehensive and remarkably healthy view of public affairs. Moreover, he was free from that "last infirmity," the consuming ambition which has snared so many able statesmen. He voluntarily banished the alluring prospect of a second term, and rose above all jealousy of his distinguished associates. Never have our foreign affairs been more ably handled than by his State Secretary. His Secretary of the Treasury triumphantly steered our bark into the safe harbor of resumption, breakers roaring this side and that, near at hand. That Hayes was such men's real and not their mere nominal chief, in naught dims their fame, though heightening his. President Hayes's veto, in 1878, of the original Bland Bill, for the free coinage of silver by the United States alone, though vain, reflects on him the utmost credit.

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"THE GENTLEMAN FROM HURON"

By George A. Hibbard

THE man who was reading the list came at length to the H's.

"Haas," he said.

"Doubtful," observed one of those seated about the table in the small hotel "parlor."

"Hackett," he continued.

"No use," commented the person who had spoken before.

"Haggerty."

"No use," repeated the other, gloomily.

"Hartley," went on the reader.

There was a loud roar of laughter.

"Well," said the man who held the list, lowering it a little and looking over his glasses, "what's the matter with him?"

"He's all right," said another, who had not spoken.

"You—ah—do not think, Dorsey," continued, with some preciseness, the man who had read the names, "that you will experience any difficulty in that direction?"

Dorsey, a younger man than the rest, all of whom could have given an accurate account of the doings of any State Convention anywhere within twenty-five years, looked up with a slight smile.

"No, Mr. Rauceby," he said, again laughing outright, "I don't think I shall."

"You know the man," pursued Rauceby. "Very singular, but I don't."

"Come," exclaimed another, "you remember 'Conscience' Hartley?"

"No, I don't," said Rauceby.

"Don't you remember—it may have been five years ago—when there was some little thing to be done in Tappan County, and a fellow was sent to see the County Clerk. I don't recollect exactly what was wanted, but it was something rather important, and the Company was willing to pay a good price. Well, our fellow went down and found his man. From what he said he must have talked to him pretty much all the morning, showing him what were the points, and why it would be the best for the community. He fairly talked himself out, the other saying nothing at all, and at last he came to a dead stand-still. He was a little doubtful about speaking more directly and didn't know what to do, so he sat there staring at the man before him. Then the other said, just quietly and gently, 'But I have a conscience.' That settled it. Our fellow knew where he was then. He offered first one sum and then another, until he'd got to the end of his limit; then he went out and telegraphed, 'He has a conscience.' Of course his despatch was understood, and as the matter really was important he was given free hand. In the afternoon our man went back and saw the clerk and raised on him. 'Do you think,' he asked, as he suggested the figure, 'that this is about what you're conscience demands?' The other man hesitated a moment, then he spoke up quick, 'Well, I guess that's about the size of it.' But I can tell you that 'conscience' cost the Company a pretty penny, and that man was Hartley. It's for this reason he's gone by the name of 'Conscience' Hartley among a lot of us ever since."

"I knew him," said Dorsey; "I came from Tappan County, and we went to school together. Afterward, when I began to practise law, I had one or two dealings with him. It was universally conceded that he was perfectly unscrupulous, and when there was any dirty work to be done, he was always the man chosen to do it. At first I was almost sorry for him, for he never had anything to help him, and a good deal by inheritance against him—his people weren't much—and he was as ambitious as the devil. But at last he got too bad. Some of the things he did made one sick, and I hadn't been speaking to him for some time before I left."

"Don't you think," suggested Rauceby, doubtfully, "that perhaps this—early misunderstanding may make some

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difficulty? Perhaps he'd better be seen by someone else."

"Oh," exclaimed Dorsey, contemptuously, "a little thing like a man's not speaking to him doesn't make any difference with 'Conscience' Hartley."

"You say,' continued Rauceby, "that he is your contemporary. He must be a youngish man."

"Yes," answered Dorsey; "he isn't old. If anything, he's a little younger than I am—and he wasn't a bad-looking devil, with his clean-shaved, pale, thin, eager face."

"Hum," coughed Rauceby. "You knew him in Tappan, and he is now a member from Huron County."

"He had to leave Tappan shortly after he'd got through his term as clerk," explained Dorsey. "There was even something shady about the way he got in, and he went out with a reputation that finished him. Nothing was ever brought home to him—he was too clever for that—but people began to be very shy. Besides, he became very careless in his habits——"

"Drank?" said Rauceby, briefly.

"Yes," said Dorsey; "and so he went off to Huron, married there, and has evidently got himself elected."

"You'll see him, then, at once," pursued Rauceby, picking up the list which he had momentarily laid aside.

"To-morrow morning," replied Dorsey.

"It would seem that we could count on him?" commented the other.

"Yes," said Dorsey, with a light laugh, "I don't think that I shall have very much trouble with the 'Gentleman from Huron.'"

A bright, hard, winter sunlight fell on the snow-sprinkled earth as Dorsey, at about ten o'clock on the following day, made his way up the steep Albany street. He did not walk very briskly, indeed his feet dragged even laggingly, and there was a slight frown of displeasure on his brow. He knew that his heart was not in the work upon which he was engaged, and he could not disguise from himself that there was a feeling lying hidden away somewhere that made him irritable and uncomfortable. It really availed but little to recall the cynical conclusions at which he had arrived after a somewhat extended experience with the ways of men. He did not like what he was doing at all. In all other affairs of a like sort there had been a greater remoteness. Things might have been done that were not altogether defensible, but he had not been the one who had directly done them, and they had not appeared so blameworthy in their shadowy detachment. Now he was acting himself, and the facts of the case lay directly before him with a raw crudeness not to be escaped. It was then that he suddenly experienced a sensation of relief in remembering that he was going to meet Hartley. "Conscience" Hartley would receive such a proposition as a matter of course; the business could soon be settled, and then he could quickly forget the whole affair. It was not as if he had to deal with a person who might have scruples that it would be necessary that he should overcome. He could ask Hartley what he would take, as he might ask a man what he would take for a piece of land, and that would be all there would be of it. He found a substantial comfort in this reflection, and the thought of the man now led him to think of the boy he had known in the past. He remembered him scorned at school because of histories as to his parentage—histories known even to himself and to the other urchins. Indeed then and always it had come to be a sort of understood thing that Hartley should be despised, and Dorsey had always taken the attitude of the rest of the world, without much questioning, as he accepted always everything else that the world was prepared to accept. He had been very far away from Hartley in those days in the county town of Tappan County, and very far above him in position even then, when he had not yet become the successful promoter of many a big scheme in the big city. He had always felt that he had the right to scorn the other, and had done so, casting him aside carelessly when the little standing that the other had was gone. To be sure he had never had much to do with him—but here a disturbing thought suddenly came to Dorsey. Was he as far away from Hartley now as he had been then?

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Now he was engaged to meet him in the same business—and the position of the one who gave the bribe was not so very much better after all than the position held by him who received it. Dorsey was still young and not quite hardened, and the idea was very bitter. He hated the man he was about to see; he hated the idea of the meeting that was about to take place, and it was with a very disturbed mind and in a very bad temper that he entered the hotel where he expected to find Hartley.

As Dorsey passed through the wide doorway it occurred to him as surprising that he should be going to that particular place. The hotel was quite the best in the city, and that Hartley was there was something little to be expected. A boarding-house on a side street would seem a much more likely abode, and it was with a feeling that there was some mistake that Dorsey spoke to the clerk in the marble office. It seemed all right, however, for the man called "Front" without question, and sent off Dorsey's card by the "hall-boy," who sprang forward quite as if the sending up of cards to "Forty-seven" was a very frequent occurrence.

Dorsey walked about the tessellated floor wondering vaguely. He was not, however, obliged to wait long, for the "boy," quickly returning, announced that "Mr. Hartley" would see him. Nor did Dorsey have far to go, for his guide, ascending a flight of broad steps, shortly paused at a door on the second floor, knocked, and immediately entered.

The room into which Dorsey was thus ushered was a large hotel "parlor," across which the winter sunshine was streaming brightly. A fire burned briskly in the grate, and on the table was a bunch of flowers. On the mantel stood a number of photographs in pretty frames; on a chair were some books and papers, and over the back of a divan was a woman's wrap. If Dorsey had been surprised before, he was fairly astounded as he stepped across the dull-hued rug thrown over the more glaring hotel carpet. A man seated at a large table with his back to the light rose speedily as Dorsey advanced. The face was in such deep shadow that he could not be sure if it were indeed Hartley, and Dorsey paused, hesitating slightly.

"I believe you want to see me," said the occupant of the room.

Though he had not heard the voice for a long time, Dorsey recognized at once the unmistakable nervous intonation.

"Yes—Hartley." He felt a sudden impulse to say "Mr. Hartley," but he checked himself in very shame, and endeavored to start the interview upon a basis of mutual understanding and rough good-fellowship.

"It's some time since we met." And Dorsey held out a hand which the other took lamely. "I don't think we've forgotten one another."

"No," said Hartley, slowly; "I remember you very well, Mr. Dorsey—but, as you say, it's some time since we met."

"Time enough," continued the other, heartily, "for us to change a good deal—get over a good deal of nonsense that was in us when we were young——"

Hartley nodded, and although nothing was said more explicitly, it was understood that Dorsey had tacitly apologized for the past.

It was manifestly indicative of the moral plane on which Hartley had always lived that he accepted the whole matter as so absolutely natural, and unquestionably felt neither anger nor surprise.

"So they've sent you up here," said Dorsey, "but on the other side, I understand, from what you used to be."

"I've seen the error of my ways," said Hartley.

Both men laughed mirthlessly and recklessly, for although Hartley's speech was innocent enough there was something in his tone that was harshly scoffing.

"There are always two sides to every question," continued Dorsey, "and I've come to see you because I want to talk to you about one particular side of one."

"You're up here in the interest of the old concern," said Hartley.

"Yes," replied the other, "although we don't say much about it. There's a new matter, and the truth is I want you to help give it a lift."

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"I think it comes up to-morrow," observed Hartley, thoughtfully.

"Yes," Dorsey answered. "We've been pushing it on; want to get the bill up to the Senate before the close of the session."

"I know about it," said Hartley, slowly nodding.

"That's all right, then," exclaimed the other, seating himself and placing his hand on Hartley's knee. "Now we —you and I—we don't have to waste our time with much nonsense, and we'll just put this through. You know me, and I know you——"

"You knew me," corrected Hartley.

"What do you mean?" asked Dorsey, looking up in surprise.

"Didn't I tell you I've seen the error of my ways?"

"Oh, come," laughed Dorsey, "what are you talking about?"

It was for his interest to carry on the conversation as if there were some secret understanding, some freemasonry of trickery that united them, and he was doing his best to maintain the fiction by a rude and coarse pleasantry.

"You think I don't mean it——"

"I think I can convince you as to the side you want to take in the business," said Dorsey, still laughing boisterously.

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed Hartley, rising.

He went to the door that led to the next room, opened it slightly and glanced in. As if reassured, he threw it farther back and took a more comprehensive view; evidently satisfied, he closed the door carefully, and returned to the table, near which he again sat down.

"I wanted to be sure there wasn't anyone there."

Dorsey nodded.

"I can talk freely now?" he asked.

"Yes," said Hartley, almost with a sigh of relief, "and so can I."

"This thing is very well worth our while and we are willing to make it worth your while, too," resumed Dorsey. "That's the long and the short of it, and if we talked a week that's what it would be in the end."

"As I understand," said Hartley, "you want to pay me—bribe me to vote for this measure of yours."

"We don't usually put it that way," replied the other man, with a nervous laugh; "but if you haven't got any objection to such directness, we haven't. In fact, I suppose that's about what it is."

"That's very much what it is," said Hartley, in a tone that caused Dorsey to glance up at him in surprise. "Dorsey," he continued, "as you say, we've known each other for a long time."

"Well," said Dorsey, as the other paused.

"That's the reason," pursued Hartley, "that I let you come up here. Do you suppose that I have forgotten?" He looked squarely at the other. "There was a time when you refused to speak to me—when you passed me in the public street without a word."

"I know," said Dorsey. "I was young and — had ideas that the world has knocked out of me. I set myself up then for being better than others. It's only as we grow older that we learn that mighty few of us can afford to do that."

"You thought and announced publicly that I was a person of no principle, of no honor—and—well, you may imagine that it is some satisfaction to have you come to me on such an errand."

"I didn't expect you were going to take it this way, Hiram," said Dorsey. "But I suppose it's natural. You want your little revenge," and again he laughed nervously. "It's the way of the world."

"I won't deny it," said Hartley, rising and pacing the room. "I think we're even now, but I'd have gladly given up this revenge, as you call it, not to have you come to me at this time."

He was silent for a moment and then went on:

"If you were a stranger I shouldn't talk to you, but — we went to school together," Hartley resumed. "I tell you frankly that I need money—nothing crooked, you know—but I've borrowed and speculated and lost. This offer of yours is a temptation, and if I don't accept it I don't know where to turn."

"Well," said Dorsey, phlegmatically.

"And yet I can't do it!" cried Hartley, going to the window, and for a mo-

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ment absently gazing down into the busy street. "Good God, I can't do it!"

Dorsey allowed his very real surprise to show in his usually impassive face.

"Why, Hiram," he said, with perfect sincerity, "what's making you so particular at this late day?"

"It is a late day," admitted the man. "I know it, and the knowledge that you have the right to say that to me makes me want to strangle you—or shoot myself."

Tossing up his head he laughed again, shortly and sharply.

"I thought I'd passed the danger—that the necessity would never come again. But it's as bad almost as it ever was." He turned fiercely on Dorsey—"Why did you come here?"

"It seems," said Dorsey, coolly, "to save you from something."

"It's nothing so very much," Hartley went on. "Only the need of money. Only the knowledge that without it there will be trouble, perhaps even want for myself—and another. A little would carry me through—what you would probably give would more than set all right."

"Then why not accept and not think any more about it?"

"I tell you I can't!" cried Hartley.

"You would——" began his companion.

"I should have done it. You're right. I'd have done it and never thought. But why should I have done it? Because I did not know any better, because I was lost anyway, because in one sense there was no reason why I should do any better."

"And there is a reason now?" asked Dorsey, with a vague interest.

"There *is*," replied Hartley. "There is something that has made all different—for it has made me different; that has put me where I am; that has made me what I am."

"Yes?" said Dorsey, his curiosity really aroused.

Hartley sank into a chair placed near the blazing grate, and let his head rest on his hand.

"Dorsey," he said, "I'm a wretched man—a cursedly wretched man. Fate's been against me. I thought I had pulled through all right, and now I'm deeper in the mire than ever. Fate has made what so far has been my salvation—a temptation. That's the worst of having once been out of the straight path; it comes so easy the next time. I suppose another man, who had never gone wrong, would have prejudices, principles against soiling his hands; but with me it's only too natural. It's the other thing that's the effort. And when I think of what I've done for nothing, for mere selfishness, it almost seems a duty to do this thing now."

Dorsey, seeing that Hartley expected some response, nodded his head, but did not speak.

"There's no escape," groaned the tortured man. "There's no other way."

Dorsey remained silent.

"If it must be," Hartley said at length, "what is it you want?"

"Simply," said Dorsey, "that you should vote for our measure. You say you know about it, and—and it will be worth your while."

"How much?" asked Hartley, coldly, steadily, rigidly.

"How much did you say you were behind?" asked Dorsey.

Hartley drew a scrap of paper toward him, tore off a strip, scrawled some figures upon it, and handed it to the other. Dorsey, adjusting his eye-glasses, glanced at it quickly.

"Yes," he said, "though it's rather more—still there will be no difficulty. I can promise you, I believe, that there will be no difficulty."

There was a certain dogged weariness in the way that both men spoke that was very noticeable, although both were clearly unaware of it. When Dorsey had finished, the two sat in gloomy absorption, each ignoring the other and evidently following out a particular train of thought. Before either, however, had noticed the awkwardness of such a silence, the door which Hartley had closed so carefully was slowly opened.

"May I come in?" said a gentle, woman's voice, and a young woman's head was thrust into the room and a young woman's alert, bright eyes glanced about the place. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "you are not alone."

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"Come in, Maggie," called Hartley. "It's all right."

"I've been out," she said, wholly emerging from her place of concealment and swiftly advancing, "and I did not know anyone was here."

"It's only—" Hartley visibly hesitated and finally hurried on, "an old friend of mine—an old school-fellow."

The girl—for she was hardly more, although in her evident desire to maintain the dignity of wifehood she had dressed herself prettily in a manner that would have been proper for one of far greater years—beamed her welcome upon Dorsey.

"You knew Hiram before he knew me," she said, quickly. "How strange that is—for it seems to me that I have known him always," and she glanced adoringly at her husband.

"Yes," said Dorsey. "Long—long ago."

"How very pleasant it must be," she continued, "for you to see each other again. You must have so much about which you want to talk, since you knew each other at school—all the games and all your scrapes—indeed, all the happy past when one is young. I am so sorry I came in."

"We had very nearly finished our very pleasant conversation," said Dorsey, grimly. "In fact we had—quite got through——"

He rose, as if preparing to take his leave.

"Please sit down," she said. "You are an old friend, and I shall feel very badly if I drive an old friend away in this fashion. You *must* sit down," she concluded, impetuously, "I want to talk to you, too."

Dorsey reluctantly obeyed and sank back into the chair in which he had been seated; Hartley, with deep lines of anxiety and suffering about his eyes and the corners of the mouth, stood looking on.

"Was he always the same?" she asked, gayly. "I'm sure you never got *him* into any of your mischief, he must have been such a good boy," she concluded, laughing. "You must all have been afraid of him—just as I am now. Oh," and she glanced around admiringly at Hartley, "I don't dare tell him half of the awful things I think and do, I am so afraid he would be shocked."

Hartley looked entreatingly at Dorsey and the latter in embarrassment evaded his glance.

"I suppose that it is quite right for me to say things to you who are an old school-fellow," she continued, doubtfully, "for you knew him and can understand. I go to Hiram with every case of conscience, and I find him awfully severe. Sometimes I am quite ashamed when I find that he utterly disapproves of things that didn't seem to me wrong in the least."

With a half-smothered exclamation Hartley again turned to the window.

"What is it?" she asked, looking after him timidly. "I don't care," she said, defiantly, "if you don't like to hear me say nice things about you. They're true, and there can't be any harm." Then she went on confidentially to the confused man before her: "He hates to have me praise him in that way, but I suppose it's natural, for I know men dislike to be considered too good."

"You cover me with confusion, Maggie," said Hartley, who had returned from the window, with an attempt at lightness.

"I don't see why I should be ashamed if you are," she replied, rebelliously. "Oh," and she laughed brightly, "it always amuses me when I think how astonished some of the wicked people here must be when they find that a man in public office," she spoke in a manner that clearly indicated the unbounded pride that she took in her husband's position as a member of the Legislature, "can really be true and honest. And," she concluded, inquiringly, and turning to the other, "there are a great many who are very wicked, for I have read all about it in the newspapers."

Dorsey smiled with a sickly uplifting of the corners of his mouth, and this he evidently thought would suffice for an answer, but Maggie was clearly intent upon learning his opinion.

"I am afraid," he answered at length, seeing that there was no escape, "that a great deal is done that is not quite right."

"I cannot understand it," she ex-

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claimed, indignantly, "when their positions are given to them as a *sacred trust*, when the people they represent have honored them with their confidence—To betray them!"

"They don't look at it in such a great light," said Dorsey.

"But they ought," she insisted. "When a man is chosen from among all the people of a place to guard its interests it is a great distinction. Don't you suppose I am very, *very* proud of Hiram's election? Don't you suppose that I just love everyone of the men who voted for him? It was a great surprise for us—for me when he was nominated. There had never been any reason to expect anything so fine—oh!—and then the election. 'The gentleman from Huron'—that's what I always call him, exactly as they do at the Capitol—pretended to be very modest about it, but *I* wasn't. I was willing that everyone should know what *I* felt." She looked at her husband inquiringly. "Wasn't I?"

"I think, Maggie," he said, with a weak, nervous laugh, "that there could be little doubt about your sentiments."

"I don't care," she declared. "It was a great thing for us—it must be a great thing for anybody—to be chosen of the people. And how any of them can be unworthy I can't see. How they can be false to their promises, their oaths, just for their own mean good, I can't understand. It's wicked and—and—what's more, it's cowardly—just like a soldier deserting in the face of the enemy. That's what I always told my boys when I taught school."

"I have no doubt," said Dorsey, "that you have started many future Presidents in the way they should go."

"I don't care anything about Presidents," continued the young girl, hotly, "but I tried to show that truth and faith and honor were real and important things. I hear so much that makes me so indignant that it seems as if I could not be quiet—as if I must do something. And Hiram agrees with me that it is terrible." She looked toward her husband as she often did, but he had turned away, Dorsey also having instinctively glanced in his direction. "I'm talking as I do now," she continued, "because I've just heard something that makes me particularly furious. Hiram," she said, "Jim Pomeroy has been here."

"Yes," responded Hartley.

"Jim Pomeroy," she continued, turning to Dorsey, and speaking in a tone of confidential lowness, "is awfully in love with Annie. Oh, Annie's my sister, who is here with me. Now, of course, he wants to be nice to me, and he tells me all about everything under the sun, himself included—mostly himself—with all his hopes and fears and wishes. He's up here just now in the interests of some people who don't want a bill passed that it seems a certain corporation is making every effort to carry through. I think that is right. When I saw him this morning he was in perfect despair. It appears the thing is coming on to-morrow and there isn't any hope. Jim says the whole matter is perfectly scandalous—that it's a 'steal' of the worst kind. Indeed, that never before has there been anything so brazen and barefaced. He has been working like everything, poor fellow, using every regular and legitimate means possible to destroy the influence of those working against him, but it is no use. It appears that they are paying enormous sums—buying up votes right and left. Until yesterday he thought that he should be successful, for the measure was so manifestly wrong that a great many were afraid, whatever their principles might be, to go in for it. Jim and his side had gone over every name in the House, and as nearly as they could see those for and against were just even, and he was very hopeful. But then he met a man—" she paused impressively in order to give Dorsey the full benefit of her tone of withering scorn—"a man who was up here, buying the members as if they were sheep. The name of the creature, Jim said, was Dorsey, and Jim and the wretch who, Jim said, is the most prominent of his awful class, had a talk."

Dorsey stirred uncomfortably, and threw his right leg over his left knee with an affected air of easy indifference.

"I can't understand how he could have consented to speak to him, but it

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seems men look upon those things differently — almost as a joke. Anyway when Jim told this man that he was sure to have his way, the man laughed at him—I can imagine his low, malignant, cunning laughter — and assured him that he was mistaken. It seems" —and again she paused impressively— "it seems that he knew of a member— for so he said—who was so utterly lost to all sense of shame that all he should have to do would be to go to him and ask him what his price would be for 'seeing the thing through all right' and it would be done. He said he shouldn't have any more hesitation about approaching this wretch than he should a newsboy to buy a newspaper. He told Jim that the man's 'record' was so bad, that the man himself was so lost to honor—that he had let him go until the very last because he was absolutely sure of him. Think of anyone being able to say that of another! It appears that this miserable being had held office before somewhere else and had left the place in disgrace, that he had been an object of universal contempt and loathing, and that no decent man had been willing to speak to him. Poor thing! I could almost be sorry for him, only he must be so hardened that sympathy, I imagine, would be utterly lost. And really I despise and hate him," her eyes flashed and she clenched her small hands, "and I should like to tell him what I think of him. Oh, I am so angry about it all that I cannot be still, and that is the reason that I have been talking in this way."

Both men were silent.

"It is terrible," she resumed. "What harm such a man must do; what misery he must bring on anyone who happens to have the misfortune to belong to him. And if he is not utterly lost to all sense of humiliation, what tortures of conscience he must suffer, what shame he must experience when he realizes that his disgrace is known to anyone for whom he cares, for I suppose such people do care sometimes, in strange, perverted ways. And even if all his guilt is not known, what agony it must be to have anyone treat him with a consideration he knows that he does not deserve." Her eyes shone and her breath came and went more quickly as she poured out hotly and rapidly her indignant words, utterly absorbed by her topic. "I told Jim that I would get the 'Gentleman from Huron' to do something. That he would be the perfect one to stand up and denounce such villany. And," she again turned to Hartley, "I was so proud when I was able to say that—you don't know."

Hartley was leaning with his arm on the mantel, gazing in the fire.

"Why," she said, springing up, "what is it? I have been so busy talking I did not notice. Something is the matter."

She crossed to where Hartley stood, and paused, gazing very earnestly and very anxiously at him.

"Yes," replied Hartley, in a low voice.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, putting her hand on his arm, and evidently utterly forgetful that Dorsey was in the room. "Is it something—serious?"

"Yes," said Hartley, again in the same muffled tone.

"Never mind," she continued, soothingly, "perhaps it isn't so bad after all."

"Mr.—ah," began Hartley, "my old friend has brought me some bad news."

"Is it about money?" she asked.

"About money," assented Hartley.

It was easy to see that the information had little effect upon her, for she merely uttered a little exclamation of half-indifferent scorn.

"If it's only that," she cried, "although I don't very well see what else it could have been, for we are both here and well, and Annie I know is well and happy, and there isn't anything else."

"But," said Hartley, looking up, "we are ruined. We have lost the little that we have saved."

"Never mind," she said, gently. "You know that we didn't use it, but were only keeping it, so we are just the same, really."

"You don't understand," Hartley went on, miserably. "I owe more than I can pay. We are in debt ——"

A little, troubled frown appeared for a moment on her low, smooth brow, and a slight sigh broke from her lips.

"Never mind," she went on, valiantly, "we can make money and pay it off."

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"But, Maggie," he insisted, anxious clearly that she should know the worst, "it is a great deal."

"It will only take the longer," she said, stoutly. "But neither of us is old."

"You really mean," he said, "that you don't care?'

"Of course I do," she replied, brightly, "but we were poor—very poor when we began, and that didn't last then, and—if we do right, it won't last now."

Dorsey rose.

"I think—I think," he said, casting about him for his hat, "that I must go."

"Oh," exclaimed Maggie, turning swiftly, "I had forgotten. How very rude of me, and your old friend must think us very absurd." She advanced and held out her hand to Dorsey. "You see your bad news wasn't such very bad news after all."

"No, no," muttered Dorsey.

"And so really," said Hartley, from where he stood, to Dorsey, who was now standing up, "I don't think, on the whole, I shall take advantage of your kind suggestion. Maggie and I will face it out together and let the worst come. Unless," and he glanced with a short laugh at the girl, "you think we'd better turn a penny like those of whom you've heard. My vote is just as valuable as another, and I might go and find the person of whom Jim spoke to you and sell it for what I could get."

She answered his bitter smile with a delighted laugh, and gave him a quick look—a look in which adoration, faith, love, were one and all mingled.

"Oh," she exclaimed, indignantly, "how can you speak of such a thing even in fun. I am *ashamed* of you."

"Well, then," said Hartley to Dorsey, who had found his hat, and was now moving toward the door, "if you happen to meet the man that Maggie has been describing so vividly, you needn't tell him to see me."

"No," said Maggie, defiantly; "but you can say to him positively that he will lose his time if he comes to see the 'Gentleman from Huron.'" And, as she turned and running to Hartley threw her arms around his neck, after the door had closed on Dorsey's departing form, she exclaimed, "I'm so sorry I forgot to tell your old school-fellow that we should be so very happy to see him again."

BENEVOLENCE

By Annie Fields

Poor young poet! when I see
Your meagre room, the noisy street,
The absence of things fair or sweet,
I cry: "O set him free!
The nightingale can never sing
Unless he hide his fluttering wing
In some green spot!"
Alas! I freed him from his pain,
And hid him in a shady lane,
Where all was cool and green;
But now, behold, he singeth not,
He calls the days and nights "serene;"
Sunlight and moonlight all the same,
Are "beautiful beyond a name,"
From his dim garden plot!

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THE ART OF LIVING

THE USE OF TIME

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATIONS BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

I

I BROUGHT Rogers home with me again the other day. I do not mean Rogers in the flesh; but the example of Rogers as a bogy with which to confound my better half and myself. You may recall that Rogers is the bookkeeper for Patterson the banker, and that he has brought up and educated a family on a salary of twenty-two hundred dollars a year.

"Barbara," said I, "we were reflecting yesterday that we never have time to do the things we really wish to do. Have you ever considered how Rogers spends his time?"

My wife admitted that she had not, and she dutifully waited for me to proceed, though I could tell from the expression of her mouth that she did not expect to derive much assistance from the example of Mr. Rogers. Therefore I made an interesting pathological deduction to begin with.

"Rogers does not live on his nerves from one year's end to the other, as we do."

"I congratulate him," said Barbara, with a sigh.

"And yet," I continued, "he leads a highly respectable and fairly interesting life. He gets up at precisely the same hour every morning, has his breakfast, reads the paper, and is at his desk punctually on time. He dines frugally, returns to his desk until half-past four or five, and after performing any errands which Mrs. Rogers has asked him to attend to, goes home to the bosom of his family. There he exchanges his coat and boots for a dressing-gown, or aged smoking-jacket, and slippers, and remains by his fireside absorbed in the evening paper until tea-time. Conversation with the members of his family beguiles him for half an hour after the completion of the meal; then he settles down to the family weekly magazine, or plays checkers or backgammon with his wife or daughters. After a while, if he is interested in ferns or grasses, he looks to see how his specimens are growing under the glass case in the corner. He pats the cat and makes sure that the canary is supplied with seed. Now and then he brings home a puzzle, like "Pigs in Clover," which keeps him up half an hour later than usual, but ordinarily his head is nodding before the stroke of ten warns him that his bed-hour has come. And just at the time that the wife of his employer, Patterson, may be setting out for a ball, he is tucking himself up in bed by the side of Mrs. Rogers.

"Poor man!" interjected Barbara.

"He has his diversions," said I. "Now and again neighbors drop in for a chat, and the evening is wound up with a pitcher of lemonade and angel-cake. He and his wife drop in, in their turn, or he goes to a political caucus. Once a fortnight comes the church sociable, and every now and then a wedding. From time to time he and Mrs. Rogers attend lectures. His young people entertain their friends, as the occasion offers, in a simple way, and on Sunday he goes to church in the morning and falls to sleep after a heavy dinner in the afternoon. He leads a quiet, peaceful, conservative existence, unharassed by social functions and perpetual excitement."

"And he prides himself, I dare say," said Barbara, "on the score of its virtuousness. He saves his nerves and he congratulates himself that he is not a society person, as he calls it. Your Mr. Rogers may be a very estimable individual, dear, in his own sphere, and I do think he manages wonderfully on his twenty-two hundred dollars a year;

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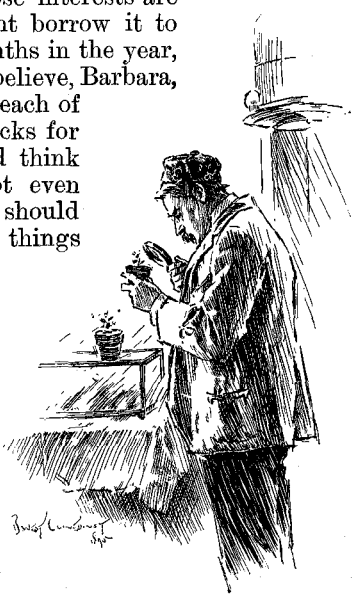
but I should prefer to see you lose your nerves and become a gibbering victim of nervous prostration rather than that you should imitate him."

"I'm not proposing to imitate him, Barbara," I answered, gravely. "I admit that his life seems rather dull and not altogether inspiring, but I do think that a little of his repose would be beneficial to many of us whose interests are more varied. We might borrow it to advantage for a few months in the year, don't you think so? I believe, Barbara, that if you and I were each of us to lie flat on our backs for one hour every day and think of nothing — and not even clinch our hands — we should succeed in doing more things than we really wish to do."



"Looks to see how his specimens are growing under the glass case in the corner."

"I suppose it's the climate — they say it's the climate," said Barbara, pensively. "Foreigners don't seem to be affected in that way. They're not always in a hurry as we are, and yet they seem to accomplish very nearly as much. We all know what it is to be conscious of that dreadful, nervous, hurried feeling, even when we have plenty of time to do the things we have to do. I catch myself walking fast — racing, in fact — when there is not the least need of it. I don't clinch my hands nearly so much as I used, and I've ceased to hold on to the pillow in bed as though it were a life-preserver, out of deference to Delsarte, but when it comes to lying down flat on my back for an hour a day — every day — really it isn't feasible. It's an ideal plan, I dare say, but the days are not long enough. Just take to-day, for instance, and tell me, please, when I had time to lie down."

"You are clinching your hands now," I remarked.

"Because you have irritated me with your everlasting Mr. Rogers," retorted Barbara. She examined, nevertheless, somewhat dejectedly, the marks of her nails in her palms. "In the morning, for instance, when I came down to breakfast there was the mail. Two dinner invitations and an afternoon tea; two sets of wedding-cards, and a notice of a lecture by Miss Clara Hatheway on the relative condition of primary schools here and abroad; requests for subscriptions to the new Cancer Hospital and the Children's Fresh Air and Vacation Fund; an advertisement of an after-holiday sale of boys' and girls' clothes at Halliday's; a note from Mrs. James Green asking particulars regarding our last cook, and a letter from the President of my Woman's Club notifying me that I was expected to talk to them at the next meeting on the arguments in favor of and against the ownership by cities and towns of gas- and water-works. All these had to be answered, noted, or considered. Then I had to interview the cook and the butcher and the grocer about the dinner, give orders that a button should be sewn on one pair of your trousers and a stain removed from another, and give directions to the chore-man to oil the lock of the front-door, and tell him to go post-haste for the plumber to extract the blotting-paper which the children yesterday stuffed down the drain-pipe in the bath-tub, so that the water could not escape. Then I had to sit down and read the newspaper. Not because I had time, or wished to, but to make sure that there was nothing in it which you could accuse me of not having read. After this I dressed to go out. I stopped at the florist's to order some roses for Mrs. Julius Cæsar, whose mother is dead; at Hapgood & Wales's and at Jones's for cotton-batting, hooks and eyes, and three yards of ribbon; at Belcher's for an umbrella to replace mine, which you left in the cable-cars, and at

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the library to select something to read. I arrived home breathless for the children's dinner, and immediately afterward I dressed and went to the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Club, stopping on the way to inquire if Mrs. Wilson's little boy were better. We started by discussing a proposed change in our Constitution regarding the number of black-balls necessary to exclude a candidate, and drifted off on to "Trilby." It was nearly five when I got away, and as I felt it on my conscience to go both to Mrs. Southwick's and Mrs. Williams's teas, I made my appearance at each for a few minutes, but managed to slip away so as to be at home at six. When you came in I had just been reading to the children and showing them about their lessons. Now I have only just time to dress for dinner, for we dine at the Gregory Browns, at half-past seven. We ought to go later to the reception at Mrs. Hollis's—it is her last of three and we haven't been yet—but I suppose you will say you are too tired. There! will you tell me when I could have found time to lie down for an hour to-day?"

"And just at the time that the wife of his employer, Patterson, may be setting out for a ball."

I was constrained to laugh at my wife's recital, and I was not able at the moment to point out to her exactly what she might have omitted from her category so as to make room for the hour of repose. Nor, indeed, as I review the events of my own daily life and of the daily lives of my friends and acquaintances, am I able to define precisely where it could be brought in. And yet are we not—many of us who are in the thick of modern life—conscious that our days are, as it were, congested? We feel sure that so far as our physical comfort is concerned we ought to be doing less, and we shrewdly suspect that, if we had more time in which to think, our spiritual natures would be the gainers. The difficulty is to stop, or rather to reduce the speed of modern living to the point at which these high-pressure nervous symptoms disappear, and the days cease to seem too short for what we wish to accomplish. Perhaps those who take an intense interest in living will never be able to regain that delightful condition of equipoise, if it ever existed, which our ancestors both here and across the water are said to have experienced. Perhaps, too, our ancestors were more in a hurry when they were alive than they seem to have been now that they are dead; but, whether this be true or otherwise, we are confidently told by those who ought to know that we Americans of this day and generation are the most restless, nervous people under the sun, and live at a higher pressure than our contemporaries of the effete civilizations. It used to be charged that we were in such haste to grow rich that there was no health in us; and now that we are, or soon will be, the wealthiest nation in the world, they tell us that we continue to maintain the same feverish pace in all that we undertake or do. I am not sure that this charge could not be brought against the Englishman, Frenchman, or German of to-day with almost equal justice, or, in other words, that it is a characteristic of the age rather than of our nation; but that conviction would merely solace our pride and could not assuage "that tired feeling" of which so many are conscious. At all events, if we do not work harder than our kinsmen across the sea, we seem to bear the strain less well. It may be the climate, as my wife has said, which causes our nervous systems to rebel; but then, again, we cannot change the climate, and conse-

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quently must adapt ourselves to its idiosyncrasies.

Ever since we first began to declare that we were superior to all other civilizations we have been noted for our energy. The way in which we did everything, from sawing wood to electing a President, was conspicuous by virtue of the bustling, hustling qualities displayed. But it is no longer high treason to state that our national life, in spite of its bustle, was, until comparatively recently, lacking in color and variety. The citizen who went to bed on the stroke of ten every night and did practically the same things each day from one year's end to the other was the ideal citizen of the Republic, and was popularly described as a conservative and a strong man. His life was led within very repressed limits, and anything more artistic than a chromo or religious motto was apt to irritate him and shock his principles. To be sure we had then our cultivated class — more narrowly but possibly more deeply cultivated than its flourishing successor of to-day — but the average American, despite his civic virtues and consciousness of rectitude, led a humdrum existence, however hustling or bustling. There is a large percentage of our population that continues to live in much the same manner, notwithstanding the wave of enlightenment which has swept over the country and keyed us all up to concert pitch by multiplying the number of our interests. I feel a little guilty in having included Rogers among this number, for I really know of my own knowledge nothing about his individual home life. It may be that I have been doing him a rank injustice, and that his home is in reality a seething caldron of progress. I referred to him as a type rather than as an individual, knowing as I do that there are still too many homes in this country where music, art, literature, social tastes, and intelligent interest in human affairs in the abstract, when developed beyond mere rudimentary lines, are unappreciated and regarded as vanities or inanities. On the other hand, there is nothing more interesting in our present national evolution than the eager recognition by the intelligent and aspiring portion of the people that we have been and are ignorant, and that the true zest of life lies in its many-sidedness and its possibilities of development along æsthetic, social, and intellectual as well as moral lines. The United States to-day is fairly bristling with eager, ambitious students, and with people of both

"Now and again the neighbors drop in for a chat."

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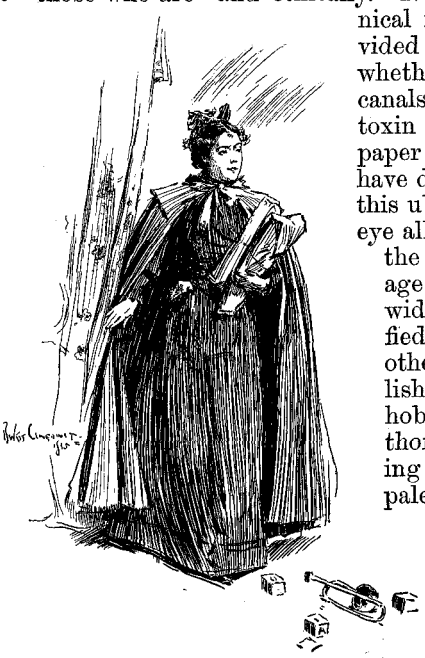
sexes, young and middle-aged, who are anxiously seeking how to make the most of life. This eagerness of soul is not confined to any social class, and is noticeable in every section of the country in greater or less degree. It is quite as likely to be found among people of very humble means as among those whose earliest associations have brought them into contact with the well-to-do and carefully educated. Therefore I beg the pardon of Rogers in case I have put him individually in the wrong category. A divine yet cheery activity has largely taken the place of sodden self-righteousness on the one hand, and analytical self-consciousness on the other. The class is not as yet very large as compared with the entire population of the country, but it is growing rapidly, and its members are the most interesting men and women of the Republic—those who are in the van of our development as a people.

Overcrowded and congested lives signify at least earnestness and absorption. Human nature is more likely to aspire and advance when society is nervously active, than when it is bovine and self-congratulatory. But nerves can endure only a certain amount of strain without reminding human beings that strong and healthy bodies are essential to true national progress. Only recently in this country have we learned to consider the welfare of the body, and though we have begun to be deadly in earnest about athletics, the present generation of workers were, for the most part, brought up on the theory that flesh and blood was a limitation rather than a prerequisite. We are doing bravely in this matter so far as the education of our children is concerned, but it is too late to do much for our own nerves. Though stagnation is a more deplorable state, it behooves us, nevertheless, if possible, to rid ourselves of congestion for our ultimate safety.



"I arrived at home breathless for the children's dinner."

An active man or woman stopping to think in the morning may well be appalled at the variety of his or her life. The ubiquity of the modern American subconsciousness is something unique. We wish to know everything there is to know. We are interested not merely in our own and our neighbors' affairs—with a knowledge of which so many citizens of other lands are peacefully contented—but we are eager to know, and to know with tolerable accuracy, what is going on all over the world—in England, China, Russia, and Australia. Not merely politically, but socially, artistically, scientifically, philosophically, and ethically. No subject is too technical for our interest, provided it comes in our way, whether it concern the canals in Mars or the antitoxin germ. The newspaper and the telegraph have done much to promote this ubiquity of the mind's eye all over the world, but the interests of the average American are much wider and more diversified than those of any other people. An Englishman will have his hobbies and know them thoroughly, but regarding affairs beyond the pale of his limited inquiry he is deliberately and often densely ignorant. He reads, and reads augustly, one newspaper, one or two magazines—a few books; we, on the other hand, are not content unless we stretch out feelers in many directions and keep posted, as we call it, by hasty perusals of almost innumerable publications for fear lest something escape us. What does the Frenchman—the average intelligent

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"I am not sure that this charge could not be brought against the Englishman, Frenchman, or German of to-day."

Frenchman — know or care about the mode of our Presidential elections, and whether this Republican or that Democrat has made or marred his political reputation? We feel that we require to inform ourselves not only concerning the art and literature of France, but to have the names and doings of her statesmen at our fingers' ends for use in polite conversation, and the satisfaction of the remains of the New England conscience. All this is highly commendable, if it does not tend to render us superficial. The more knowledge we have, the better, provided we do not fall into the slough of knowing nothing very well, or hunt our wits to death by over-acquisitiveness. There is so much nowadays to learn, and seemingly so little time in which to learn it, we cannot afford to spread ourselves too thin.

The energy of our people has always been conspicuous in the case of women. The American woman, from the earliest days of our history, has refused to be prevented by the limitations of time or physique from trying to include the entire gamut of human feminine activity in her daily experience. There was a period when she could demonstrate successfully her ability to cook, sweep, rear and educate children, darn her husband's stockings, and yet entertain delightfully, dress tastefully, and be well versed in literature and all the current phases of high thinking. The New England woman of fifty years ago was certainly an interesting specimen from this point of view, in spite of her morbid conscience and polar sexual proclivities. But among the well-to-do women of the nation to-day—the women who correspond socially to those just described — this achievement is possible only by taxing the human system to the point of distress, except in the newly or thinly settled portions of the country, where the style of living is simple and primitive. In the East, of course, in the cities and towns the women in question ceased long ago to do all the housework; and among the well-to-do, servants have relieved her of much, if not of all the physical labor. But, on the other hand, the complexities of our modern establishments, and the worry which her domestics cause her, make the burden of her responsibilities fully equal to what they were when she cooked flap-jacks and darned stockings herself. In other countries the women conversant with literature, art, and science, who go in for philanthropy, photography, or the ornamentation of china, who write papers on sociological or educational matters, are, for the most part, women of leisure in other respects. The American woman is the only woman at large in the universe who aims to be the wife and mother of a family, the mistress of an establishment, a solver of world problems, a social leader, and a philanthropist or artistic devotee at one and the same time. Each of these interests has its determined followers among the women of other civilizations, but nowhere except here does the eternal feminine seek to manifest itself in so many directions in the same individual.

This characteristic of our womanhood is a virtue up to a certain point. The

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"The citizen who went to bed on the stroke of ten every night."

American woman has certainly impressed her theory that her sex should cease to be merely pliant, credulous, and ignorantly complacent so forcibly on the world that society everywhere has been affected by it. Her desire to make the most of herself, and to participate as completely as possible in the vital work of the world without neglecting the duties allotted to her by the older civilizations, is in the line of desirable evolution. But there is such a thing as being superficial, which is far more to be dreaded than even nervous prostration. Those absorbed in the earnest struggle of modern living may perhaps justly claim that to work until one drops is a noble fault, and that disregard of one's own sensations and comfort is almost indispensable in order to accomplish ever so little. But there is nothing noble in superficiality; and it would seem that the constant flitting from one interest to another, which so many American women seem unable to avoid, must necessarily tend to prevent them from knowing or doing anything thoroughly.

As regards the creature man, the critics of this country have been accustomed to assert that he was so much absorbed in making money, or in business, as our popular phrase is, that he had no time for anything else. This accusation used to be extraordinarily true, and in certain parts of the country it has not altogether ceased to be true; though even there the persistent masculine dollar-hunter regards wistfully and proudly the æsthetic propensities of the female members of his family, and feels that his labors are sweetened thereby. This is a very different attitude from the self-sufficiency of half a century ago. The difficulty now is that our intelligent men, like our women, are apt to attempt too much, inclined to crowd into each and every day more sensations than they can assimilate. An Englishwoman, prominent in educational matters, and intelligent withal, recently expressed her surprise to my wife, Barbara, that the American gentleman existed. She had been long familiar with the American woman as a charming, if original, native product, but she had never heard of the American gentleman—meaning thereby the alert, thoughtful man of high purposes and good-breeding. "How many there are!" the Briton went on to say in the enthusiasm of her surprise. Indeed there are. The men prominent in the leading walks of life all over this country now compare favorably, at least, with the best of other nations, unless it be that our intense desire to know everything has rendered, or may render, us accomplished rather than profound.

II

After all, whether this suggestion of a tendency toward superficiality be well founded or not, the proper use of time has come to be a more serious problem than ever for the entire world. The demands of modern living are so exacting that men and women everywhere must exercise deliberate selection in order to live wisely. To lay down general rules for the use of time would be as

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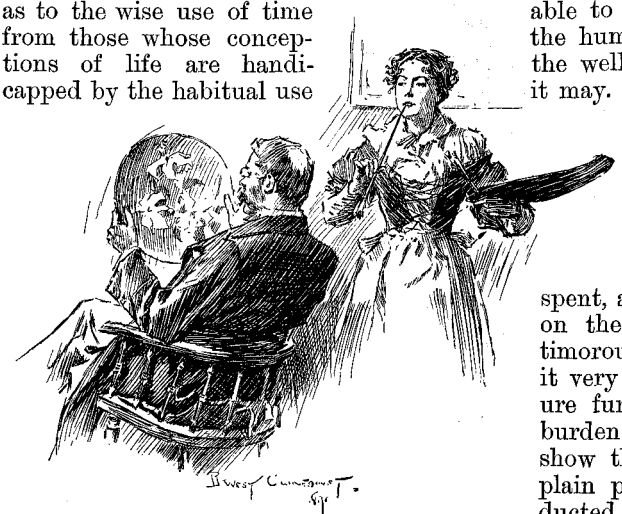
futile as to insist that every one should use coats of the same size and color, and eat the same kind and quantity of food. The best modern living may perhaps be correctly defined as a happy compromise in the aims and actions of the individual between self-interest and altruism. If one seeks to illustrate this definition by example it is desirable in the first place to eliminate the individuals in the community whose use of time is so completely out of keeping with this doctrine that it is not worth while to consider them. Murderers, forgers, and criminals of all kinds, including business men who practise petty thefts, and respectable tradesmen who give short weight and overcharge, instinctively occur to us. So do mere pleasure-seekers, drunkards, and idle gentlemen. On the same theory we must exclude monks, deliberate celibates, nuns, and all fanatical or eccentric persons whose conduct of life, however serviceable in itself as a leaven or an exception, could not be generally imitated without disaster to society. It would seem also as though we must exclude those who have yet to acquire such elemental virtues of wise living as cleanliness, reverence for the beautiful, and a certain amount of altruism. There is nothing to learn as to the wise use of time from those whose conceptions of life are handicapped by the habitual use of slang and bad grammar and by untidiness; who regard the manifestations of good taste and fine scholarship as "frills," and who, though they be unselfish in the bosoms of their families, take no interest in the general welfare of the community. Let me in this last connection anticipate the criticism of the sentimentalist and of the free-born American who wears a chip on his shoulder, by stating that time may be as beautifully and wisely spent, and life be as noble and serviceable to humanity in the home of the humblest citizen as in that of the well-to-do or rich. Of course it may. Who questions it? Did I not, in order not even to seem to doubt it, take back all I hazarded about the manner in which Rogers spends his time? It *may* be just as beautifully and wisely spent, and very often is so. But, on the other hand, I suggest, timorously and respectfully, that it very often is not, and I venture further to ask whether the burden is not on democracy to show that the plain life of the plain people as at present conducted is a valuable example of wise and improving use of time? The future is to account for itself, and we all have faith in democracy. We are all plain people in this country. But just as a passing

"When she could successfully demonstrate her ability to cook, sweep, . . . and yet entertain delightfully."



"Regards wistfully and proudly the æsthetic propensities of the female members of his family."

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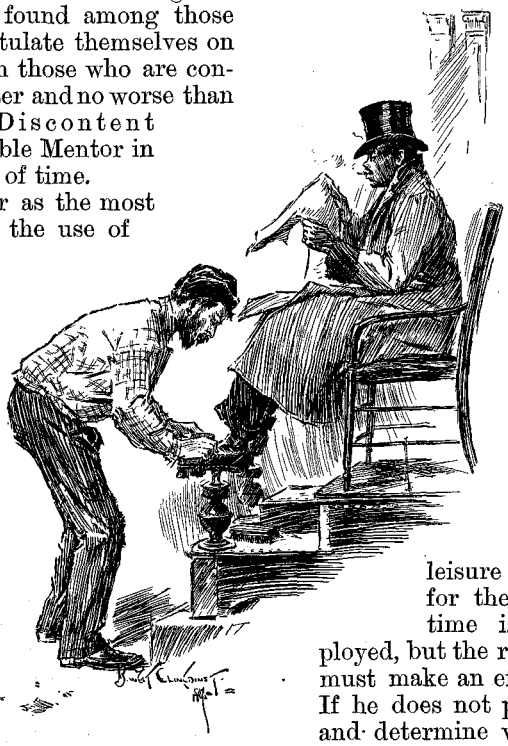
inquiry, uttered not under my breath, yet without levity or malice, what is the contribution so far made by plainness as plainness to the best progress of the world? Absolutely nothing it seems to me. Progress has come from the superiority of individuals in every class of life to the mass of their contemporaries. The so-called plainness of the plain people too often serves at the present day as an influence to drag down the aspiring individual to the dead level of the mass which contents itself with bombastic cheapness of thought and action. This is no plea against democracy, for democracy has come to stay; but it is an argument why the best standards of living are more likely to be found among those who do not congratulate themselves on their plainness than those who are content to live no better and no worse than their neighbors. Discontent with self is a valuable Mentor in the apportionment of time.

Therefore I offer as the most valuable study in the use of time under modern conditions the men and women in our large cities who are so far evolved that they are not tempted to commit common crimes, are well educated, earnest and pleasing, and are keenly desirous to effect in their daily lives that happy compromise between self-interest and altruism to which I have referred as the goal of success in the use of time. Let us consider them from the point of every day in the week and of the four seasons. In every man's life his occupation, the calling or profession by which he earns his bread, must necessarily be the chief consumer of his time. We Americans have never been an idle race, and it is rare that the father of a family exposes himself to the charge of sloth. His work may be unintelligent or bungling, but he almost invariably spends rather too much than too little time over it. If you ask him why, he says he cannot help it; that in order to get on he must toil early and late. If he is successful, he tells you that otherwise he cannot attend to all he has to do. There is plausibility in this. Competition is undoubtedly so fierce that only those who devote themselves heart and soul to any calling are likely to succeed. Moreover, the consciousness of success is so engrossing and inspiriting that one may easily be tempted to sacrifice everything else to the game. But can it be doubted, on the other hand, that the man who refuses to become the complete slave either of endeavor or success is a better citizen than he who does? The chief sinners in this respect in our modern life are the successful men, those who are in the thick of life doing reasonably well. The man who has not arrived, or who is beginning, must necessarily have leisure for other things for the reason that his time is not fully employed, but the really busy worker must make an effort or he is lost. If he does not put his foot down and determine what else he will do beside pursuing his vocation every day in the year except Sunday, and often on Sunday to boot, he may be robust enough to escape a premature grave, but he will certainly not make the best use of his life.



"Democracy has come to stay."

The difficulty for such men, of course, is to select what they will do. There are so many things, that it is easy to understand why the mind which abhors superficiality should be tempted to shut

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"The man who has no time to know his own family."

its ears out of sheer desperation to every other interest but business or profession. If every one were to do that what would be the result? Our leading men would simply be a horde of self-seekers, in spite of the fact that their individual work in their several callings were conscientious and unsparing of self. Deplorable as a too great multiplicity of interests is apt to be to the welfare and advancement of an ambitious man, the motive which prompts him to endeavor to do many things is in reality a more noble one, and one more beneficial to society than absorption to excess in a vocation. The cardinal principle in the wise use of time is to discover what one can do without and to select accordingly. Man's duty to his spiritual nature, to his æsthetic nature, to his family, to public affairs, and to his social nature are no less imperative than his duty to his daily calling. Unless each of these is in some measure catered to, man falls short in his true obligations. Not one of them can be neglected. Some men think they can lighten the load to advantage by disregarding their religious side. Others congratulate themselves that they never read novels or poetry, and speak disrespectfully of the works of new schools of art as daubs. A still larger number shirks attention to political and social problems, and declares bluffly that if a man votes twice a year and goes to a caucus, when he is sent for in a carriage by the committee, it is all that can be expected of a busy man. Another large contingent swathes itself in graceless virtue, and professes to thank God that it keeps aloof from society people and their doings. Then we are all familiar with the man who has no time to know his own family, though, fortunately, he is less common than he used to be.

If I were asked to select what one influence more than another wastes the spare time of the modern man, I should be inclined to specify the reading of newspapers. The value of the modern daily newspaper as a short cut to knowledge of what is actually happening in two hemispheres is indisputable, provided it is read regularly so that one can eliminate from the consciousness those facts which are contradicted or qualified on the following day. Of course it is indispensable to read the morning, and perhaps the evening, newspaper in order to know what is going on in the world. But the persistent

"Of course it is indispensable to read the morning, and perhaps the evening, newspaper."

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The Amateur Photographer.

reading of many newspapers, or the whole of almost any newspaper, is nearly as detrimental to the economy of time as the cigarette habit to health. Fifteen minutes a day is ample time in which to glean the news, and the busy man who aspires to use his time to the best advantage may well skip the rest. There is no doubt that many of our newspapers contain some of the best thought of the day scattered through their encyclopædic columns; but there is still less doubt that they are conducted to please, first of all, those who otherwise would read nothing. From this point of view they are most valuable educators; moreover, the character of the newspaper is steadily improving, and it is evident that those in charge of the best of them are seeking to raise the public taste instead of writing down to it; but the fact remains that they at present contain comparatively little which the earnest man can afford to linger over if he would avoid mental dissipation of an insidious kind. A newspaper containing only the news and the really vital thought of the day compressed into short space is among the successful enterprises of the future which some genius will perpetuate. How many of us, already, weary of the social gossip, the sensational personalities, the nauseous details of crime, the custom-made articles, the Sunday special features, the ubiquitous portrait, and finally the colored cartoon, would write our names large on such a subscription-list!

In the matter of books, too, the modern man and woman may well exercise a determined choice. There is so much printed nowadays between ornamental covers, that any one is liable to be misled by sheer bewilderment, and deliberate selection is necessary to save us from being mentally starved with plenty. We cannot always be reading to acquire positive knowledge; entertainment and self-oblivion are quite as legitimate motives for the hard worker as meditated self-improvement; but whether we read philosophy and history, or the novel, the poem, and the essay, it behooves us to read the best of its kind. From this stand-point the average book club is almost a positive curse. A weekly quota of books appears on our library tables, to be devoured in seven days. We read them because they come to us by lot, not because we have chosen them ourselves. There is published in every year of this publishing age a certain number of books of positive merit in the various departments of literature and thought, which a little intelligent inquiry would enable us to discover. By reading fewer books, and making sure that the serious ones were sound and the light or clever ones really diverting, the modern man and woman would be gainers both in time and approbation. In this connection let me head off again the sentimentalist and moralist by noting that old friends in literature are often more satisfying and engaging than new. Those of us who are in the thick of life are too apt to forget to take down from our shelves the comrades we loved when we were twenty-one—the essayists, the historians, the poets, and novelists whose delightful pages are the literature of the world. An evening at home with Shakespeare is not the depressing experience which some clever people imagine. One rises from the feast to go to bed with all one's æsthetic being refreshed and fortified as though one had inhaled oxygen. What a contrast this to the stuffy taste in the roof of the mouth, and the weary, dejected frame of mind which

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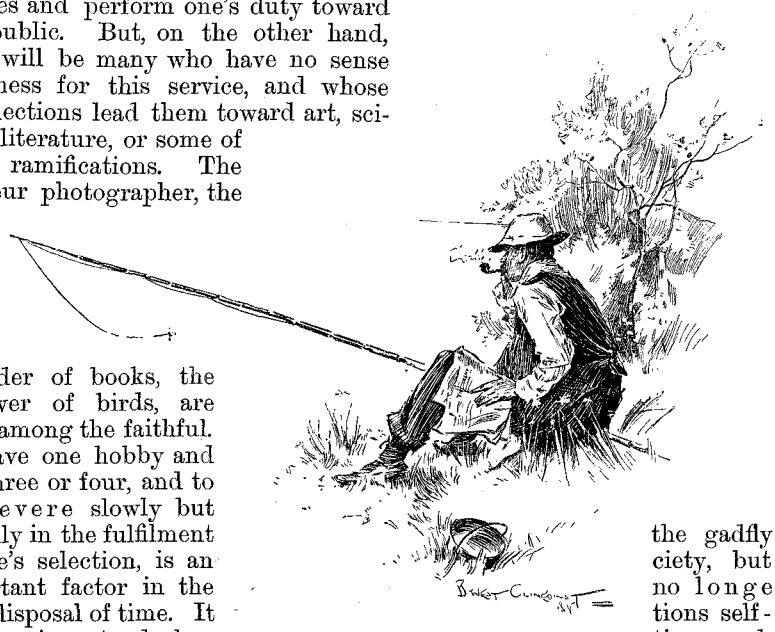
follow the perusal of much of the current literature which cozening booksellers have induced the book club secretary to buy.

A very little newspaper reading and a limited amount of selected reading will leave time for the hobby or avocation. Every man or woman ought to have one; something apart from business, profession, or housekeeping, in which he or she is interested as a study or pursuit. In this age of the world it may well take the form of educational, economic, or philanthropic investigation, or co-operation, if individual tastes happen to incline one to such work. The prominence of such matters in our present civilization is, of course, a magnet favorable to such a choice. In this way one can, as it were, kill two birds with one stone, develop one's own resources and perform one's duty toward the public. But, on the other hand, there will be many who have no sense of fitness for this service, and whose predilections lead them toward art, science, literature, or some of their ramifications. The amateur photographer, the extender of books, the observer of birds, are alike among the faithful. To have one hobby and not three or four, and to persevere slowly but steadily in the fulfilment of one's selection, is an important factor in the wise disposal of time. It is a truism to declare that a few minutes in every day allotted to the same piece of work will accomplish wonders; but the result of trying will convince the incredulous. Indeed one's avocation should progress and prevail by force of spare minutes allotted daily and continuously; just so much and no more, so as not to crowd out the other claimants for consideration. Fifteen minutes before breakfast, or between kissing the children good-night and the evening meal, or even every other Saturday afternoon and a part of every holiday, will make one's hobby look well-fed and sleek at the end of a few years.

Perhaps the most difficult side of one's nature to provide for adequately is the social side. It is easy enough to make a hermit of one's self and go nowhere; and it is easy enough to let one's self be sucked into the vortex of endless social recreation until one's sensations become akin to those of a highly varnished humming-top. I am not quite sure which is the worse; but I am inclined to believe that the hermit, especially if self-righteous, is more detestable in that he is less altruistic. He may be a more superior person than the gadfly of society, but ethics no longer sanctions self-cultivation purely for the benefit of self. Every man and woman who seeks to play an intelligent part in the world ought to manage to dine out and attend other social functions every now and then, even if it be necessary to bid for invitations. Most of us have more invitations than we can possibly accept, and find the problem of entertaining and being entertained an exceedingly perplexing one to solve from the stand-point of time. But in



The Angler's Outing.

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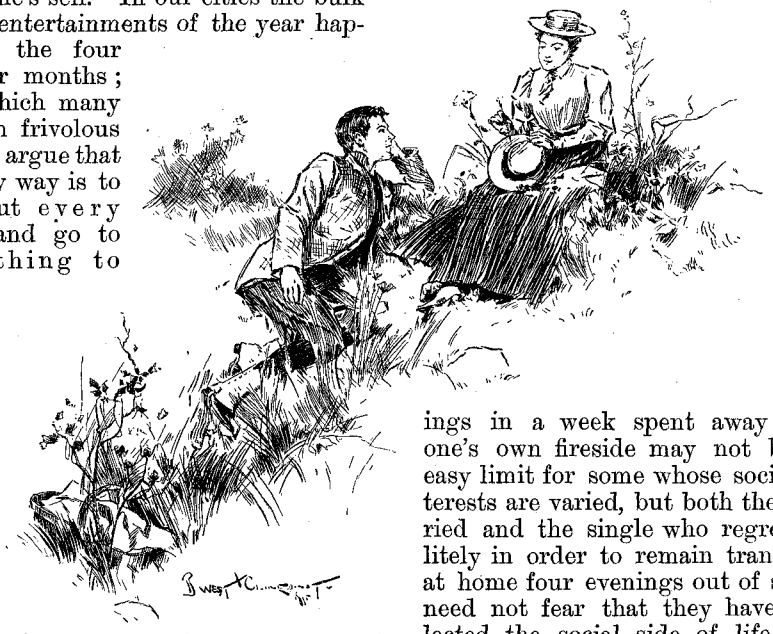
spite of the social proclivities of most of us, there are still many people who feel that they are fulfilling their complete duty as members of society if they live lives of strict rectitude far from the madding crowd of so-called society people, and never darken the doors of anybody. It is said that it takes all sorts of people to make up the world, but disciplinarians and spoil-sports of this sort are so tiresome that they would not be missed were they and their homilies to be translated prematurely to another sphere. Those of us, however, who profess a contrary faith, experience difficulty at times in being true to it, and are often tempted to slip back into domestic isolation by the feverishness of our social life. It sometimes seems as though there were no middle way between being a humming-top and a hermit. Yet nothing is more fatal to the wise use of time than the acceptance of every invitation received, unless it be the refusal of every one. Here again moderation and choice are the only safeguards, in spite of the assurance of friends that it is necessary to go a great deal in order to enjoy one's self. In our cities the bulk of the entertainments of the year happen in the four winter months; from which many far from frivolous persons argue that the only way is to dine out every night, and go to everything to

"American men have the reputation of being considerate husbands and indulgent fathers."

December 15th for any arrears due the other demands of one's nature. This is plausible, but a dangerous theory, if carried to excess. Wise living consists in living wisely from day to day, without excepting any season. Three even-



"Those pleasant excursions from city to country."

which one is asked during this period, and make up between April 15th and

ings in a week spent away from one's own fireside may not be an easy limit for some whose social interests are varied, but both the married and the single who regret politely in order to remain tranquilly at home four evenings out of seven, need not fear that they have neglected the social side of life even in the gayest of seasons. And here, for the sake of our sometimes dense friend the moralist—especially

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the moralist of the press, who raves against society people from the virtuous limit of an occasional afternoon tea —let me add that by entertainments and recreation I intend to include not merely formal balls and dinner-parties, but all the forms of more or less innocent edification and diversion—teas, reform meetings, theatres, receptions, concerts, lectures, clubs, sociables, fairs, and tableaux, by which people all over the country are brought together to exchange ideas and opinions in good-humored fellowship.

In the apportionment of time the consideration of one's physical health is a paramount necessity, not merely for a reasonably long life, but to temper the mind's eye so that the point of view remain sane and wholesome. An overwrought nervous system may be capable of spasmodic spurts, but sustained useful work is impossible under such conditions. To die in harness before one's time may be fine, and in exceptional cases unavoidable, but how much better to live in harness and do the work which one has undertaken without breaking down. Happily the young men and women of the country of the present generation may almost be said to have athletics and fresh air on the brain. What with opportunity and precept they can scarcely help living up to the mark in this respect. The grown-up men and women, absorbed in the struggle of life, are the people who need to keep a watchful eye upon themselves. It is so easy to let the hour's fresh air and exercise be crowded out by the things which one feels bound to do for the sake of others, and hence for one's immortal soul. We argue that it will not matter if we omit our walk or rest for a day or two, and so we go on from day to day, until we are brought up with a round turn, as the saying is, and realize, in case we are still alive, that we are chronic invalids. The walk the ride, the drive, the yacht, the bicycle, the search for wild flowers and birds, the angler's outing, the excursion with a camera, the deliberate open-air breathing spell on the front platform of a street-car, some one of these is within the means and opportunities of every busy worker, male or female.

For many of us the most begrudged undertaking of all is to find time for what we owe to the world at large or the State, the State with a capital S, as it is written nowadays. There is no money in such bestowals, no private gain or emolument. What we give we give as a tribute to pure altruism, or, in other words, because as men and women we feel that it is one of the most important elements in wise living. It is indisputable that there was never so much disinterested endeavor in behalf of the community at large as there is to-day, but at the same time it is true that the agitations and work are accomplished by a comparatively small number of people. There are probably among the intelligent, aspiring portion of the population at least five persons who intend to interest themselves in public affairs, and regard doing so as essential to a useful life, to every one who puts his theories into practice. No man or woman can do everything. We cannot as individuals at one and the same time busy ourselves successfully in education, philanthropy, political reform, and economic science. But if every one would take an active, earnest concern in something, in some one thing, and look into it slowly but thoroughly, this man or woman in the public schools, this in the methods of municipal government, and this in the problems of crime or poverty, reforms would necessarily proceed much faster. Just a little work every other day or every week. Let it be your hobby if you will, if you have no time for a hobby too. If five thousand men in every large city should take an active interest in and give a small amount of time in every week to the school question, we should soon have excellent public schools; if another five thousand would devote themselves to the affairs of municipal government in a similar fashion, would there be so much corruption as at present, and would so inferior a class of citizens be chosen to be aldermen and to fill the other city offices? And so on to the end of the chapter. Is not something of the kind the duty of every earnest man and woman? Let those who boast of being plain people put this into their pipes and smoke it. When

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the self-styled working-classes are prohibited by law from working more than eight hours, will they contribute of their spare time to help those who are trying to help them?

American men have the reputation of being considerate husbands and indulgent fathers; but they have been apt at all events, until recently, to make permission to spend take the place of personal comradeship. This has been involuntarily and regretfully ascribed to business pressure; but fatalistic remorse is a poor substitute for duty, even though the loved ones eat off gold plate and ride in their own carriages as a consequence. We Americans who have begotten children in the last twenty years do not need to be informed that the time given to the society of one's wife and family is the most precious expenditure of all, both for their sakes and our own. But though the truth is obvious to us, are we not sometimes conscious at the end of the week that the time due us and them has been squandered or otherwise appropriated? Those walks and talks, those pleasant excursions from city to country, or country to city, those quiet afternoons or evenings at home, which are possible to every man and woman who love each other and their children, are among the most valuable aids to wise living and peace of mind which daily existence affords. Intimacy and warm sympathy, precept and loving companionship, are worth all the indulgent permission and unexpected cheques in the world. Some people, when Sunday or a holiday comes, seem to do their best to get rid of their families and to try to amuse themselves apart from them. Such men and women are shutting out from their lives the purest oxygen which civilization affords; for genuine comradeship of husband and wife, and father or mother and child, purges the soul and tends to clear the mind's eye more truly than any other influence.

Lastly and firstly, and in close compact with sweet domesticity and faithful friendship, stand the spiritual demands of our natures. We must have time to think and meditate. Just as the flowers need the darkness and the refreshing dew, the human soul requires its quiet hours, its season for meditation and rest. Whatever we may believe, whatever doubts we may entertain regarding the mysteries of the universe, who will maintain that the aspiring side of man is a delusion and an unreality? In the time—often merely minutes—which we give to contemplation and serious review of what we are doing, lies the secret of the wise plan, if not the execution. To go on helter-skelter from day to day without a purpose in our hearts resembles playing a hurdy-gurdy for a living without the hope of pence. The use of Sunday in this country has changed so radically in the last twenty-five years that everyone is free to spend it as he will, subject to certain restrictions as to sport and entertainment in public calculated to offend those who would prefer stricter usages. But whether we choose to go to church or not, whether our aspirations are fostered in the sanctuary or the fresh air, the eternal needs of the soul must be provided for. If we give our spare hours and minutes merely to careless amusement, we cannot fail to degenerate in nobility of nature, just as we lose the hue of health when we sully the red corpuscles of the body with foul air and steam heat. Are we not nowadays, even the plain people, God bless them, too much disposed to believe that merely to be comfortable and amused and rested is the sole requirement of the human soul? It does need rest most of the time in this age of pressure, heaven knows, and comfort and amusement are necessary. But may we not, even while we rest and are comfortable, under the blue sky or on the peaceful river, if you will, lift up our spirits to the mystery of the ages, and reach out once more toward the eternal truths? Merely to be comfortable and to get rested once a week will not bring those truths nearer. May we not, in the pride of our democracy, afford to turn our glances back to the pages of history, to the long line of mighty men kneeling before the altar with their eyes turned up to God, and the prayer of faith and repentance on their lips? Did this all mean nothing? Are we so wise and certain and far-seeing that we need not do likewise?

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A CO-OPERATIVE COURTSHIP

By Annie Steger Winston

HE had risen as if to go; but paused, leaning his arm upon the mantel, and looking down upon her, as she sat before the fire. She was evidently unconscious of the intensity of his gaze. There was a little pucker in her forehead, as if the piece of needlework which she held in her hands were passing through a crisis which absorbed her powers. Her face cleared as she snipped off the thread. She held up, laughing, a child's little dress, of soft flannel. "For the Needlework Guild," she said. "Why haven't you asked me what I was doing?"

"Ah—yes," he said. He did not seem to see it. A smile glimmered over his face, which was evidently not inspired by the subject in hand.

"Did I ever tell you that I was in love?" he asked, suddenly.

He was a man of about thirty, above the medium height, in appearance a typical Virginian, with no more superfluous flesh than a race-horse, but with the clear eyes and firm muscles of perfect health; almost effeminately small of hand and foot, yet suggesting nothing less than effeminacy. The large range of expression of which his face was capable was habitually restricted by a constitutional reserve to shades of indifference, boredom, and amusement, and it now expressed no deeper feeling.

Charlotte Bayne raised her bright gray eyes to his face with sudden interest. She was used to being confided in; but she had expected no sentimental confessions from the self-contained individual leaning against the mantel. She put her arm around a little white-haired nephew who had come into the room, and cuddled against her side as naturally as a young chicken against the mother-hen, without seeming to regard the habitual action.

"Of course you never told me." She looked up at him with the pleased and expectant expression of a child who has the promise of a story. Above the narrow mirror over the mantel a faded lady in a tarnished frame smiled down upon the pair below. The twilight was coming on, and the glow of the fire began to flicker upon the picture-covered walls. He gave a short laugh, twisting his watch-chain in his long fingers.

"It sounds rather boyish, doesn't it? to go around confiding in people; but I don't do it promiscuously — and I have a purpose in telling you. It may sound absurd at first—but I want you to help me."

She laughed, showing even, white teeth, set rather far apart, a setting which gives an inexplicably good-natured look to a face.

"Help you—how?"

"I want you to direct me. It seems to me, Miss Charlotte, that there is too much misapplied energy in the average courtship. It is that I want to guard against. I believe that a woman of your sense and keenness of observation could be of incalculable value to me as a guide to feminine human nature. If you would only let me put myself entirely in your hands I could steer clear of those blunders which would needlessly imperil my chances; and you could, besides, suggest no end of clever tactics. If, after all, I should fail, I should have the consolation of knowing that it was only on account of my inherent demerits. It is a great deal to ask you to take the trouble; I feel that

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I really am not worth it; but—can't you?"

She scrutinized his face critically, to see if it were a jest, as from his manner it might well have been.

"You really seem to be in earnest," she said. "What sort of a woman is she, Mr. Carter?"

She called it *Cyarter*, in the almost obsolete Virginian fashion.

He laughed a little and meditated.

"She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and the most unconscious; the cleverest, and the most natural; the best, and the most exasperating."

Charlotte shook her head.

"I can't do it. I can't imagine, in the least, what such a paragon would think on any subject. But how is she exasperating?"

"Well, she doesn't take any interest in me. I have known her a long time—ever since I have been in Richmond—and the better she knows me, and the better she likes me, the more hopeless it all is. I seem to be getting as commonplace to her as that old clock is to you. It has been ticking away so long on the mantel that you really don't hear it. Do you, now?"

"But I should miss it if it stopped," she said. "There—perhaps that is our clew to the problem. Make her miss you."

Her face was full of pleased animation; but he looked at her rather gloomily.

"I really don't think you know what a desperate case it is. There is hardly a ray of hope. I am not sure it wouldn't be something of a relief to her to have me go. I can't hope she'd miss me."

He hesitated.

"*You* look on me as a friend, don't you? But if I were at the North Pole I am afraid you wouldn't find that it made any particular difference. It is an exactly parallel case. Do you really think there is any use in trying that plan, judging by yourself? That sounds very impertinent——"

"Oh, no," she said. She looked frankly at him, with no tinge of embarrassment. She seemed to be thinking.

"I should miss you, of course. Yes, I really think it might be worth trying, as a first step."

"I should have preferred a different method of making myself agreeable," he said. "I don't half like it. I am inclined to think this is a shrewd scheme of yours to get rid of me."

"But I don't get rid of you." She raised her brows questioningly.

"Oh," he said, hastily, "that follows, of course. I couldn't stay in Richmond and not see her. If I adopt this plan I must go away."

She looked at him meditatively.

"How much you must care for her."

"Yes." He half smiled. "I shall hate terribly to tell her good-by—and see how well she bears the pangs of parting."

"So you are going?" He lowered his eyes, which had apparently been scanning with critical appreciation a blackened portrait across the room, and met her own.

"Yes—to Japan." He paused, watching the effect.

"To Japan!" She looked a little startled.

"I was at college," he went on, "with a young fellow from Japan, and he and I got to be great friends. He has been begging me to visit him ever since he went back, and I have been thinking of it for some time. I imagine he has an idea that I may settle there, if I once go, as he keeps harping on the fine opening there is for an American architect. Perhaps I shall—if I fail."

"If you fail?" she repeated.

"Fail—with the Paragon," he explained.

They did not laugh.

"You see how well it fits in. I may be a Passionate Pilgrim and a practical architect at the same time."

She fixed her eyes upon him thoughtfully.

"I can't grasp the idea. You are really, honestly, going?"

"Yes—next week, if I can."

From time to time letters came to Charlotte from Japan.

"My robust American conscience has become languid and complaisant in the Chrysanthemum Land," he wrote. "I could be perfectly idle without a

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scruple, I am afraid; but that good fellow, Mijuki, sees to it that I am kept busy designing houses for progressive natives. I blush to think what descriptions he probably gives of my powers.

"My bedroom walls are of crinkled blue paper, splashed with gold, and set in frames of polished bambo. A slim vase, containing one great, shaggy, white chrysanthemum, is pretty much all the furniture.

"Don't think I don't harmonize with my æsthetic surroundings. My face is fast assuming the sleepy simper of the gentlemen on the screens and fans. In fact I am consciously becoming decorative."

He wrote amusing descriptions of his dealings with his native patrons, quaint incidents of his daily life, occasionally short, keen disquisitions upon Japanese public affairs; but of the Paragon there was little or nothing.

It became more and more incredible that this was a sentimental pilgrimage. Every now and then there were allusions to a possible settlement in Japan.

"I am inclined to believe that the Paragon is the celebrated Mrs. Harris," Charlotte wrote one day. "Have you utterly forgotten her? And aren't you really ever coming home?"

This was a postscript.

The summer had passed. A nipping wind blew through the branches of the denuded trees; the fallen leaves shuddered together in wet russet heaps. Charlotte passed rapidly along, with a tint on her cheek like the outer leaf of a frost-ripened rose. She held her head a little bent, to break the force of the blast; and so—almost ran against John Carter.

It was a long, tree-fringed avenue, in the extreme west of the town, where the houses were few and far apart—a fashionable promenade when the days were fine; but deserted this raw November afternoon.

There was no one to be shocked had her greeting been never so exuberant; but her hands were buried in her muff; and she said nothing but,

"*Oh!*"

And then they both laughed.

"Is that all you have to say?" he said, at last. "And won't you shake hands with me?"

She slipped her hand from the muff and gave it to him.

"If I had any way to hold my muff, I would give you *both*," she said. "Oh no!" as he seized it — "that is only rhetoric; but I am so glad."

"*I* am so glad," he said. They were walking briskly on in the exhilarating wind, and it seemed very natural to laugh.

"They told me you had walked out this way," he said—he kept his head turned toward her as they went on, "and so I followed you. I got here this morning."

"What made you leave Japan?"

She looked up at him from the corners of her bright eyes, putting up her muff to shelter her face from the wind.

"Oh—the Paragon, of course."

"I don't believe there's 'any sich a person,'" she said.

They often talked Dickens. It was so convenient.

He laughed.

"Suppose there *were* such a person, what would you tell me to do next?"

"I won't rack my brain any more," she said. "I haven't any faith in the Paragon."

"But I really should like to know," he said. "It is interesting, if only as an abstract question. *Had* you thought of the next step?"

"Oh, it is all nonsense," she said. "No. I hadn't thought of any more steps. Tell me about Japan. It is positively *affected* to ignore a voyage across the world."

She smiled up at him, with brightened eyes and cheeks.

"But I don't know where to begin," he said, helplessly.

He had discussed the present and future of Japan with Mr. Bayne; and chrysanthemums and porcelain with Mrs. Bayne and her married daughter, Mrs. Selden. He had distributed Japanese toys among the little Seldens, and Japanese bric-a-brac among the ladies, and at last only Charlotte and

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himself remained in the sitting-room. He settled himself in another chair with an imperfectly repressed sigh of satisfaction.

"I wouldn't have believed that you would have abandoned my cause," he said. He turned his head lazily toward her, smiling.

"But wasn't it all a joke?" she asked. She held up her hand, sheltering her eyes from the glare of the fire, so as to see his face more clearly.

"Well—no," he said, with deliberation; "not altogether. I am really interested in knowing your ideas. Take a woman who is the personification of womanliness, and tell me how the slight advantage one has gained by absence is to be followed up. One can't go on being absent forever, or, at any rate, absence after awhile would cease to be a virtue. The question is, What next?"

She had been looking soberly at him; but when she spoke it was with vivacity.

"Oh, the next best thing is to torment her. If she has the tiniest spark of interest in you, make her jealous."

He glanced at her, as though the idea were a startling novelty, and burst into one of his hearty, infrequent laughs.

"You evidently believe in heroic treatment," he said.

She laughed also; but her face quickly settled back into gravity.

"Yes," she said, "if the case requires it."

He stooped and picked up a skein of silk, which she had dropped.

"But consider what sort of woman she is. The audacity of the idea takes my breath away. And consider how little she cares about me. It seems almost preposterous."

"Perhaps she cares more about you than you think," she said, impulsively; as one sometimes says things that it is not altogether pleasant to say. "Are you sure it wouldn't do to ask her?"

"Yes—almost—" He spoke again, in a tone which she had never heard him use. "I can't risk it yet. I can't throw away the hope that alone makes life worth living."

She looked away, feeling stupidly poor of words, and waited for him to speak again. "You are very good to help me," he added, with commonplace briskness.

"My helping you is really a perfect farce," she said, rapidly. "I can't possibly help you really. For one thing, I know absolutely nothing about her. I believe you think all women are just alike." (This last with a somewhat constrained laugh.)

"Oh, no," he said; "by no means. But, if you will allow me to say so, you and the Paragon really are a little alike. You constantly remind me of her."

She flushed deeply. "Thank you very much."

"Yes," he went on, with a shade of patronage, "I detect a strong likeness in character, which is the important thing in this connection."

"It is a pity that the resemblance doesn't extend to our faces," she said, "as she is a beauty."

"Oh, don't call her a beauty," he said; "I hate beauties. She is beautiful, beautiful!—but she isn't what they call a beauty. Horrors!—no."

She laughed again, a little abrupt laugh.

"Perhaps I advised in my haste," she said. "How could a Paragon be made jealous? Doesn't she know she's a Paragon?"

"Oh, of course," he said. "How could she help it? That *is* a practical difficulty."

He knit his brow as if in deep thought.

He came and went, as in the days before he went away. Really he seemed not to leave much time to devote to any one else. Charlotte inwardly wondered and speculated. A solution to the problem flashed upon her one day, and brought the blood to her face like a blow. He was using her to pique the Paragon (she knew no other name for her).

She came into the parlor with an air more stately than was quite natural to her, and talked on in a fluent conventional manner, which was equally out of character.

John Carter listened with a puzzled

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face. She seemed to be erecting an impassable barrier of reserve between them.

"What have I done?" he said, suddenly.

She was startled into her natural manner. The smile which came so readily to her lips drew up the corners of her mouth, before she could check it, but a shade of indignation lingered in her eyes.

"I am not sure," she said.

"But there is something?" he urged. "You ought not to condemn me without letting me know my crime."

She hesitated a moment.

"Perhaps I really ought not to object. Perhaps I ought to be flattered, if my suspicion is correct. It is nothing, of course; but *aren't* you trying to make the Paragon jealous—of me?"

A slight, curious spasm passed over his face; but he looked genuinely concerned and a little abashed.

"Please forgive me," he said, "but my inclination so often brings me here, that, naturally, she might think that you—that I——"

"Yes," she said, shortly, as though dismissing the subject. Her color was heightened and her eyes bright. Neither spoke till the minute hand of the old ebony clock had crept perceptibly on, and then they talked of Japan.

"She must be lovely—lovely!" she said to him one June evening. She turned to him earnestly, as they stood in the bay-window, jutting over the grassy yard. The air was sweet with jasmines, and the first stars were trembling out, pale in the lingering daylight.

Her eyes somehow grew moist in the fervor of her admiration, and she looked away. "I can understand your *reverence* for a woman like that," she said.

He moved his head in solemn assent, as if words failed him.

"Shall I tell you what you ought to do?" She looked at him steadily enough now, and hurried on without waiting for a reply. "Ask her to marry you. Oh, I know," as he started to speak. "You are afraid to risk everything, but you risk everything *more* by dilly-dallying on as you do."

He drew a deep breath. "What shall I do if she won't have me?"

"Ask her again—go on asking her." She was very earnest. "But I believe she *will* have you."

She put out her hand to him frankly, and he took it. It was very cold. "And then you must thank me," she said, with a little laugh.

He turned from the window, and, going to the mantel, rested his arm upon it. He seemed to find in this position not only physical but moral support

"Perhaps you wouldn't give me that advice, if you knew all the circumstances," he said.

She walked to a chair and sat down, a little wearily. "Tell me about it."

"I have somehow managed to get into such a false position," he said, "that I can't tell her I love her, without seeming to border upon impertinence."

"Oh!" she said, "I don't understand."

"I have been deceiving her," he explained, tersely, "and I am afraid to tell her so."

He paused, picking to pieces a large single white rose which he had gathered at the window.

She looked puzzled. "What made you do that?" she asked.

"Desperation," he said. The silence again became oppressive.

Suddenly he threw the maltreated blossom down, with an air of determination.

"I will put the whole case before you," he said; "and see what you think of it."

He stopped to cough. "Well—ah—perhaps I expressed it too strongly when I said I had deceived her. The fact is, she deceived herself. She had at all times enough evidence before her to get a true idea of how things stood."

"But what did you deceive her about?" There was a shade of uncharacteristic impatience in Charlotte's voice, as if her nerves were jangled.

"About—well—ah. She thinks I'm in love with somebody else."

She averted her eyes with a deep, indignant flush. "Yes. I remember. We spoke of that before."

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"Yes," he said, hastily; "but it wasn't exactly as you thought. The fact is, she imagines it to be somebody who really isn't anybody—except herself. I don't know exactly how to explain it."

She looked blankly puzzled.

"But I don't at all understand," she said.

His cough again became troublesome.

"Well—you see I have described to her the woman I love, and she thinks it is somebody else. In fact, she's—she's been helping me."

Her eyes flashed to his face.

"Helping you!—I don't understand." The last words were very breathless.

He paused, scrutinizing her face for encouragement to go on, but making nothing of it.

"Yes—advising me, you know—about her."

She had turned very white, but her eyes shone.

"You seem to have a good many advisers," she said, in a tone oddly at variance with the words. The little laugh which she attempted was very unsteady.

"No—no—only *one*," he said. He drew his breath in deeply. "And I am afraid *she* is not a very good one."

He stood staring with tragic gravity before him, as if waiting for something to turn up. Suddenly he lowered his eyes and fixed them upon her.

"Miss Charlotte," he said, vehemently, "will you be my wife?"

She meditated, or seemed to meditate; and the clock sounded through the room as if its heart were beating. Then she looked up at him.

"Yes," she said, "if you will promise never to mention the Paragon to me so long as we both shall live."

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THE EDGE OF CLAREMONT HILL

By Henry van Dyke

THE roar of the city is low,
Muffled by new fallen snow,
And the sign of the wintry moon is small and clear and still.
Will you come with me to-night,
To see a pleasant sight
Away on the river-side, at the edge of Claremont Hill?

And what shall we see there,
But streets that are new and bare,
And many a desolate place that the city is coming to fill;
And a soldier's tomb of stone,
And a few trees standing alone—
Will you walk for that through the cold, to the edge of Claremont Hill?

But there's more than that for me,
In the place that I fain would see:
There's a glimpse of the grace that helps us all to bear life's ill;
A touch of the vital breath
That keeps the world from death;
A flower that never fades, on the edge of Claremont Hill.

For just where the road swings round,
In a narrow strip of ground,
Where a group of forest trees are lingering fondly still,
There's a grave of the olden time,
When the garden bloomed in its prime,
And the children laughed and sang on the edge of Claremont Hill.

The marble is pure and white,
And even in this dim light,
You may read the simple words that are written there if you will;
You may hear a father tell
Of the child he loved so well,
A hundred years ago, on the edge of Claremont Hill.

The tide of the city has rolled
Across that bower of old,
And blotted out the beds of the rose and the daffodil;
But the little playmate sleeps,
And the shrine of love still keeps
Its record of happy days, on the edge of Claremont Hill.

And after all, my friend,
When the tale of our years shall end,
Be it long or short, or lowly or great, as God may will,
What better praise could we hear,
Than this of the child so dear:
You have made my life more sweet, on the edge of Claremont Hill?

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THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER XXI

IN WHICH WE HAVE FURTHER GLIMPSES OF THE WONDROUS MECHANISM OF OUR YOUNGER MAN

THE report of Admiral Baldwin Fakenham as having died in the arms of a stranger visiting the house, hit nearer the mark than usual. He yielded his last breath as Gower Woodseer was lowering him to his pillow, shortly after a husky whisper of the letter to Lady Arpington: and that was one of Gower's crucial trials. It condemned him, for the pacifying of a dying man, to the murmur and shuffle, which was a lie; and the lie burnt him, contributed to the brand on his race. He and his father upheld a solitary bare staff, where the Cambrian flag had flown, before their people had been trampled in mire, to do as the worms. His loathing of any shadow of the lie was a protest on behalf of Welsh blood against an English charge, besides the passion for spiritual cleanliness; without which was no comprehension, therefore no enjoyment, of nature possible to him. For nature is the truth.

He begged the Countess to let him have the letter; he held to the petition, with supplications; he spoke of his pledged word, his honor; and her countenance did not deny to such an object as she beheld the right to a sense of honor. "We all have the sentiment, I hope, Mr. Woodseer," she said, stupefying the worshipper, who did not see it manifested. There was a look of gentle intimacy, expressive of common grounds between them, accompanying the dead words. Mistress of the letter, and the letter safe under lock, the Admiral dead, she had not to bestow a touch of her hand on his coat-sleeve in declining to return it. A face languidly and benevolently querulous was bent on him when he, so clever a man, resumed his very silly petition.

She was moon out of cloud at a change of the theme. Gower journeyed to London without the letter, intoxicated and conscious of poison; enamoured of it, and straining for health. He had to reflect, at the journey's end, that he had picked up nothing on the road, neither a thing observed nor a thing imagined; he was a troubled pool instead of a flowing river.

The best help to health for him was a day in his father's house. We are perpetually at our comparisons of ourselves with others; and they are mostly profitless; but the man carrying his religious light to light the darkest ways of his fellows, and keeping good cheer, as though the heart of him ran a mountain water through the grimy region, plucked at Gower with an envy to resemble him in practice. His philosophy, too, reproached him for being outshone. Apart from his philosophy, he stood confessed a bankrupt; and it had dwindled to near extinction. Adoration of a woman takes the breath out of philosophy. And if one had only to say sheer donkey, he consenting to be driven by her! One has to say worse in this case; for the words are, liar and traitor.

Carinthia's attitude toward his father conduced to his emulous respect for the old man, below whom, and indeed below the roadway of ordinary principles hedged with dull texts, he had strangely fallen. The sight of her lashed him. She made it her business or it was her pleasure to go the rounds beside Mr. Woodseer, visiting his poor people. She spoke of the scenes she witnessed, and threw no stress on the wretchedness, having only the wish to assist in ministering. Probably the great wretchedness bubbling over the place blunted her feeling of loss at the word of Admiral Baldwin's end; her bosom sprang up: "He was next to father," was all she said; and she soon reverted to this and that house of the lodgings of poverty. She had de-

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scended on the world. There was of course a world outside Whitechapel, but Whitechapel was hot about her; the nests of misery, the sharp note of want in the air, tricks of an urchin who had amused her.

As to the place itself, she had no judgment to pronounce, except that: "They have no mornings here;" and the childish remark set her quivering on her heights, like one seen through a Tear, in Gower's memory. Scarce anything of her hungry impatience to meet her husband was visible; she had come to London to meet him; she hoped to meet him soon; before her brother's return, she could have added. She mentioned the goodness of Sarah Winch in not allowing that she was a burden to support. Money and its uses had impressed her; the quantity possessed by some, the utter need of it for the first of human purposes by others. Her speech was not of so halting or foreign an English. She grew rapidly whereever she was planted.

Speculation on the conduct of her husband, empty as it might be, was necessitated in Gower. He pursued it, and listened to his father similarly at work. "A young lady fit for any station, the kindest of souls, a born charitable human creature, void of pride, near in all she does and thinks to the Shaping Hand, why should her husband forsake her on the day of their nuptials! She is most gracious; the simplicity of an infant. Can you imagine the doing of an injury by a man to a woman like her?"

Then it was that Gower screwed himself to say:

"Yes, I can imagine it, I'm doing it myself. I shall be doing it till I've written a letter and paid a visit."

He took a meditative stride or two in the room, thinking without revulsion of the Countess Livia under a similitude of the bell of the plant henbane, and that his father had immunity from temptation because of the insensibility to beauty. Out of which he passed to the writing of the letter to Lord Fleetwood, informing his lordship that he intended immediately to deliver a message to the Marchioness of Arpington from Admiral Baldwin Fakenham, in relation to the Countess of Fleetwood. A duty was easily done by Gower when he had surmounted the task of conceiving his resolution to do it; and this task, involving an offence to the Lady Livia and intrusion of his name on a nobleman's recollection, ranked next in severity to the chopping off of his fingers by a man suspecting them of the bite of rabies.

An interview with Lady Arpington was granted him the following day.

She was a florid, aquiline, loud-voiced lady, evidently having no seat for her wonderments, after his account of the origin of his acquaintance with the Admiral had quieted her suspicions. The world had only to stand beside her, and it would hear what she had heard. She rushed to the conclusion that Lord Fleetwood had married a person of no family.

"Really, really, that young man's freaks appear designed for the express purpose of heightening our amazement!" she exclaimed. "He won't easily get beyond a wife in the East of London, at a *shop*; but there's no knowing. Any wish of Admiral Baldwin Fakenham's, I hold sacred. At least I can see for myself. You can't tell me more of the facts? If Lord Fleetwood's in town, I will call him here at once. I will drive down to this address you give me. She is a civil person?"

"Her breeding is perfect," said Gower.

"Perfect breeding, you say?" Lady Arpington was reduced to a murmur. She considered the speaker: his outlandish garb, his unprotesting self-possession. He spoke good English by habit, her ear told her. She was of an eminence to judge of a man impartially, even to the sufferance of an opinion from him, on a subject that lesser ladies would have denied to his clothing. Outwardly simple, naturally frank, though a tangle of the complexities inwardly, he was a touchstone for true aristocracy, as the humblest who bear the main elements of it must be. Certain humorous turns in his conversation won him an amicable smile when he bowed to leave: they were the needed finish of a favorable impression.

One day later, the Earl arrived in

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town, read Gower Woodseer's brief words, and received the consequently expected summons, couched in a great lady's plain imperative. She was connected with his family on the paternal side.

He went obediently: not unwillingly, let the deputed historian of the Marriage, turning over documents, here say. He went to Lady Arpington, disposed for marital humaneness and jog-trot harmony, by condescension; equivalent to a submitting to the drone of an incessant psalm at the drum of the ear. He was, in fact, rather more than inclined that way. When very young, at the age of thirteen, a mood of religious fervor had spiritualized the dulness of Protestant pew and pulpit for him. Another fit of it, in the Roman Catholic direction, had proposed, during the latest dilemma, to relieve him of the burden of his pledged word. He had plunged for a short space into the rapturous contemplation of a monastic life—"the clean soul for the macerated flesh," as that fellow Woodseer said once; and such as his friend, the Roman Catholic Lord Feltre moodily talked of getting, in his intervals. He had gone down to a young and novel trial establishment of English penitents in the forest of a Midland county, and had watched and envied, and seen the escape from a lifelong bondage to the "beautiful Gorgon," under cover of a white flannel frock. The world pulled hard, and he gave his body into chains of a woman, to redeem his word.

But there was a plea on behalf of this woman. The life she offered might have psalmic iteration; the dead monotony of it in prospect did, nevertheless, exorcise a devil. Carinthia promised, it might seem, to chase and keep the black beast out of him permanently, as she could, he now conceived: for since the day of the marriage with her, the devil inhabiting him had at least been easier, "up in a corner."

He held an individual memory of his bride, rose-veiled, secret to them both, that made them one, by subduing him. For it was a charm; an actual feminine, an unanticipated personal, charm; past reach of tongue to name, wordless in thought. There, among the folds of the incense vapors of our hearts' holy of holies, it hung; and it was rare, it was distinctive of her, and alluring, if one consented to melt to it, and accepted for compensation the exorcising of a devil.

Oh, but no mere devil by title! a very devil. It was alert and frisky, flushing, filling the thin cold idea of Henrietta at a thought; and in the thought it made Carinthia's intimate charm appear as no better than a thing to enrich a beggar, while he knew that kings could never command the charm. Not love, only the bathing in Henrietta's incomparable beauty and the desire to be, desire to have been, the casket of it, broke the world to tempest and lightnings at a view of Henrietta the married woman—married to the brother of the woman calling him husband: "It is my husband." The young tyrant of wealth could have avowed that he did not love Henrietta; but not the less was he in the swing of a whirlwind at the hint of her loving the man she had married. Did she? It might be tried.

She? That Henrietta is one of the creatures who love pleasure, love flattery, love their beauty; they cannot love a man. Or the love is a ship that will not sail a sea.

Now, if the fact were declared and attested, if her shallowness were seen proved, one might get free of the devil she plants in the breast. Absolutely to despise her, would be release, and it would allow of his tasting Carinthia's charm, reluctantly acknowledged; not "Money of the country" beside that golden Henrietta's.

Yet who can say?—women are such deceptions. Often their fairest, apparently sweetest, when brought to the keenest of the tests, are graceless; or worse, artificially consonant; in either instance barren of the poetic. Thousands of the confidently expectant among men have been unbewitched; a lamentable process; and the grimly reticent and the loudly discursive are equally eloquent of the pretty general disillusion. How they loathe and tear the mask of the sham attraction that snatched them to the hag yoke, and fell away to show its grisly horrors within the round of the month, if not the second enumeration of twelve by the

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clock! Fleetwood had heard certain candid seniors talk, delivering their minds, in superior appreciation of unpretentious boor wenches, nature's products, not esteemed by him. Well, of a truth, she—"Red Hair and Rugged Brows," as the fellow, Woodseer, had called her, in alternation with "Mountain Face to Sun"—she at the unveiling was gentle, surpassingly; graceful in the furnace of the trial. She wore through the critic ordeal his burning sensitiveness to grace and delicacy cast about a woman, and was rather better than not withered by it.

On the borders between maidenly and wifely, she, a thing of flesh like other daughters of earth, had impressed her sceptical lord, inclining to contempt of her and detestation of his bargain, as a flitting hue, ethereal, a transfiguration of earthliness in the core of the earthly furnace. And how? but that it must have been the naked shining forth of her character, startled to show itself: "it is my husband:" it must have been love.

The love that they versify, and strum on guitars, and go crazy over, and end by roaring at the delusion; this common bloom of the ripeness of a season; this would never have utterly captured a sceptic, to vanquish him in his mastery, snare him in her surrender. It must have been the veritable passion; a flame kept alive by vestal ministrants in the yew-wood of the forest of Old Romance; planted only in the breasts of very favorite maidens. Love had eyes, love had a voice that night—love was the explicable magic lifting terrestrial to seraphic. Though, true, she had not Henrietta's golden smoothness of beauty. Henrietta, illumined with such a love, would outdo all legends, all dreams of the tale of love. Would she? For credulous men she would be golden coin of the currency. She would not have a particular wild flavor; charm as of the running doe that has taken a dart and rolls an eye to burst the hunter's heart with pity. . . .

Fleetwood went his way to Lady Arpington almost complacently, having fought and laid his wilder self. He might be likened to the doctor's patient entering the chemist's shop, with a prescription for a drug of healing virtue, upon which the palate is as little consulted as a robustious lollypop boy in the household of ceremonial parents, who have rung for the troop of their orderly domestics to sit in a row and hearken the intonation of good words.

CHAPTER XXII

A RIGHT-MINDED GREAT LADY

THE bow, the welcome, and the introductory remarks passed rapidly as the pull on two sides of a curtain opening on a scene that stiffens courtliness to hard attention.

After the names of Admiral Baldwin and "the Mr. Woodseer," the name of Whitechapel was mentioned by Lady Arpington. It might have been the name of any other place.

"Ah, so far, then, I have to instruct you," she said, observing the young earl. "I drove down there yesterday. I saw the lady calling herself Countess of Fleetwood. By right? She was a Miss Kirby."

"She has the right," Fleetwood said, standing well out of a discharge of musketry.

"Marriage not contested. You knew of her being in that place? I can't describe it."

"Your ladyship will pardon me?"

London frontier of barbarism was named for him again, and in a tone to penetrate.

He refrained from putting the question of how she had come there.

As iron as he looked, he said: "She stays there by choice?"

The great lady tapped her foot on the floor.

"You are not acquainted with the district."

"One of my men comes out of it."

"The coming out of it! . . . However, I understand her story, that she travelled from a village inn, where she had been left—without resources. She waited weeks; I forget how many. She has a description of maid in attendance on her. She came to London to

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find her husband. Oh, certainly she would be here now, if I could have been sure of my letter hitting you in town. You were at the mines, we heard. Her one desire is to meet her husband. But goodness! Fleetwood, why do you frown? You acknowledge the marriage, she has the name of the church; she was married of that old Lord Levellier's house. You drove her—I won't repeat the flighty business. You left her, and she did her best to follow you. Will the young men of our time not learn that life is no longer a game when they have a woman for partner in the match? You don't complain of her flavor of a foreign manner? She can't be so very. . . . Admiral Baldwin's daughter has married her brother; and he is a military officer. She has germs of breeding, wants only a little rub of the world to smooth her. Speak to the point: do you meet her here? Do you refuse?"

"At present? I do."

"Something has to be done."

"She was bound to stay where I left her."

"You are bound to provide for her becomingly."

"Provision shall be made, of course."

"The story will . . . unless—and quickly, too."

"I know, I know!"

Fleetwood had the clang of all the bells of London chiming Whitechapel at him in his head, and he betrayed the irritated tyrant ready to decree fire and sword, for the defence or solace of his tender sensibilities.

The black flash flew.

"It's a thing to mend as well as one can," Lady Arpington said. "I am not inquisitive: you had your reasons or chose to act without any. Get her away from that place. She won't come to me unless it's to meet her husband. Ah, well, temper does not solve your problem; husband you are, if you married her. We'll leave the husband undiscussed: with this reserve, that it seems to me men are now beginning to play the misunderstood."

"I hope they know themselves better," said Fleetwood; and he begged for the name and number of the house in the Whitechapel street, where she who was discernly his enemy, and the deadliest of enemies, had now her dwelling.

Her immediate rush to that place, the fixing of herself there for an assault on him, was a move worthy the daughter of the rascal Old Buccaneer; it compelled to urgent measures. He, as he felt horribly in pencilling her address, acted under compulsion; and a woman prodded the goad. Her mask of ingenuousness was flung away for a look of craft, which could be power; and with her changed aspect his tolerance changed to hatred.

"A shop," Lady Arpington explained for his better direction: "Potatoes, vegetable stuff. Honest people, I am to believe. She is indifferent to her food, she says. She works, helping one of their ministers—one of their denominations; heaven knows what they call themselves. Anything to escape from the Church! She's likely to become a Methodist. With Lord Feltre proselytizing for his Papist creed, Lord Pitscrew a declared Mohammedan, we shall have a pretty English aristocracy in time. Well, she may claim to belong to it now. She would not be persuaded against visitations to pestiferous hovels. What else is there to do in such a place! She goes about catching diseases to avoid bilious melancholy in the dark back-room of a small green-grocer's shop in Whitechapel. There you have the word for the Countess of Fleetwood's present address."

It drenched him with ridicule.

"I am indebted to your ladyship for the information," he said, and maintained his rigidity.

The great lady stiffened.

"I am obliged to ask you whether you intend to act on it at once. The Admiral has gone; I am in some sort deputed as a guardian to her, and I warn you—very well, very well. In your own interests, it will be. If she is left there another two or three days, the name of the place will stick to her."

"She has baptized herself with it already, I imagine," said Fleetwood. "She will have Esslemont to live in."

"There will be more than one to speak as to that. You should know her?"

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"I do not know her."

"You married her."

"The circumstances are admitted."

"If I may hazard a guess, she is unlikely to come to terms without a previous interview. She is bent on meeting you."

"I am to be subjected to further annoyance, or she will take the name of the place she at present inhabits, and bombard me with it. Those are the terms."

"She has a brother living, I remind you."

"State the deduction, if you please, my lady."

"She is not of a totally inferior family."

"She had a father famous over England as the Old Buccaneer, and is a diligent reader of his book of MAXIMS FOR MEN."

"Dear me! Then Kirby—Captain Kirby! I remember. That's her origin, is it?" the great lady cried, illumined. "My mother used to talk of the Cressett scandal. Old Lady Arpington, too. At any rate, it ended in their union — the formalities were properly respected, as soon as they could be."

"I am unaware."

"I detest such a tone of speaking. Speaking as you do now—married to the daughter? You are not yourself, Lord Fleetwood."

"Quite, ma'am, let me assure you. Otherwise the Kirby-Cressetts would be dictating to me from the muzzle of one of the old rapscallion's maxims. They will learn that I am myself."

"You don't improve as you proceed. I tell you this, you'll not have me for a friend. You have your troops of satellites; but take it as equal to a prophecy, you won't have London with you, and you'll hear of Lord Fleetwood and his Whitechapel countess till your ears ache."

The preluding box on them reddened him.

"She will have the offer of Esslemont."

"Undertake to persuade her in person."

"I've spoken on that head."

"Well, I may be mistaken: I fancied it before I knew of the pair she springs from; you won't get her consent to anything without your consenting to meet her. Surely its the manlier way! It might be settled for to-morrow, here, in this room. She prays to meet you."

With an indicated gesture of "Save me from it," Fleetwood bowed.

He left no friend thinking over the riddle of his conduct. She was a loud-voiced lady, given to strike out phrases. The "Whitechapel Countess" of the wealthiest nobleman of this day was heard by her on London's wagging tongue. She considered also that he ought at least to have propitiated her; he was in the position requiring of him to do something of the kind, and he had shown instead the dogged pride which calls for a whip. Fool as he must have been to go and commit himself to marriage with a girl of whom he knew nothing or little, the assumption of pride belonged to the order of impudent disguises intolerable to behold and not, in a moderate manner, castigate.

Notwithstanding a dislike of the Dowager Countess of Fleetwood, Lady Arpington paid Livia an afternoon visit; and added thereby to the stock of her knowledge and the grounds of her disapprobation.

Down in Whitechapel, it was known to the Winch girls and the Woodseers that Captain Kirby and his wife had spent the bitterest of hours in vainly striving to break their immovable sister's will to remain there.

At the tea-time of simple people, who make it a meal, Gower's appetite for the home-made bread of Mary Jones was checked by the bearer of a short note from Lord Fleetwood. The half dozen lines were cordial, breathing of their walk in the Austrian highlands, and naming a renowned city hotel for a dinner that day, the hour seven, the reply yes or no by messenger.

"But we are man to man, so there's no 'No' between us two," the note said, reviving a scene of rosy crag and pine forest, where there had been philosophical fun over the appropriate sexes of those, our most important fighting—ultimately, we will hope, to be united—syllables, and the when for men, the

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when for women to select the one for them as their weapon.

Under the circumstances, Gower thought such a piece of writing to him magnanimous.

"It may be the solution," his father remarked.

Both had the desire; and Gower's reply was the yes, our brave male word, supposed to be not so compromising to men in the employment of it as a form of acquiescence rather than insistant pressure.

CHAPTER XXIII

IN DAME GOSSIP'S VEIN

RIGHT soon the London pot began to bubble. There was a marriage.

There are marriages by the thousand every day of the year that is not consecrated to prayer for the forgiveness of our sins, the Old Buccaneer, writing it with simple intent, says, by way of preface to a series of maxims for men who contemplate acceptance of the yoke.

This was a marriage high as the firmament over common occurrences, black as Erebus to confound; it involved the wreck of expectations, disastrous eclipse of a sovereign luminary in the splendor of his rise, Phaëton's descent to the Shades through a smoking and a crackling world. Asserted here, verified there, the rumor gathered volume, and from a serpent of vapor resolved to sturdy concrete before it was tangible. Contradiction retired into corners, only to be swept out of them. For this marriage, abominable to hear of, was of so wonderful a sort, that the story filled the mind, and the discrediting of the story threatened the great world's cranium with a vacuity yet more monstrously abominable.

For he, the planet Crœsus of his time, recently, scarce later than last night, a glorious object of the midheavens above the market, has been enveloped, caught, gobbled up by one of the nameless little witches riding after dusk the way of the wind on broomsticks—by one of *them!* She caught him like a fly in the hand off a pane of glass, gobbled him with the customary facility of a pecking pullet.

But was the planet Crœsus of his time a young man to be caught, so gobbled?

There is the mystery of it. On his coming of age, that young man gave sign of his having a City head. He put his guardians deliberately aside, had his lawyers and bailiffs and stewards thoroughly under control; managed a particularly difficult step-mother; escaped the snares of her lovely cousin; and drove his team of sycophants exactly the road he chose to go and no other. He had a will.

The world accounted him wildish?

Always from his own offset, to his own ends. Never for another's dictation or beguilement. Never for a woman. He was born with a suspicion of the sex. Poetry decorated women, he said, to lime and drag men in the foulest ruts of prose.

We are to believe he has been effectively captured?

It is positively a marriage; he admits it.

Where celebrated?

There we are at hoodman-blind for the moment. Three counties claim the church; two ends of London.

She is not a person of society, lineage?

Nor of beauty. She is a witch; ordinarily petticoated and not squeaking like a shrew-mouse in her flights, but not a whit less a moon-shade witch. The kind is famous. Fairy tales and terrible romances tell of her; she is just as much at home in life, and springs usually from the mire to inthrall our knightliest. Is it a popular hero? She has him, sooner or later. A planet Crœsus? He falls to her.

That is, if his people fail to attach him in legal bonds to a damsel of a corresponding birth on the day when he is breeched.

Small is her need to be young—especially if it is the man who is very young. She is the created among women armed with the deadly instinct for the motive force in men, and shameless to attract it. Self-respecting women treat men as their tamed housemates. She blows the

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horn of the wild old forest, irresistible to the animal. Oh, the droop of the eyelids, the curve of a lip, the rustle of silks, the much heart, the neat ankle; and the sparkling agreement, the reserve—the motherly feminine petition that she may retain her own small petted babe of an opinion, legitimate or not, by permission of superior authority! proof at once of her intelligence and her appreciativeness. Her infinitesimal spells are seen; yet, despite experience, the magnetism in their repulsive display is barely apprehended by sedate observers until the astounding capture is proclaimed. It is visible enough then: and oh, men! Oh, morals! If she can but trick the smallest bit in stooping, she has the pick of men.

Our present sample shows her to be young: she is young and a foreigner. Mr. Chumley Potts vouches for it. Speaks foreign English. He thinks her more ninny than knave: she is the tool of a wily plotter, picked up off the highway road by Lord Fleetwood as soon as he had her in his eye. Sir Meeson Corby wrings his frilled hand to depict the horror of the hands of that tramp the young lord had her from. They afflict him malariously still. The man, he says, the man as well as an infatuation, because he talks like a Dictionary Cheap Jack, and may have had an education and dropped into vagrancy, owing to indiscretions. Lord Fleetwood ran about in Germany repeating his remarks. But the man is really an accomplished violinist, we hear. She dances the tambourine business. A sister of the man, perhaps, if we must be charitable. They are, some say, a couple of Hungarian gypsies Lord Fleetwood found at a show and brought over to England, and soon had it on his conscience that he ought to marry her, like the Quixote of honor that he is; which is equal to saying crazy, as there is no doubt his mother was.

The marriage is no longer disputable; poor Lady Fleetwood, whatever her faults as a step-mother, does no longer deny the celebration of a marriage; though she might reasonably discredit any such story if he, on the evening of the date of the wedding-day, was at a ball, seen by her at the supper-table; and the next day he sat among the Peers and voted against the Government, and then went down to his estates in Wales, being an excellent holder of the reins, whether on the coach-box or over the cash-box.

More and more wonderful: we hear that he drove his bride straight from the church to the field of a prize-fight, arranged for her special delectation. She dotes on seeing blood shed and drinking champagne. Young Mr. Mallard is our authority; and he says she enjoyed it, and cheered the victor for being her husband's man. And after the shocking exhibition, good-by! the Countess of Fleetwood was left sole occupant of a wayside inn, and may have learned in her solitude that she would have been wise to feign disgust; for men to the smallest degree cultivated are unable to pardon a want of delicacy in the woman who has chosen them, as they are taught to think by their having chosen her.

So talked, so twittered, piped, and croaked the London world over the early rumors of the marriage; this Amazing Marriage, which it got to be called, from the number of items flocking to swell the wonder.

Ravens ravening by night, poised peregrines by day, provision-merchants for the dispensing of dainty scraps to tickle the ears, to arm the tongues, to explode reputations, those great ladies, the Ladies Endor, Eldritch, and Cowry, fateful three of their period, avenged and scourged both innocence and naughtiness, innocence, on the whole, the least, when their withering suspicion of it had hunted the unhappy thing to the bank of Ophelia's ditch. Mallard and Chumley Potts, Captain Abrane, Sir Meeson Corby, Lord Brailstone, were plucked at and rattled, put to the blush, by a pursuit of inquiries conducted with beaks. High-nosed dames will surpass eminent judges in their temerity on the border-line where *Ahem* sounds the warning note to curtained decency. The courtly M. de St. Ombre had to stand confused. He, however, gave another version of Captain Abrane's "fiddler," and precipitated the great ladies into the reflection that French gentlemen, since the

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execrable French Revolution, have lost their proper sense of the distinctions of class. *Homme d'esprit*, applied to a roving adventurer, a scarce other than vagabond, was either an undiscriminating epithet or else a further example of the French deficiency in humor.

Dexterous contriver, he undoubtedly is. Lady Cowry has it from Sir Meeson Corby, who had it from the poor Dowager, that Lord Fleetwood has installed the man in his house and sits him at the opposite end of his table; fished him up from Whitechapel, where the Countess is left serving oranges at a small fruit-shop. With her own eyes, Lady Arpington saw her there; and she can't be got to leave the place unless her husband, drives his coach down to fetch her. That he declines to do; so she remains the Whitechapel Countess, all on her hind heels against the offer of a shilling of her husband's money, if she's not to bring him to his knees: and goes about at night with a low Methodist, singing hymns along those dreadful streets, while Lord Fleetwood gives gorgeous entertainments. One signal from the man he has hired, and he stops drinking; he will stop speaking as soon as the man's mouth is open. He is under a complete fascination, attributable, some say, to passes of the hands, which the man won't wash lest he should weaken their influence.

As for the Whitechapel Countess . . . . the whole story of the Old Buccaneer and Countess Fanny was retold, and it formed a terrific halo, presage of rains and hurricane tempest, over the girl the young earl had incomprehensibly espoused to discard. Those two had a son and a daughter born abroad—in wedlock, we trust. The girl may be as wild a one as the mother. She has a will as determined as her husband's. She is offered Esslemont, the Earl's Kentish mansion, for a residence, and she will none of it until she has him down in the East of London on his knees to entreat her. The injury was deep on one side or the other. It may be almost surely prophesied that the two will never come together. Will either of them deal the stroke for freedom? And which is the likelier?

Meanwhile Lord Fleetwood and his Whitechapel Countess composed the laugh of London. Straightway Invention, the violent propagator, sprang from his shades at a call of the great world's appetite for more, and rushing upon stationary Fact, supplied the required. Marvel upon marvel was recounted. The mixed origin of the singular issue could not be examined, where all was increasingly funny.

Always the shout for more produced it. She and her band of Whitechapel boys were about in ambush to waylay the earl wherever he went. She stood knocking at his door through a whole night. He dared not lug her before a magistrate for fear of exposure. Once riding in the Park with a troop of friends, he had a young woman pointed out to him, and her finger was levelled, and she cried: "There is the English nobleman who marries a girl and leaves her to go selling cabbages!"

He left town for the Island, and beheld his yacht sailing the Solent; my lady the Countess was on board! A pair of Tyrolese minstrels in the square kindled his enthusiasm at one of his dinners; he sent them a sovereign; their humble, hearty thanks were returned to him, in the name of *Die Gräfin von Fleetwood*.

The Ladies Endor, Eldritch, and Cowry sifted their best. They let pass incredible stories; among others, that she had sent cards to the nobility and gentry of the West End of London, offering to deliver sacks of potatoes by newly established donkey-cart at the doors of their residences, at so much per sack, bills quarterly; with the postscript *Vive l'aristocratie!* Their informant had seen a card; and the stamp of the Fleetwood dragon-crest was on it.

Abrane, Potts, Mallard, and Sir Meeson Corby were personages during the town's excitement, besought for, having something to say. Petrels of the sea of tattle, they were buoyed by the hubbub they created, and felt the tipsy happiness of being certain to rouse the laugh wherever they alighted. Sir Meeson Corby, important to himself in an eminent degree, enjoyed the novel sense of his importance with his fellows. They crowded round the bore who had scat-

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tered them. So he fed them, he saw "probabilities," cogitated, and acquiesced.

Perhaps, after all, of all places for an encounter between the Earl of Fleetwood and the Countess, those vulgar gardens across the water, long since abandoned by the fashion, were the most suitable. Thither one fair June night, for the sake of showing the Dowager Countess and her beautiful cousin, the French nobleman, Sir Meeson Corby and others, what were the pleasures of the London lower orders, my lord had the whim to conduct them — merely a parade of observation once round; the ladies veiled, the gentlemen with sticks, and two servants following, one of whom, dressed in quiet black, like the peacefullest of parsons, was my lord's pugilist, Christopher Ines.

Now, here we come to History; though you will remember what History is.

The party walked round the gardens unmolested; nor have we grounds for supposing they assumed airs of state in the style of a previous generation. Only, as it happened, a gentleman of the party was a wag; no less than the famous, well-seasoned John Rose Mackrell, bent on amusing Mrs. Kirby-Levellier, to hear her lovely laughter; and his wit and his anecdotes, both inexhaustible, proved that, as he said, "a dried fish is no stale fish, and a smoky flavor to an old chimney story will often render it more piquant to the taste than one jumping fresh off the incident." His exact meaning in "smoky flavor" we are not to know; but whether that M. de St. Ombre should witness the effect of English humor upon them, or that the ladies could permit themselves to laugh, their voices accompanied the gentlemen in silver volleys. There had been "Mackrell" at Fleetwood's dinner-table, which was then a way of saying that dry throats made no count of the quantity of champagne imbibed, owing to the fits Rose Mackrell caused. However, there was loud laughter as they strolled, and it was noticed; and Fleetwood crying out, "Mackrell! Mackrell!" in delighted repudiation of the wag's last sally, the cry of "Hooray, Mackrell!" was caught up by the crowd. They were not the primary offenders, for loud laughter in an isolated party is bad breeding; but they had not the plea of a copious dinner.

So this affair began; inoffensively at the start, for my lord was good-humored about it.

Kit Ines, of the mercurial legs, must now give impromptu display of his dancing. He seized a partner, in the manner of a Roman the Sabine, sure of pleasing his patron; and the maid, passing from surprise to merriment, entered the quadrille perforce, all giggles, not without emulation, for she likewise had the passion for the dance. Whereby it befell that the pair footed in a way to gather observant spectators; and if it had not been that the man from whom the maid was willy-nilly snatched, conceived resentment, things might have passed comfortably; for Kit's quips and cuts and high capers, and the Sunday gravity of the barge face while the legs were at their impish trickery, double motion to the music won the crowd to cheer. They conjectured him to be a British sailor. But the destituted man said, sailor or no sailor, bos'en be hanged! He should pay for his whistle.

Honorably, at the close of the quadrille, Kit brought her back; none the worse for it, he boldly affirmed, and he thanked the man for the short loan of her. The man had an itch to strike. Choosing rather to be struck first, he vented nasty remarks. My lord spoke to Kit and moved on. At the moment of the step, Rose Mackrell uttered something, a waggery of some sort, heard to be forgotten, but of such instantaneous effect, that the prompt and immoderate laugh succeeding it might reasonably be taken for a fling of scorn at himself by an injured man. They were a party; he therefore proceeded to make one, appealing to English sentiment and right feeling. The blameless and repentant maid plucked at his coat to keep him from dogging the heels of the gentlemen. Fun was promised; consequently the crowd waxed.

"My lord," had been let fall by Kit Ines. Conjoined to "Mackrell," it rang finely, and a trumpeting of "Lord

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Mackrell" resounded. Lord Mackrell was asked for "more capers and not so much sauce." Various fish took part in his title of nobility. The wag Mackrell continuing to be discreetly silent, and Kit Ines acting as a pacific rear-guard, the crowd fell in love with their display of English humor, disposed to the surly satisfaction of a big street dog that has been appeased by a smaller one's total cessation of growls.

All might have gone well, but for the sudden appearance of two figures of young women on the scene. They fronted the advance of the procession. They wanted to have a word with Lord Mackrell. Not a bit of it—he won't listen, turns away; and one of the pair slips round him. It's regular imploring: "My lord! my lord!"

Oh, you naughty Surrey melodrama villain of a Lord Mackrell! Listen to the young woman, you Mackrell, or you'll get Billingsgate! Here's Mr. Jig-and-Reel behind here, says she's done him! By Gosh! What's up now?

One of the ladies of the party ahead had rushed up to the young woman, dodging to stand in Lord Mackrell's way. The crowd pressed to see. Kit Ines and his mate shouldered them off. They performed an envelopment of the gentlemen and ladies, including the two young women. Kit left his mate and ran to the young woman hitherto the quieter of the two. He rattled at her. But she had a tongue of her own and she rattled it at him. What did she say?

Merely to hear, for no other reason, a peace-loving crowd of clerks and tradesmen, workmen and their girls, young aspirants to the profession, night-larks of different classes, both sexes, there in that place for simple entertainment, animated simply by the spirit of English humor, contracted, so closing upon the Mackrell party as to seem threatening to the most orderly and apprehensive member of it, who was the baronet, Sir Meeson Corby.

He was a man for the constables in town emergencies, and he shouted. "Cock Robin crowing" provoked a jolly round of barking chaff. The noise in a dense ring drew Fleetwood's temper. He gave the word to Kit Ines, and immediately two men dropped; a dozen staggered unhit. The fists worked right and left; such a clearing of ground was never seen for sickle or scythe. And it was taken respectfully; for Science proclaimed her venerable self in the style and the perfect sufficiency of the strokes. A bruiser delivered them. No shame to back away before a bruiser. There was rather an admiring envy of the party claiming the nimble champion on their side, until the very moderate lot of the Mackrells went stepping forward along the strewn path with sticks pointed.

If they had walked it like gentlemen they would have been allowed to get through. An aggressive minority, and with Cock Robin squealing for constables in the midst, is that insolent upstart thing which howls to have a lesson. The sticks were fallen on; bump came the mass. Kit Ines had to fight his way back to his mate, and the couple scoured a clearish ring, but the gentlemen were at short thrusts, affable in tone, to cheer the spirits of the ladies. "All right, my friend, you're a trifle mistaken, it's my stick, not yours." Therewith the wrestle for the stick.

The one stick not pointed was wrenched from the grasp of Sir Meeson Corby; and by a woman, the young woman who had accosted my lord; not a common young woman either, as she appeared when beseeching him. Her stature rose to battle heights: she made play with Sir Meeson Corby's ebony stick, using it in one hand as a dwarf quarterstaff to flail the sconces, then to dash the point at faces; and she being a woman, a girl, perhaps a lady, her cool warrior method of cleaving way, without so much as tightening her lips, was found notable and to this degree (vouched for by Rose Mackrell, who heard it), that a fellow rubbing his head, cried: "Damn it all, she's clever, though!" She took her station beside Lord Fleetwood.

He had been cool as she, or almost. Now he was maddened; she defended him, she warded and thrust for him, only for him, to save him a touch; unasked, undesired, detested for the box on his ears of to-morrow's public mock-

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ery, as she would be; overwhelming him with ridicule. Have you seen the kick and tug at the straps of the mettled pony in stables, that betrays the mishandling of him by his groom? Something so did Fleetwood plunge and dart to be free of her, and his desperate soul cried out on her sticking to him like a plaster!

Welcome were the constables. His guineas winked at their chief, as fair women convey their meanings, with no motion of eyelids; and the officers of the law knew the voice habituated to command and answered two words of his: "Right, my lord," smelling my lord in the unerring manner of those days. My lord's party were escorted to the gates, not a little jeered, though they by no means had the worst of the tussle. But the puffing indignation of Sir Meeson Corby over his battered hat and torn frill, and buttons plucked from his coat, and his threat of the magistrates, excited the crowd to derisive yells.

My lord spoke something to his man, handing his purse.

The ladies were spared the hearing of bad language. They, according to the joint testimony of M. de St. Ombre and Mr. Rose Mackrell, comported themselves throughout as became the daughters of a warrior race. Both gentlemen were emphatic to praise the unknown Britomart, who had done such gallant service with Sir Meeson's ebony wand. He was beginning to fuss vociferously about the loss of the stick—a family stick, gold-headed, the family crest on it, priceless to the family—when Mrs. Kirby-Levellier handed it to him inside the coach.

"But where is she?" M. de St. Ombre said, and took the hint of Livia's touch on his arm in the dark.

At the silence following the question, Mr. Rose Mackrell murmured, "Ah!"

He and the French gentleman understood that there had been a manifestation of the notorious Whitechapel Countess.

They were two, and a slower-witted third was travelling to his ideas on the subject. Three men, witnesses of a remarkable incident in connection with a boiling topic of current scandal—glaringly illustrative of it, moreover—were unlikely to keep close tongues, even if they had been sworn to secrecy. Fleetwood knew it, and he scorned to solicit them; an exaction of their idle vows would be merely the humiliation of himself. So he tossed his dignity to recklessness, as the ultra-convivial give the last wink of reason to the wine-cup. Persecuted as he was, nothing remained for him but the nether-sublime of a statuesque desperation.

That was his feeling; and his way of cloaking it under light sallies at Sir Meeson and easy chat with Henrietta, made it visible to her, from its being the contrary of what the world might expect a proud young nobleman to exhibit. She pitied him: she had done him some wrong. She read into him, too, as none else could. Seeing the solitary tortures behind the pleasant social mask, she was drawn to partake of them, and the mask seemed pathetic. She longed to speak a word in sympathy or relieve her bosom of tears. Carinthia had sunk herself, was unpardonable, hardly mentionable; any of the tales told of her might be discredited after this. The incorrigible cause of humiliation for everybody connected with her pictured, at a word of her name, the crowd pressing and the London world acting audience. Livia spoke the name when they had reached their house and were alone. Henrietta responded with the imperceptible shrug which is more eloquent than a cry to tell of the most monstrous of loads. My lord, it was thought by the ladies, had directed his man to convey her safely to her chosen home, whence she might be expected very soon to be issuing and striking the gong of London again.

CHAPTER XXIV

A KIDNAPPING AND NO GREAT HARM

DRAGGED into the monstrous grotesque of the scene at the gardens, Livia and Henrietta went through the ordeal, masking any signs that they were stripped for a flagellation. Only, the fair cousins were unable to perceive a comic element

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in the scene: and if the world was for laughing, as their instant apprehension foresaw it, the world was an ignoble beast. They did not discuss Carinthia's latest craziness at night, hardly alluded to it, while they were in the interjectory state.

Henrietta was Livia's guest, her husband having hurried away to Vienna: "To get money! money!" her angry bluntness explained his absence, and dealt its blow at the sudden astounding poverty into which they had fallen. She was compelled to practise an excessive, an incredible economy: "think of the smallest trifles!" so that her Chillon travelled unaccompanied, they were separated. Her iterations upon money were the vile constraint of an awakened interest and wonderment at its powers. She, the romantic Riette, banner of chivalry, reader of poetry, struck a line between poor and rich in her talk of people, and classed herself with the fallen and pinched; she harped on her slender means, on the enforced calculations preceding purchases, on the living in lodgings; and that miserly Lord Levellier's indebtedness to Chillon—large sums! And Chillon's praiseworthy resolve to pay the creditors of her father's estate; and of how he travelled like a common man, in consequence of the money he had given Janey—weakly, for her obstinacy was past endurance; but her brother would not leave her penniless, and penniless she had been for weeks, because of her stubborn resistance to the earl—quite unreasonably, whether right or wrong—in the foul retreat she had chosen; apparently with a notion that the horror of it was her vantage-ground against him; and though a single sign of submission would place the richest purse in England at her disposal. "She refuses Esslemont! She insists on his meeting her! No child could be so witless. Let him be the one chiefly or entirely to blame, she might show a little tact—for her brother's sake! She loves her brother? No: deaf to him, to me, to every consideration except her blind will."

Here was the skeleton of the love-match, earlier than Livia had expected. It refreshed a phlegmatic lady's disposition for prophecy. She supposed the novel economic pinches to be the cause of Henrietta's unwonted harsh judgment of her sister-in-law's misconduct, or the crude expression of it. She could not guess that Carinthia's unhappiness in marriage was a spectre over the married happiness of the pair fretted by the conscience which told them they had come together by doing much to bring it to pass. Henrietta could seem to herself less the culprit when she blamed Carinthia in another's hearing.

After some repose, the cousins treated their horrible misadventure as a piece of history. Livia was cool; she had not a husband involved in it, as Henrietta had; and London's hoarse laugh surely coming on them, spared her the dread Henrietta suffered, that Chillon would hear: the most sensitive of men on any matter touching his family.

"And now a sister added to the list! Will there be names, Livia?"

"The newspapers?" Livia's shoulders rose.

"We ought to have sworn the gentlemen to silence."

"M. de St. Ombre is a tomb until he writes his Memoirs. I hold Sir Meeson under lock. But a spiced incident—a notorious couple—an anecdotal witness to the scene—could you expect Mr. Rose Mackrell to contain it? The sacradest of oaths, my dear!"

That relentless force impelling an anecdotist to slaughter families for the amusement of dinner-tables, was brought home to Henrietta by her prospect of being a victim; and Livia reminding her of the excessive laughter at Rose Mackrell's anecdotes overnight, she bemoaned her having consented to go to those gardens in mourning.

"How could Janey possibly have heard of the project to go?"

"You went to please Russett, he to please you, and that wild cat to please herself," said Livia. "She haunts his door, I suppose, and follows him, like a running footman. Every step she takes widens the breach. He keeps his temper, yes, as he keeps his word, and one morning it breaks loose, and all that's done has to be undone. It will be—must. That extravaganza, as she is

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called, is fatal, dogs him with burlesque; of all men!"

"Why not consent to meet her once?" Chillon asks.

"You are asking Russett to yield an inch on demand, and to a woman."

"My husband would yield to a woman what he would refuse to all the men in Europe and America," said Henrietta; and she enjoyed her thrill of allegiance to her chivalrous lord and courtier.

"No very extraordinary specimen of a newly married man, who has won the Beauty of England and America for his wife—at some cost to some people," Livia rejoined.

There came a moisture on the eyelashes of the emotional young woman, from a touch of compassion for the man who had wished to call her wife, and was condemned by her rejection of him to call another woman wife, to be wifeless in wedding her.

"She thinks he loves her; it's pitiable, but she thinks it—after the treatment she has had. She begs to see him once."

"And subdue him with a fit of weeping," Livia was moved to say by sight of the tear she hated. "It would harden Russett: on other eyes too! Salt-water drops are like the forced agony scenes in a play; they bring down the curtain, they don't win the critics. I heard her 'my husband' and saw his face."

"You didn't hear a whimper with it," Henrietta said. "She's a mountain girl, not your City Madam on the boards. Chillon and I had her by each hand, implored her to leave that impossible Whitechapel, and she trembled, not a drop was shed by her. I can almost fancy privation and squalor have no terrors for Janey. She sings to the people down there, nurses them. She might be occupying Esslemont—our dream of an English home! She is the destruction of the idea of romantic in connection with the name of marriage. I talk like a simpleton. Janey upsets us all. My lord was only a little queer before he knew her. His Mr. Woodseer may be encouraging her. You tell me the creature has a salary from him equal to your jointure."

"Be civil to the man while it lasts," Livia said, attentive to a degradation of tone in her cousin, formerly of supreme self-containment.

The beautiful young woman was reminded of her holiday in town. She brightened, and the little that it was, and the meanness of the satisfaction, darkened her. Envy of the lucky adventurer Mr. Woodseer, on her husband's behalf, grew horridly conscious for being reproved. So she plucked resolution to enjoy her holiday and forget the contrasts of life—palaces running profusion, lodgings hammered by duns; the pinch of poverty distracting every simple look inside or out. There was no end to it, for her husband's chivalrous honor forced him to undertake the payment of her father's heavy debts. He was right and admirable, it could not be contested; but the prospect for them was a grinding gloom, an unrelieved drag, as of a coach at night on an interminable uphill, flinty road.

These were her sensations, and she found it diverting to be admired; admired by many while she knew herself to be absorbed in the possession of her by one. It bestowed the before and after of her marriage. She felt she was really, had rapidly become, the young woman of the world, armed with a husband; to take the flatteries of men for the needed diversion they brought. None moved her: none could come near to touching the happy insensibility of a wife who adored her husband, wrote to him daily, thought of him by the minute. Her former worshippers were numerous at Livia's receptions: Lord Fleetwood, Lord Brailstone, and the rest. Odd to reflect on—they were the insubstantial but coveted wealth of the woman fallen upon poverty, ignoble poverty! She could not discard her wealth. She wrote amusingly of them and fully, vivacious descriptions, to Chillon; hardly so much writing to him as entering her heart's barred citadel, where he resided at his ease, heard everything that befel about her. If she dwelt on Lord Fleetwood's kindness in providing entertainments, her object was to mollify Chillon's anger to some degree. She was doing her utmost to gratify him, "for the purpose

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of paving a way to plead Janey's case." She was almost persuading herself she was enjoying the remarks of his friend, confidant, secretary, or what not, Livia's worshipper, Mr. Woodseer, "who does as he wills with my lord; directs his charities, his pleasures, his opinions, all because he is believed to have wonderful ideas and be wonderfully honest."

Henrietta wrote: "Situation unchanged. Janey still at that place;" and before the letter was posted, she and Livia had heard from Gower Woodseer of the reported disappearance of the Countess of Fleetwood and her maid. Gower's father had walked up from Whitechapel bearing news of it to the Earl, he said.

"And the Earl is much disturbed?" was Livia's inquiry.

"He has driven down with my father," Gower said, carelessly, ambiguously in the sound.

Troubled enough to desire the show of a corresponding trouble, Henrietta read at their faces.

"May it not be—down there—a real danger?"

The drama, he could inform her, was only too naked down there for disappearance to be common.

"Will it be published, that she is missing?"

"She has her maid with her, a stout-hearted girl. Both have courage. I don't think we need take measures just yet."

"Not before it is public property?"

Henrietta could have bitten her tongue for laying her open to the censure implied in muteness. Janey perverted her.

Women were an illegible manuscript, and ladies a closed book of the binding, to this raw philosopher, or he would not so coldly have judged the young wife, anxious on her husband's account, that they might escape another scorching. He carried away his impression.

Livia listened to a remark on his want of manners.

"Russett puts it to the credit of his honesty," she said. "Honesty is everything with us at present. The man has made his honesty an excellent speculation. He puts a piece on zero and the bank hands him a sackful. We may think we have won him to serve us, up comes his honesty. That's how we have Lady Arpington mixed in it—too long a tale. But be guided by me; condescend a little."

"My dear! my whole mind is upon that unhappy girl. It would break Chillon's heart."

Livia pished. "There are letters we read before we crack the seal. She is out of that ditch, and it suits Russett that she should be. He's not often so patient. A woman foot to foot against his will—I see him throwing high stakes. Tyrants are brutal; and really she provokes him enough. You needn't be alarmed about the treatment she'll meet. He won't let her beat him, be sure."

Neither Livia nor Gower wondered at the clearing of the mystery, before it went to swell the scandal. A young nobleman of ready power, quick temper, few scruples, and a taxed forbearance, was not likely to stand thwarted and goaded—and by a woman. Lord Fleetwood acted his part, inscrutable as the blank of a locked door. He could not conceal that he was behind the door.

(To be continued.)

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THE French, whose language is rich in terms of art, have an expression "for which no rhyme our English yields;" no exact equivalent at least. In reference to the life-work of an artist they speak of *la note donnée;* (the type created, it might be translated at the expense of the idiom), meaning thereby the general tenor or character of an individual accomplishment. This note once given, appears to the artist in his moments of discouragement to be all that the public, "the generous public that pays the bill," cares to have from him, and this indifference often constitutes the greatest barrier to effort. The personal note, if it bears, even in an infinitesimal degree, the character of novelty, is welcomed; the world in its relentless movement nods approval, and the pilgrim of art hastens to unfold his scrip, certain that its message becomes more clear and authoritative as it proceeds; but in the interval the world moves, and its averted face looks far to the horizon where, dimly outlined, appears another figure, equally novel, equally hopeful, and equally doomed to disappointment. The result of this condition is obvious; encouragement, material and spiritual, is the breath of life to art, and as novelty rules the day there ensues a wild race in which each competitor strives to outdo the other in an effort to be original. This indifference to sequence of effort is marked the world over, but is especially to be observed in this country, where we have no traditions and aim in art, as in other pursuits, to begin where our predecessors left off. In older countries the reverential spirit is not wholly dead, and the innovator of to-day is not of necessity the ancestor of the morrow. Here, however, our traditionless art scouts at a second effort, refuses to allow the discovered gem to be polished, the nugget minted. In the meanwhile life, to the artist, brings its daily round of responsibilities; the pot must boil, and with little to inspire and less to elevate his thought the genius of yesterday becomes the dull plodder of to-day. For with the artist the temperament with which he is endowed at birth is perhaps undervalued. In his delight in the practice of his art, it is at best a fortune which he has inherited, and to him the use of his wealth, the administration of his rich estate, are the standards by which he will be judged. Here, however, the opulent world steps in and says: "Hoard your wealth or squander it, our coffers are full, we need nothing. If you could give us the moon or would promise to do it, but"—and one more baffled, puzzled being takes his place in the rank and file of the great army of the indifferent. This is the judgment of the world, against which it is useless to appeal, and is possibly more severe than unjust. Few men in any time, however, have had absolutely new wares to offer, and as long as we desire only that something "new," of which Solomon despaired, so long will we cast aside gems in the rough and gold in the nugget. Fortunately for the future of art and the encouragement of its followers, there occasionally appears on the scene one who, with sublime simplicity, unerring instinct, and wise steadfastness of purpose, holds a winning hand against the world in the uncertain game of life and art. Such a one has lately gone from us, one who, we

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are told, expressed in his last days a doubt of his ability to play the game to the end, a doubt which could only be a premonitory symptom of physical dissolution; for a braver player, one more in love with the game, never lived! This gifted being, wide-eyed and trustful, stepped out merrily on the high-road of art and letters nearly a score of years ago. In his knapsack he carried wares that were precious, though far from new, and as he walked he played on the tinkling flute airs as old as the hills on which he trod, and as far away as his music was heard it charmed the listener. The way was difficult, even for him; pitfalls beset his path, the sun beat fiercely and the storm raged. Notably the realists who ravaged the country lay in wait for him, for he bore the banner of Romance in his hand. Still he trudged stoutly onward and to the passers-by offered treasures from his pack. "But," they objected, "your gems are as old as geology." "True," answered he, "but see the setting in which they are encased. See how I have spun the web of language, so deftly intertwined the filigree of thought that the stone shines with more than its wonted fire." And after a time people listened and stopped to examine his wares, and gradually others, delving deep in the mine of the human heart, brought to light other precious stones, and, though they lacked the skill of the master and the cunning of his hand, they were real, and by this time the people began to understand that the clods and mortar which they had cherished as precious were dust and ashes, and Romance cast a gleam athwart the land. And the inconsequent world went its way, illogically asking for something new, and the gifted one, his work finished, laid himself down to rest. And then it was seen of all that in the measure of human possibility here had been a great original artist. He had worked at his craft patiently and well, and in his transfiguration of the dimmed jewel of Romance, in his use of the materials common to the good workmen of all ages lay all that in this old old world can be "new under the sun." This surely is a lesson for honest artists. Follow your bent, live for your work, give unto Cæsar's world that which is Cæsar's, and in the end perchance, as the polished gem *is* brighter, some gleam will light an obscure corner and gradually its glow diffused will carry its rays afar. This hope, and the love of his work, make for the artist the recompense of life.

THERE are two friends of mine—man and wife they happen to be — whose names I should like to see written up somewhere in shining letters for sad mortality to honor. I am half persuaded, indeed, that I should go out of my way to gain for them some such recognition from Church and State, were I not wholly sure of incurring their displeasure by this means. And I would not do anything to jeopardize our friendship for the world. In saying this I am happy to feel that no tie of material interest binds me to them; I add nothing to my annual income through their favor. In days gone by, it is true, I dined at their table once or twice a year. But that is over now; and the very causes which put an end to their hospitality have led to an increased respect for them on my part, tending, I trust, to no lack of warmth toward me on theirs.

They were extremely prosperous when we first met. Good luck had lighted on their roof, "not all at once, but gently," as the poet says, and they seemed to accept it as a matter of course. Mere pleasure-seekers, somewhat shallow in their nature, I thought them — agreeable acquaintances, no more, no less. Then Hard Luck came, descending upon them as suddenly as the all-dreaded thunder-stone, and in a day the whole course of their lives was changed. The perfect little dinners ceased; the household gods were scattered; the very house had to be sold over their heads, and they moved from the fashionable quarter into a small apartment far out of the current. Even in youth it is hard to bear misfortune like this with equanimity. But they had reached the time of life which makes disaster a heavy burden. The man was of an age to put many forms of labor out of the question, yet certain work he could undertake, and this he has done his best to find. He is still seeking it, though several years have passed since his need be-

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came urgent. Meanwhile, his constant, grinding struggle to make both ends meet is something so painful to contemplate that many of his former friends dislike to think about it at all. They bow to him civilly, of course; they pity him, and—drop him. That is the way the world wags with most of us, I fear.

Now the admirable thing about this man and this woman is that, from the first, they have faced their trial with a simple, unconscious heroism beside which that of the fighting soldier sinks almost into insignificance. She can shed bitter tears, undoubtedly, yet they leave no traces. He must have heard the chimes at midnight, many a time, anxiously enough, and not as Falstaff heard them; but he meets the world with a shining morning face, and returns its perfunctory salutation with the pleasantest of smiles. When I reflect that these good souls were reared in the lap of luxury, to be cast out all untrained in the autumn of their years for a desperate grapple with adversity, I long to express my admiration, but dare not do it. I can only lift my hat to their fine courage, and hope that by some instinctive power they have learned my thought.

I remember that when I went to school a special prize was awarded to faithful endeavor which despite all its pains had been worsted in the contest; and I sometimes wish it were so in the world, where meritorious failure is stamped with no such hall-mark. Yet the patient, joyless conflict would lose its heroic quality, perhaps, with even a fighting chance of tangible reward. We must be content to set up pillars in our hearts for our unsuccessful heroes.

If I should say that in ideas of size the point of view of a European differs widely from that of an American, I fear I should fall under the condemnation of the old worthy, Gascoigne, inasmuch as "these things are *trita et obvia*." Yet for all that the difference does exist, and it has a way of cropping out most unexpectedly.

Recently I had occasion to spend a few hours in studying that scholarly and charmingly written book, John Richard Green's "Short History of the English People." As I firmly believe that to study history without also studying geography is a waste of time, I glanced now and then at the map in the front of the book. With this little miniature of England firmly fixed in my mind, I went on reading, and was suddenly astonished to see the statement: "Under the Romans political power had settled in the vast district between the Humber and the Forth."

"Vast?" said I to myself, "Not to an American." I measured the district and estimated it as being, roughly, about one hundred and ninety miles in length by ninety-five miles in average width, or about seventeen thousand square miles. Then I sat down and tried to conceive of a stretch of country a little more than a third of the State of New York as vast. Somehow, I could not do it. I admit, of course, that it may be my fault, or the fault of the United States in being so big, and not Mr. Green's. At all events, the incident reminds me of an Italian gentleman whom I met while travelling, and who disclosed a most depraved inappreciation of the wonderful vastness of the United States.

He spoke English very well, for he had been many years in London, and, as we were enjoying the sea-coast view between Pisa and Via Reggio, he asked, politely, whether I was not an American from "The States." On learning that I was, he begged me to tell him something of our Government.

"You have a President of the country, the whole States, is it not?" he inquired, earnestly.

I nodded assent.

"*Va bene!* If a man kills, murders—you understand—who tries him, the Federal or the State courts?"

"The State courts," I replied, "unless it is a case of treason."

"If he is convicted, who can pardon him—the President, of course?" he asked with calm assurance and a slight emphasis on the "of course."

"No, indeed; if a murderer is tried in the State courts, he can be pardoned only by the State Board of Pardons, if there is one, or by the State's chief offi-

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cer, the Governor. The President has nothing to do with it."

"Well!" flashed my companion sarcastically, "in *Italy* the Governor of a little petty province has not the pardoning power."

"Sir!" I thundered, now thoroughly angry, "Italy will go twice into the petty province of Texas."

It was very naughty to get angry, and especially with such a politely sarcastic little Italian. I know it. But who could sit still and hear the sheer, unapproachable, nay glorious immensity of our country assailed without getting angry? No one except the audacious fop who, every now and then, annoys us with a brazen assertion that bigness is, after all, not such a virtue.

THEY tell me that one of the most reassuring spectacles to be seen in New England this spring is my old friend and coeval, Robin Abner, out on his lawn of an afternoon, instructing and exercising his son Charles in the art of pitching a baseball. Fame and wealth crown the successful pitcher now, but there is no sordid taint about Robin's ambition for his son. His purpose is that Charles shall be an unsalaried pitcher on the Harvard nine, and I daresay that Charles will realize it. Robin, in his day, had aspirations of that sort for himself. I remember him twenty-odd years ago on the ball-ground at Exover. The day I got my first sight of him he was playing right field on the junior nine. He was long and strong and had yellow hair — practically yellow (he has none now—practically none)—and if his father had begun early and taken pains with him as he is doing with Charles, I have no doubt that he would have made a great baseball player, and possibly a pitcher for the Harvard nine. As it was he was a fair player but never eminent, for it was war-time when he was growing up, and his father, a great patriot and leader of men, was too busy prodding Massachusetts on to Richmond to give Robin's athletic education the attention it deserved. It made no vital difference, for Robin came out strong as it was.

You remember the story of how Chiron the Centaur had the raising of Jason, and of the pains he took to make him shoot straight with the bow and arrow. I daresay that the antediluvians who lounged in Chiron's back-yard on afternoons when he and Jason had their target up, were conscious of very much such sensations of reassurance as I get from the reports of Robin and Charles. When a serious-minded, burden-bearing man of business like Robin quits work to teach his son to pitch a ball, it makes me feel as if things were going to continue and progress, and as if the next generation might be good for something, and able to have some fun in spite of the growth of cities, and the spread of trolley-cars, and socialism, and realism, and the new woman, and the concentration of wealth, and the multiplication of walking delegates, and all the varieties of devilment that solemnize the world's prospects. It makes it easier for me to hope that the learned gentleman named Nordau, who argues with so much plausibility about the demoralization and decadence of all of us folks, is needlessly alarmed.

If Robin were teaching Charles modern football, I should have my doubts about Robin's views of the future, and whether he thought it best that Charles should live to grow up. But baseball, a safe and stable and patriotic sport, is different, and the prospect that excellence in it is to become hereditary in the Abner family helps me to believe in the transmission of all sorts of sturdy virtues, and the development of many a good inheritance of strength. If the world wasn't a good world and wasn't going to keep on being habitable Robin would not care whether Charles learned baseball or not. Yet there he is with his coat off catching Charles's deliveries off of imaginary bats, and chiding him energetically when the ball goes wild.

I hope Robin will make a good thing, athletically, out of Charles. My son Nicodemus is growing up also, and though he is of a contemplative nature, and seems to prefer sitting down to more active exercises, I allow myself to hope that when Charles Abner stands in the pitcher's box on the Soldiers' Field my Nicodemus will be there, and will be making a good report on the benches.

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